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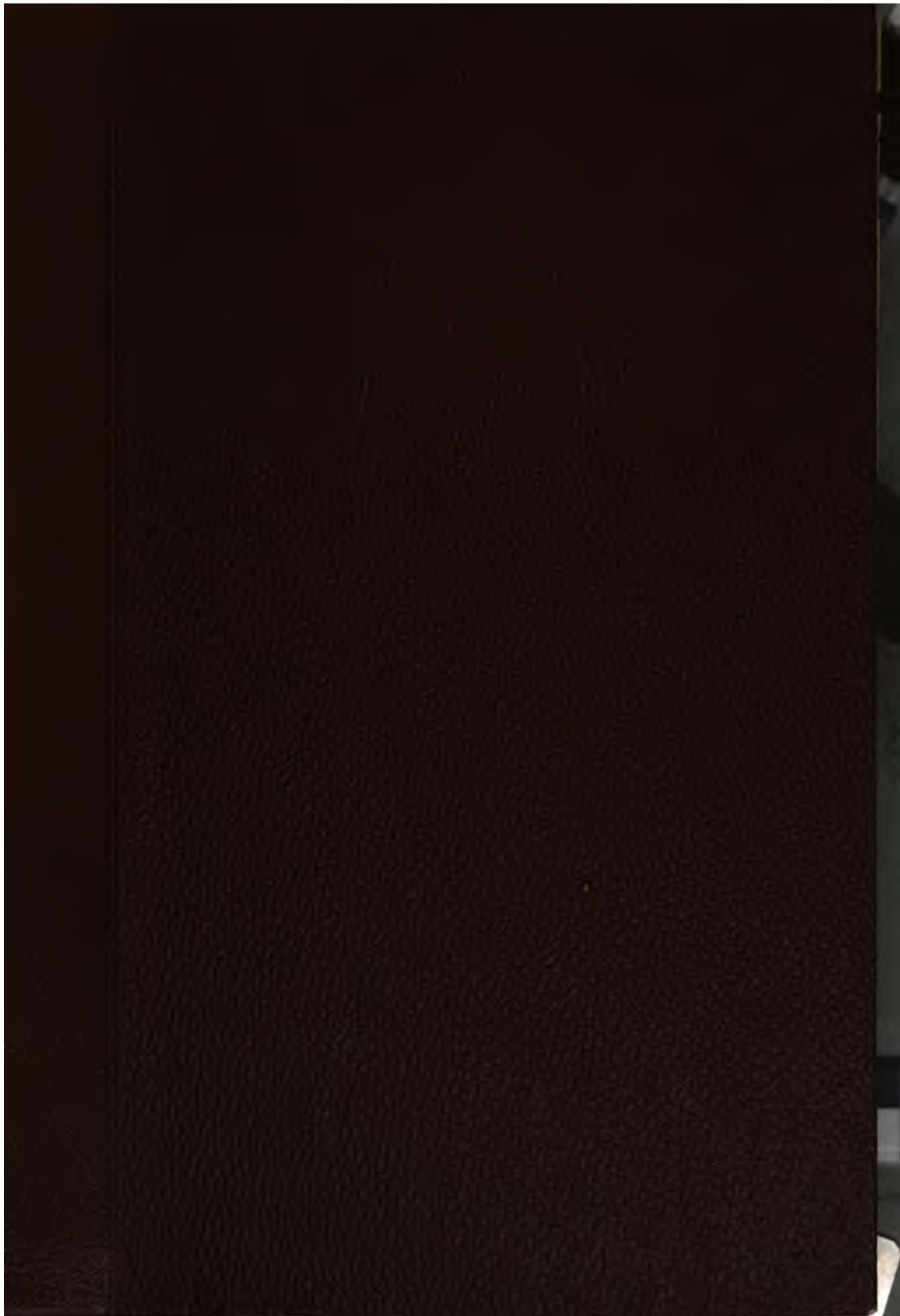
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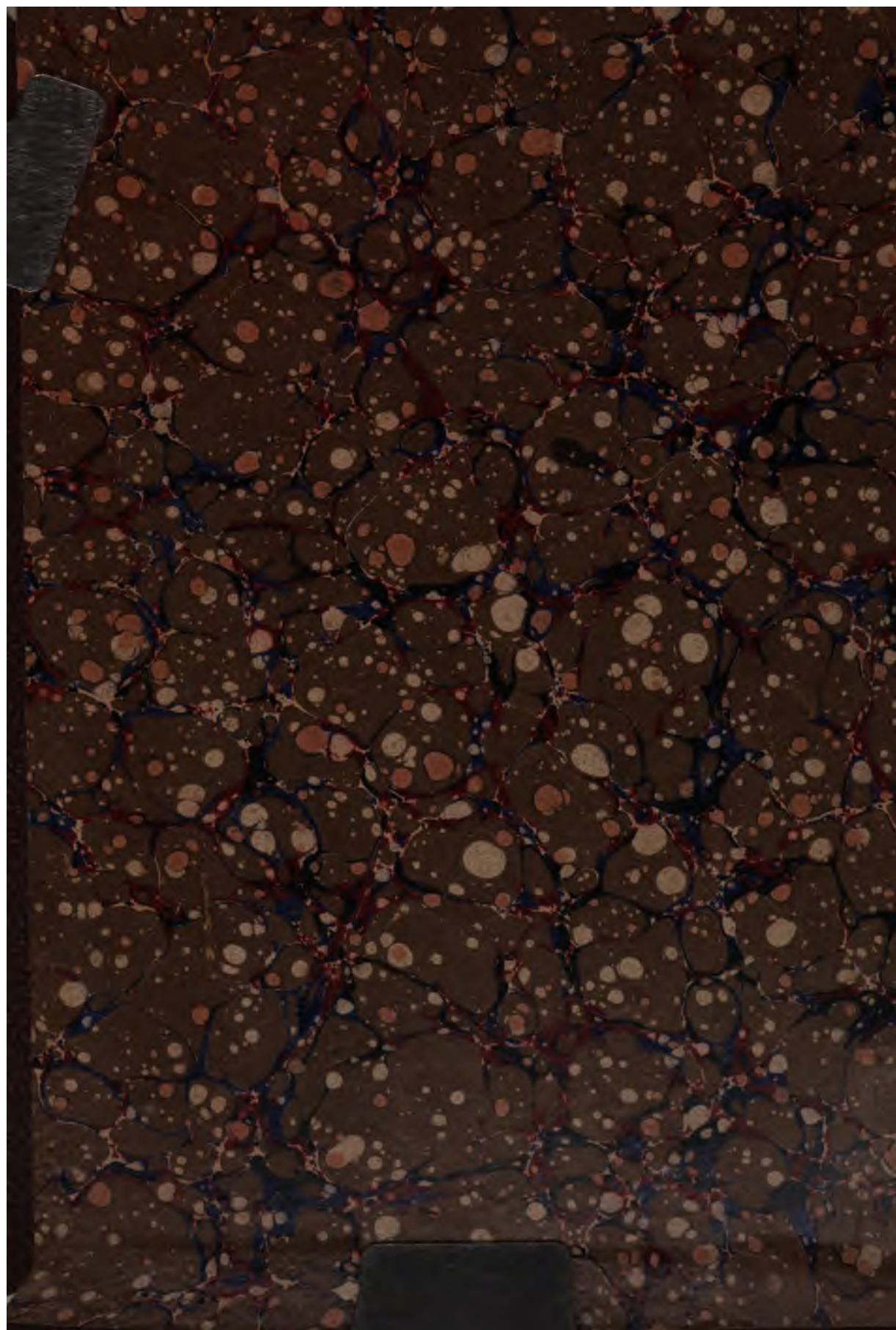
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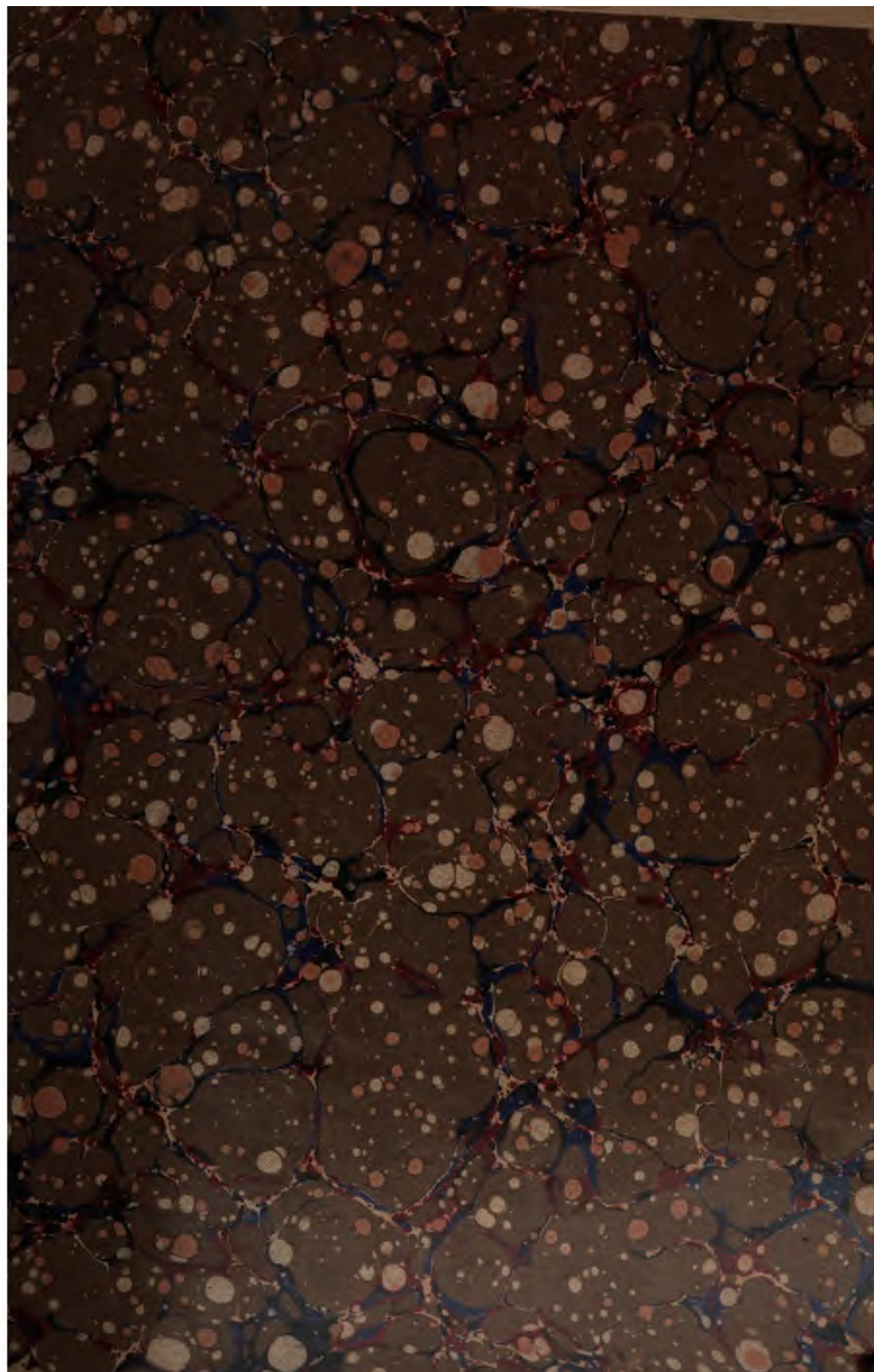
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PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

The
Old Book
Room

The
Children's
Room

The
Art Room
...

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PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS



HIS, then, is *Personal Impressions*:—A simple record of current literature enlivened by the touch of personal opinion; honest in expression, though not claiming finality of judgment, it offers a suggestion of the nature of recent books and a help in their selection. Additional to its literary character, it will take an active interest in all that pertains to the art and natural beauty of our city and state. Save the Sequoias!—is the burden now. With the supplementary features this number may be considered as evidence of intention.

A year gives the fiction reader but few books entirely worth while. Booth Tarkington has written one for the list in *A Gentleman from Indiana*. The story is distinctly American, and fine in every way. The characters are pictured with accurate understanding; the heroine we love, (even if she is too clever,) and the hero wins our confidence and affection. *To Have and to Hold* appears too late for review in this number. Judging from Miss Johnston's work in *Prisoners of Hope*, and a general impression from its serial issue, we feel that we can safely promise a strong and interesting novel. The plot is laid in colonial Virginia, again developing that rich vein, so long overlooked,—American historical fiction. Felix Gras completes in *The White Terror* the trilogy on the French Revolution of which *The Reds of the Midi* and *The Terror* have previously appeared. We wish that we had space for the careful consideration of which it is worthy. The author's style is exquisite in its delicacy and refinement; he is especially happy in portraying the peasants and the lowly. The interest in this last volume drags somewhat, unfortunately, and we lost patience with the good padre for his gentleness, when gentleness ceased to be a virtue; but these points do not detract from the rare quality of the book. *Red Pottage*, on the other hand, is a novel that never loses the interest of the reader; it is unusual and worth reading. The author, Mary Cholmondeley, will be remembered as the author of *The Danvers' Jewels*.

The Transvaal Literature.

The stirring events in South Africa, with their portent of grave development for the future, have suddenly brought to prominent interest a country about which there is singularly little known by the general public. The gravity of the situation has made it almost a duty for all to acquaint themselves with the merits and history of the controversy, but in any event it is certainly the desire of many to do so. We, therefore, have collected the following list of the best books on the subject:

Standing easily first because of its broad treatment, its impartial but judicial attitude, is *Impressions of South Africa*, by James Bryce, whose *American Commonwealth*, if nothing else, has gained for the author the confidence of both England and America. The book is the result of personal study in South Africa some five years ago, and was published in 1897, but the recent edition contains a prefatory chapter, giving a most fair summary of the events leading up to the present war. As a whole, the work is not limited to the Transvaal situation but embraces the conditions of the entire country, treating of the physical features, their effect upon health, the nature, scenery and natives, the history and the present conditions of the different colonies and states. Following this, and with special reference to the Transvaal, *Oom Paul's People*, by Howard C. Hillegas, should most certainly be read. It is written in a simple but picturesque style, one that photographs the country and conditions most vividly for the reader. We would not term the author partisan, although he is warmly pro-Boer, but rather that he is moved by a deep sympathy with the harsh conditions of the country gained after a long century of conflict, renunciation and pathetic trekking in search of the freedom and conditions their nature demanded. The volume

contains character sketches of the Boer people, of President Kruger and of Cecil Rhodes. H. Rider Haggard's *A History of the Transvaal* is a somewhat bald and intensely partisan, pro-English history of the politics and conflicts with reference to the present trouble. Its merit is in giving this concise historical sketch. *Britain and Boer* consists of articles on both sides of the question. The writers include, among others, James Bryce, Sidney Brooks, Andrew Carnegie and Max Nordau. *The Transvaal from Within*, by J. F. Fitzpatrick, is another presumably non-partisan work; but it arrives at a conclusion so favorable to the British that it has become in England the most read book of the day. The recommendation of Lord Roseberry probably caused much of the demand. *Side Lights on South Africa* is by Roy Devereux, a woman who went as correspondent for a London paper "to the ends of the world" in search of health and new impressions. The latter she certainly received, as she went everywhere and saw much, and her book is both entertaining and helpful. With reference to the Jameson Raid episode, two books may be read with interest. The one is *A Woman's Part in a Revolution*, by Mrs. John Hays Hammond, the wife of the American who will be remembered as one of the leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee; the other is *Dr. Jameson's Raiders*, by Richard Harding Davis. For the early Boer history read a little volume by Hon. Henry Cloete, entitled *The History of the Great Boer Trek*. Finally, the January and February numbers of the North American Review have been largely devoted to some very able articles.

Sequels of successful books being so often failures, we have been very uneasy since we first heard the rumor that Barrie was working to complete *Sentimental Tommy*. With most books an insufficient continuation would not be of much moment, but with this it is very different. We have a more personal feeling; an indefinable sense that we ourselves discovered Sentimental Tommy and were responsible for his future. This being so, we are very much relieved to find in the opening chapter of *Tommy and Grizel* that T. Sandys is most certainly Sentimental Tommy. We recognized him at once, even though we held ourselves aloof for a time to be very sure that his years of absence had merely matured and not made him new; indeed, we are not very sure that they have even done that. Of course, it is impossible to describe Tommy. Barrie, even, does not try to do that. You have simply to meet him, watch him unfold, study his actions, as Grizel did, and finally you will know him. Elspeth is just the same, a dear little love-blind sister, adoring her brother and seeing no guile in him, but Grizel is developing most interestingly. When one becomes a little worried and feels insecure under the uncertainties of Tommy's character it is the greatest comfort in the world to meet her again and realize her earnest, ruggedly-honest nature, generous and loving, neither deceiving nor being deceived. She certainly is too much for T. Sandys.

D. P. E.

Kipling's *Stalky & Co.*

The critic still howls, and the public continues to rant, because Mr. Kipling wrote *Stalky & Co.* Brave is the man who dares say a word of good for the detestable *Three*. Here is a chance for me. I do see good in it (with much that is vile). Is it coarse? Yes, abominably so. Is it a picture of unnatural boyhood? No! Mr. Kipling's bald utterances may shock the tender, and its wild realism may find minds unprepared. Though much grown up, the boys are still boys, and many such have we all seen. It is not a book for the *too good* to read, nor young folk; but he who reads and does not laugh has no laugh in him, or he who sees no reflection of his own boyhood, in its exaggerations, lived no complete boyhood.

M. S.

Miss Florence Lundborg.

The original drawings for the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, by Miss Florence Lundborg (Doxey Press), will be on display at Messrs. Elder and Shepard's from March 5th to 14th. Miss Lundborg has been studying in Europe for the past three years, and this opportunity of viewing the result of her work will be of general interest.



HAD Mr. Robert Cameron Rogers given us no other poems than his *Rosary* and *A' Outrance*, he would still have been entitled to no inconsiderable place among the minor sons of song. The one cannot be surpassed in fine lyrical quality and in true sentiment; the other is a little masterpiece of realistic verse. But in his two slender volumes, *The Wind in the Clearing* and *For the King* (Putnam's Sons), there are so many poems that compel attention, both on account of originality of expression and strong metrical treatment, that all doubt as to this author's claim to such distinction is entirely dispelled. Especially fine are the Greek verses in the former book, and also the title poem; and in the other, although "For the King," "Charon," "A Song of the East Wind," "The Song to Sleep" (a well-executed sonnet), and "The Ode to Great Britain," powerful things in themselves, are all to which one would return for a second reading, those remaining are not of an order to detract in any way from the writer's unquestionable merit. The poem "For the King" reminds one much, both in rugged simplicity and in spirit, of the old Hebrew songs. It moves evenly, almost majestically, to its climax; the three soldiers of the King, their enemies, and David himself, are pictured in graphic lines and stand out like clear-cut cameos. And when the water he desired is presented to him by his wounded warriors, and he pours it upon the ground as offering to the Lord and humbles himself, the reader almost feels that he, too, stands before that abject ruler, in the presence of the omnipotent Jehovah.

Mr. Rogers is now a resident of Santa Barbara, and, although the celebrated Dr. Johnson would have pooh-poohed the idea as fanciful and contrary to his own way of thinking, it will be interesting to await the effect of Southern California's benign climate upon him as a writer. His future work is not likely to be any the less finished. If anything, it will be mellowed in tone, and he will treat Western themes as charmingly as he did those of Greece.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

Elizabeth and Her German Garden.

There are thousands of books about gardens and gardening, but hardly more than once in a generation do we have a new gift of genius to the literature of the garden. It is here again in these two books which are really one, and, in spite of some surface faults, no work of equal distinction has been done in this difficult field for many years. Unheralded by any noise of trumpets, *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* began its career in England and came to America where it is now one of the books in most demand (aside from novels) in cities as widely different as Los Angeles and Philadelphia. Its sequel, *The Solitary Summer*, possesses the same grace and brilliancy, involves the same problems.

Who and what is this beautiful imperious, young aristocrat of that wonderful old garden by the North Sea? Is she German or English? Is there any such land of beauty as that fascinating place where the April baby, the May baby and the June baby sit in a row on the buttercups and ask difficult questions? Are these lovely children, that noisy, stubborn Man of Wrath, that helpless, bewildered Minora and all that fresh outdoor life a mere bookish make-believe? Perish the thought! There is an Elizabeth, and she has a garden. Surely she is an American, though she tries hard to conceal it, and she may have gone to school with Kate Douglas Wiggin, and sat at the feet of John Burroughs.

CHARLES H. SHINN.





THE quaint, old *Nuremberg Chronicle* is probably one of the most interesting of the early printed books, holding within its covers the elements of much genuine entertainment. It has often been called the Picture Book of the Middle Ages, having over two thousand illustrations; all of them, from a modern standpoint, being curious and unique and some of them, as for instance the pictures of the Creation and the Judgment, being executed with realistic conception and vigorous artistic treatment. The illustrators were Wolgemut and Pleydenwurff, two artists who had formed a partnership very frankly acknowledged to be for business purposes, and who are now remembered principally as having been the teachers of that great master of Nuremberg, Albrecht Durer. The illustrations to the *Chronicle*, however, engaged their best efforts, and are in great profusion and variety; representing the progress of Creation, Genealogies, Cyclops and Hermaphrodites, Portraits of Emperors, Cardinals and Popes, and Views of Cities. Some of them have been the mark of religious zealots through the centuries, the picture of the Pope Joan for instance, being often missing in the copies of to-day. The date of publication carries us away back to the discovery of America, it having been issued in 1493 by that famous printer of bibles, Koburger. The author, seemingly very much overlooked, was one Hartman Schedel, who compiled it from various sources.

The volume, with its wealth of decoration, stands in marked contrast to that most revered and desired of antiquarian books, the *First Folio Shakespeare*. This is absolutely severe and unadorned, save for the Droueshaut portrait of Shakespeare which graces the title page. It is not of imposing size or proportion, the type is small, and in fact there is nothing to attract attention. Its very simplicity stands as a silent tribute to the greatest name in literature. California is rapidly becoming rich in these rare old volumes. At least three copies of the *First Folio Shakespeare* are held here, two of them in private libraries, and there are also several fine copies of the *Nuremberg Chronicle*. One of these, only recently acquired, is a splendid copy, complete and perfect. Bound in thick solid oak boards, covered with time-worn leather, pierced by the holes of book worms, it remains as a venerable evidence of the passing centuries.

The system of nomenclature used in designating the different fields of book collecting is not euphonious. It consists of adding one or both of the syllables *iana* to the rest of the word. Thus we have *Dickensiana*, *Thackerayana*, which translated means the collection of first editions of these authors; or *Californiana*, meaning the collection of early literature, historical and general, bearing on the State, (and indeed this is a most valuable field). But of them all, there are none more fascinating or alluring than *Cruikshankiana*, being the collection of all first editions of books and pamphlets illustrated by George Cruikshank. Of course, his father Isaac and his brother Robert, both being illustrators, are in fact included in the general title, but it is the younger son, the observant, enthusiastic, original, the humorist, caricaturist, poet, George, who made the name Cruikshank famous, and is now remembered, loved and collected. It was he who gave the world an annual hearty laugh with *The Comic Almanac*, who became a political influence with *The Bank Note* and *The Political House that Jack Built*, and who entranced the children and their parents with the most charming and delicate illustrations to *The Fairy Library*. It is true here he, in a way, libeled the fairies in his text, by introducing his temperance principle into these sacred tales; but this affords only another evidence of his sincere earnest character, throwing himself and his convictions into all his acts.

His work is profuse and varied, so it is difficult to give it mention in this small space. His *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, of which Puskln said, "the etchings in them are the finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that as far as I know, have ever been done since etching was invented," is very rare and brings a large price at auctions. The list runs through *Three Courses and a Dessert* which had great popularity, *The Omnibus*, *Scott's Demomology*, *Peter Schlemihl*, *In the Footsteps of Don Quixote*, *The Ballad of Lord Bateman*; and of course he will always be remembered as the illustrator of Dickens and Ainsworth. Happy is the possessor of *Cruikshankiana*, and thrice blessed when the volumes contain some personal touch, a signature or pencil sketch of this gentle artist.

D. P. E.

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN



OLDEST, mightiest and noblest of trees is the *Sequoia gigantea* of the slopes of the Sierras. Many of the trees of this species have reached an age safely estimated at eight thousand years, while the smaller ones were stout saplings of four to six feet in diameter at the time of the fall of Rome or the birth of the Christian era.

The genus *Sequoia* was once widely distributed over the earth as the pine or fir is to-day, or as the *Araucaria* is over South America. But outside of California it passed out of existence in an earlier geological period. Here it is represented by two species, the redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*) of the Coast Range, and the big tree (*Sequoia gigantea*) of the Sierras. The redwood is much smaller than the big tree, though at its best far overtopping the noblest cedars, firs or pines. It is being rapidly destroyed, but it has one advantage. It cannot be easily extirpated. From every stump springs a growth of new trees, and only the most thorough-going slaughter with fire and ax can break up a redwood forest.

With the big tree this is not the case. No young trees rise from the stump, and except in extreme cases no small trees spring from the seed. The cause of this is found in depth of accumulated leaves in the big tree forests. Clear away the leaves and the seeds germinate. Where a stream flows through the grove the little trees arise along the brook, for there the leaves are washed away.

The big trees are found only in a few groves or patches half way up the Sierras on the level of the great forests of the two noblest of all pines—the sugar pine and the California yellow pine. Of these groves the Mariposa grove and two or three groves in Tulare have been reserved as Government parks. The Fresno grove and the grove in the Converse Basin in Tulare have been condemned to death and slaughtered as lumber. The Placer grove on the American River, lately discovered by Mr. William W. Price, contains but six or eight trees. The remaining forest, the Calaveras grove, has been long maintained as a private park by the devotion of Mr. James Sperry, its owner. He has now been forced to part with it, and three alternatives are left to the forest. It must be condemned and bought for park purposes by the United States or by California, or else it must be destroyed by the lumberman. This would be an eternal disgrace to California.

This grove in Calaveras County is the first one known. It is the one for which the species was named. It has furnished the seeds for all the *Sequoia* parks of Europe. It is not second to the Mariposa grove in the size of its trees, while the whole forest, rich as it is in noble trees of other sorts and rare Alpine vegetation, far surpasses any other grove in interest.

It is to-day the most noble piece of woodland on the face of the earth. Shall we consent to its destruction for the hundred thousand dollars' worth of lumber its trunks contain? To this there should be but one answer. Let us hear it!

One more word. "It will be asked," says John Muir, "Why are *Sequoias* always found in greatest abundance in well-watered places where streams are exceptionally abundant?" Simply because a growth of *Sequoias* creates those streams. The thirsty mountaineer knows well that in every *Sequoia* grove he will find running water, but it is a very complete mistake to suppose that the water is the cause of the grove being there; for, on the contrary, the grove is the entire cause of the water being there; drain off the water and the trees will remain, but cut off the trees and the streams will vanish. * * *

"The roots of this immense tree fill the ground, forming a thick sponge that absorbs and holds back the rains and melting snows, only allowing them to ooze and flow gently. Indeed, every fallen leaf and rootlet, as well as long clasping root and prostrate trunk, may be regarded as dams, hoarding the bounty of storm-clouds and dispensing it as blessings all through the summer, instead of allowing it to go headlong in short-lived floods. Evaporation is also checked by the dense foliage to a greater extent than by any other Sierra tree, and the air is entangled in masses and broad sheets that are quickly saturated; while thirsty winds are not allowed to go sponging and licking along the ground."

Come! Let's Play.

(A Foreword.)



COME! we will be children again; the sun shines, and is warm and soft. The water sings a song and is wet and smooth. The grass forests are full of mysteries. The shade spots are unexplored lands. The light spots are rivers and bays waiting for us to tread their changing boundaries, always new with wonderful doings. Into the shadows! scramble over crystal hills; come! see how deep, dark and fearsome is the dragon's den—then we'll scamper away. Come! let's play.

WE wish no "People" with us; they don't know what we know, and can't see things, though they say they do and smile, but we don't want them to smile because they always think they have to; 't isn't because they know, and can see things, but because they want us to feel good or make our mothers like them. They like us, but they don't know much or they would play right, and not try so hard. Some of them don't like us; they try hard, too, but they make us squirm all over, we're so uncomfortable; then we shut ourselves up. Those people seem to get into us, so when we go into the bushes or the barn we forget how to play; the best way, we are so afraid they will see us, and then we should be ashamed. We hate to feel ashamed—it hurts. We wish "People" knew how to play, for we could have such fun, because they know about some things we haven't had yet which would make great games. They might tell us new games, but there are not many who know how to teach us, because they expect us to play *their way*; now, it seems to me that if they would just make themselves loose and remember back to our time, and forget they have had lots of years—just hide away from themselves, you know—and sort of shut their remembering out backwards and be one of us again without lots of years—Oh! couldn't we play "giant," though, and "mountain" and "earthquake," and all the games we make believe at; besides, a grown-up person of that kind makes us feel new things inside which we don't seem to feel with only children playing. Oh! but I wish people would *try*. Don't you see that if everybody did that they would be happy all around, and they wouldn't have to work at all and could play every day. I could make hosts of games if only big folks would do what I say. It can be done, for I know a Man who plays right, and he's old, too—(he's thirty; he told me so). I'll tell you about him. We all like him. He's the only old person that I'm going to say much about, because he won't care, and he sometimes helps us—and never preaches; he has a nice voice to hear; it sounds like Betsy's when she first speaks to a new girl all alone. He doesn't talk at us fast and all at once, but seems to be thinking about things, and we want to know just what; he's gentle and slow sometimes, and then his face is nice to look at—he *understands* us without making us feel that we must "show off." Betsy is a girl; she's nice, and lots of fun; sometimes she gets hurt, but doesn't cry long (which makes us all the more sorry for her). Betsy will tell you stories if she thinks you know what she means. Oh! but *she* can tell stories. Then there is Joe; he's queer, and we can't get along with him; he always has new things to do that I could never think up; he has adventures, too; he goes away and *has* them and comes back and tells us, (you shall hear him some day).

Then there's Pokey (her name is Barbara, but we call her Pokey); she cries a good deal and gets hurt easily and gets the "huffs." I sometimes think it isn't "huffs," but that she likes to *think* things all alone. She's queer, too, and can't get along with Joe, which seems strange. You will hear a good deal of Pokey. Then there is a dog, "Jay;" he's a bulldog and something else; he's mine, and my *best* friend. Then there's a cat; his name is Jerry; and a rooster called "Dommick"—all these people are very important. I wish I had time now to tell you more about them. Betsy is the best of all. Joe, he's next, for he has adventures. Jay, my dog, is next; he tells stories, too, but I am the only one who understands, so I talk for him. I suppose Pokey comes next. ("People" say

she's "an interesting child," but I don't know what they mean.) Then Jerry, the cat; he makes me think. Then Dommick; his adventures are wonderful; he's *so* crazy and proud. Oh! I nearly forgot Frank, the bay horse, he does wonderful things and talks.

Note to the children:—I wanted to start Betsy's story this month, but the little boy has said so much in introducing some of the characters to come later that I will have to put Betsy's story off until next month.—Ed.

DEAR MR. ———: I'm very much obliged to you for sending me that book Professor Jordan wrote. It's got a queer name, though, *The Book of Knight and Barbara*. I haven't read it all yet, for it is a long book, with lots of stories in it, but they are *all* good, for every one I've read is good. It seems to me Mr. Jordan knows how to tell stories for us children. Most people who write books *say* they are children's books, but I think they write them to see what big people will think, and not to tell the kind of things we like, and know are so. Those people's books sometimes make us excited or mixed up in our minds, but we soon want to run away if we read them long. I like the pictures in Mr. Jordan's book because they are up close and big. I wish I could hear him *tell* some stories. I like another book, too, *The City o' Ligg* it is called. I bet the man who wrote it can *play* things. I guess his book would make big people laugh, too; I guess it is good for everybody to read. There are a good many words and things in it I don't understand, but maybe I don't know much, anyhow. I had to laugh about the grand piano and the chairs. They were just like real people. When I was very young I got *Wild Animals*; (Mr. Thompson wrote it.) I liked it then, but I like it more now than ever. I like it more than the *Jungle Stories*. Everybody likes it (even auntie). I know Mr. Thompson, and when I saw him I knew he liked dogs and other animals. He didn't have to *say* so; he knows how to talk "Animal," and his eyes get bright when he tells about them, for he knows just what comes next. It seems to me he must be a great man to tell us all the true things he does. Little children can understand his book, and big folks smile because they see that he knows all about nature and animals, and the *way* he tells things makes you *see*. He is a great man to be so high in his words and to be able to put his heart into little animals. I think he loves children, for I wasn't afraid of him. He has a smart face, but you see mostly kindness in it. I must close. Your friend,

P. S.—I'll write again to you. I just as lief.

Real True.

Here comes a letter written by a little girl four years old. She lives in the country, and likes all the things that live out of doors. She writes to a little girl four years old who lives in a big city. Little *city girls* will like to hear what she says, and they will think of the things they like to do and to play in the city.—Ed.

S—Y—, Feb. 12, 1900.

DEAR ELIZABETH:—I can reach the mantelpiece. I have a doll buggy, with a blue parasol on top, and it's all blue on the front of the back of the inside.

We've got some little puppies—and some turkies and chickens and some little *new* ducks (they're in eggs yet), and an old yellow hen, and I am going to have a pet lamb. I've got a doll that opens and shuts its eyes.

We went out to the gum trees and we had to cross the water so many times; part of it was in the glen, and we had to put our ponies before us. We tried to catch frogs. The water looked *deep*, and there was a very pretty fern growing in there—it wasn't dark, it was very light. Walter (he's my brother) lost his lasso rope, and I found a funny moss growing over a little bit of a tree.

We ran down there one day. Walter's face got full of mud and he looked funny. It was too far for him to walk, and when we got home mamma said we must not go there again because it scared her. Walter caught a ladybug, and I caught one in a pill box, but when I was going over *the bridge* it got killed by my thumb. I send my love. I hope you will write to me.

ELLEN.

THE PROTEST OF ONYX TABLE.

(A Fable.)



ONCE upon a time, not long ago, Onyx Table, while sleeping peacefully, was spirited away. Awakening he found himself in a room where men and women lived. He shivered with cold, and a strange, new feeling of uncertainty, he drew his pink scarf about his legs, and slowly gathered his faculties, he became conscious that something was wrong. During his sleep he had been placed in a room with objects for whom he had the warmest contempt. Why this embarrassing position? He swelled with just indignation. You must know that Onyx was a person of dignity and social position, and was on long-visiting terms with the best families, but never before had he experienced so distinct a shock upon observing his surroundings and associates, never had his poise been so disturbed by an atmosphere charged with reserve, coldness and lack of appreciation. For the first time in his life he lacked self-confidence. Was it because Royal Worcester and Silver Bon-bon Dish were not sitting on him? Why such indifference to his presence? He, the Lord of a thousand drawing rooms. It should be explained, he drew himself to his full height against the wall (where he felt at home) and said, with brazen indifference to it all, with some sarcasm in his tones, "I fear I have interrupted the intelligent conversation of this dignified gathering." (He knew all about "gatherings.") Brass Candlestick said, "No, sir, we were only thinking you very 'swell,' and wondered why you varnish your legs." Now, Candlestick was Polish and a simple, direct soul, with not an atom of guile, his very simplicity disarmed poor Onyx, he was pleased to have his "swellness" recognized. He sighed enough to flutter his pink scarf, and replied, "Thanks, orfully, I *am* swell; as for the varnish, that is *perennial youth*, and it obviates the necessity of washing." "Ah! yes, you have brilliancy without polish," observed Brass Vase (who is bright) from Highboy's shoulder. "Thanks, orfully again, I have been called brilliant, my society is much desired, and I may say that my social position is to be envied. I count among my friends, a Royal Worcester, four Havilands and many of the Silver family, some of you may have heard of them." "Yes, sir," timidly murmured Favrite, who blushed as she spoke. "But we have not had the *extreme* pleasure of meeting them," interrupted Highboy in lofty tones. There was something in Highboy's manner which tore the veil of pink from Onyx's eyes, revealing the entire assemblage to him in all their groundless arrogance. He boiled with anger, and his top cracked with suppressed ire. Striding out, he stood rampant upon Bokhara Rug (who said nothing for he was accustomed to it). "You are a lot of stuck-up prigs, over what, I don't see, look at Mrs. Sofa, she hasn't even a dozen pine needle pillows, and would break a back that sat on her. My amiable friend, Highboy, you're old, and haven't a suggestion of varnish (there's one like you in the cellar of a house I once lived in,) as for you, Chairs, you're not worth sitting on. Where's your gilt, eh? Dear Mr. Mantel, aren't you burdened with your decorative friends, who are not valued enough to be bought in pairs? Do you Pictures ever *talk* straight? you're not *hung* so, I see. Did you ever see a silk drape? half of you are not framed, faugh! such nakedness, I shiver, you should see yourselves in the eyes of my friend, Painted Mirror. What is that dry stuff you have in your mouth, Mr. Brown (Vase)? Do you think you're beautiful, friend Table? you take up a lot of room, but you must allow that you're plain, bah! Dowds, stiff backs, guiltless crew, irregular masses, somber tombstones, pinkless people, Puritanic simpletons, expresionless posers—what do you do all day? Silently admire, reservedly express, finely appreciate, harmoniously associate, spiritually enjoy. Ha, ha! ha, ha! Thanks be to the Gods—I have gilt—I go to find some *color*. Good day." Onyx Table rushed from the room.

"Dear me," said Favrite, "we must all be wrong." "Not guilty," grunted Highboy. They all smiled and sighed, and beamed discreetly, and loved each other more than ever.

M. S.



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A man and girl looked out on this.

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"How lovingly that arm of land embraces the bay."

"Lucky cove," said he.

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The death of Mr. George Warrington Steevens caused more than an impersonal regret to the many readers of his books. His vigorous, brilliant descriptions and individual style took possession of the imagination and made him very real, indeed. The announcement of a posthumous work, *From Cape Town to Ladysmith*, relieves us from complete disappointment for a book from him on the Boer war. The Transvaal would have been a rich field for his abilities. Another volume that the situation has called forth is *The Transvaal Outlook*, by Albert Stickney, announced by the publishers as being a strong consideration of the political and military conditions, and greatly in favor of the Boers.

A collection of Klondike doggerel (as the author terms it), by Howard V. Sutherland, is announced by Doxey's. It is to be called *Bigg's Bar and Other Klondike Ballads*, and is full of the local color of these new mining camps, and of Dawson in the early days of the boom. Mr. Sutherland is doubtless known to our readers by the many dainty lyrics and imaginative stories contributed to the weeklies for some years past, and as editor of the *News Letter*. His writings have all been most finished in style and conception, and are touched by delicate feeling and fine imagination. We learn that he is soon to establish himself in New York, and wish him all success in that larger field.

A few good novels—*Captain Dieppe*, by Anthony Hope, is a capital short tale, light—but very good for the leisure half hour that has to be entertained. It is told with a delicate, quaint fancy and humor that throws a charm about the little romance, and makes it a very pleasant memory. *On Trial*, a Devonshire story, is very well done. It is somewhat similar in scene and environment to *Children of the Mist*; in certain points we do not hesitate to say that it is superior to it (for one thing it is not so long). It is most pathetic at times; the self-sacrificing, courageous Phoebe is in strong contrast to her irresolute and weak-natured lover. The author is "Zack," whose *Life is Life*, issued last year, gave promise of just the good work she is here doing. *Sweethearts and Wives*, by Anna A. Rogers, is a collection of simple stories of life in the navy, very pleasantly written and, we should think, quite true. The title story will certainly appeal to all the wives and sweethearts who themselves experience just such times of anxious waiting for their absent loved ones. We trust our readers will not think us too optimistic in our estimates. It is certainly more pleasant to select for mention the books that please us. Did space permit, we know of a number that we should delight to roast.

D. P. E.

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ANKIND is incurably religious," says Paul Sabatier in that most scholarly and sympathetic volume, *The Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, and surely never more religious than now. Though "the old order changes," and to the loyal religious conservative the foundations seem to be slipping away, yet a large proportion of the noteworthy books issued for the last two years have dealt with what has been called the new ethics, the philosophy of meliorism. Meliorism differs widely from radical optimism, but is a brave reaching out and up from the ruins of the old to something new and beautiful which shall yet be durable and palpable in a workaday world. "It is not a new gospel we need," says Professor Edward Griggs in *The New Humanism*, "but the gospel made anew." His introductory chapters make up a very good handbook of comparative ethics and lead up to the formulation in the later ones of what we must take to be his message—his personal contribution to the literature of this melioristic philosophy. In Swinburne's ode on the death of Baudelaire there are two lines which seem to sum up the plaint of the old pessimism—"Not all our songs, O friend, will make death clear or make life durable." In the honest daylight, with God's sun on the hillsides, what mere idle singing this seems to a man or woman who has once seen life whole; yet even to the clear of vision is not always given the strength to travel alone the long road from intelligent agnosticism to a human creed, and we are glad of guide-posts and resting places. Great questions press us for answers by the way. We have veiled glimpses of spiritual realities in the most day-to-day intercourse. Professor Griggs is right—"Our problem is fundamentally ethical and religious, widely as that fact is ignored"; and his *New Humanism*, while it makes no plea as a system, is clearly in the van of the formulated thought of the new crusade. The style of the book is good, honest English, with here and there bits of really fine writing. In the chapter entitled "Greek and Christian Ideals in Modern Civilization," Professor Griggs defines the ultimate ethic as a union of the two—not a piecing together, but a fusion—resulting in "the ideal of rounded, harmonious self-development, of high culture crowned by the noblest spiritual purity, the largest love and a capacity for self-abnegation when that is the path of life." Under the new philosophy, then, the highest ethical development will be found in the man who stands midway between Simeon Stylites and Marius the Epicurean.

The last chapter in the book, *The Religion of Humanity*, formulates the creed, but there is a short passage closing the chapter on *The Ethics of Social Reconstruction* that might well stand alone, in simplicity and strength, as typifying the thought of the book. It is reminiscent of the "To be honest, to be kind" of the Christmas sermon. "In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness, let us not underestimate the value of a simply good life. Just to be good: to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult."

MARY MORROW.

MR. RICHARD HOVEY.



HERE is something inexpressibly sad about the death of a young poet. When the singer goes to the dim lands of death crowned with the laurels which are only gained after long years of labor, his hence-taking, seeing that we are partially prepared for it, does not shock us so much. We feel then that his hard work is somewhat rewarded, that life must have given him no little satisfaction, and that the final cup was not bitter to his lips; but when a young man leaves us, and especially one who has shown a desire to uplift humanity and to ease as best he can the countless sorrows of the world's oppressed, then we follow to the grave with bowed heads and with hearts depressed by a sense that he has not been justly dealt with. Who has seen a dead bird by the wayside, its feathery finery ruffled by the winds and soiled by the dust, and not regretted that the forest choir was robbed of a piping treble? Who has not felt, as one by one our singers have been gathered away, that not even the splendid

isolation of death, and the majestic solemnity connected therewith, could balance the loss sustained by life in their departure?

Mr. Hovey covered a wide range in his daily work and, had his life been spared, in another ten years would undoubtedly have exerted a great influence upon American letters. He wrote of everything, from *Launcelot and Guenevere* to the late Henry George, whom he aptly terms "the Bayard of the poor." Much of his descriptive verse has about it the odor of the woods, and his sonnet "America" is so strong, so thoroughly in keeping with the widening sentiment in favor of a greater Republic, that it is perfectly proper to print it here, where it will be a silent witness to the worth of a man whose loss is doubly to be regretted during the present unsettled times:

AMERICA.

We came to birth in battle; when we pass,
It shall be to the thunder of the drums.
We are not one that weeps and saith *Alas*,
Nor one that dreams of dim millenniums.
Our hand is set to this world's business,
And it must be accomplished workmanly;
Be we not stout enough to keep our place,
What profits it the world that we be free?
Not with despite for others, but to hold
Our station in the world inviolate,
We keep the stomach of the men of old
Who built in blood the bastions of our fate.
We know not to what goal God's purpose tends;
We know He works through battle to His ends.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

HISTORY AND MR. JOHN FISKE.

BY THOS. R. BACON.



N historian is a teacher of the people, or he is not worthy of the name. If he is not this, he is of no use as an historian. This statement hardly seems open to dispute, yet there are learned men who deny it. Of late years it has been rather fashionable to deny it, and to insist that history should be so dull that no one but a trained scholar could read it, and he only with pain. This position is untenable. What these persons write and admire is not history; it is only material out of which men with other aims and other gifts may make history.

This heresy had its origin in Germany, but other lands have suffered from the infection. Like most heresies it arises from putting exclusive emphasis on an important truth, generally a truth which needs emphasis. That an historian should be a profound and accurate scholar is a truth that needed emphasis; to insist that he should be nothing else, and know nothing except his immediate subject is to err from the truth so widely that should this heresy prevail, it would wreck history altogether. It is sad to notice how wide-spread it is. There are scattered abroad through civilized lands a multitude of persons, most of them with German Ph. D.'s, who live laborious days digging out material and piling it up in shapeless heaps, under the impression that they are making history. They are useful persons in themselves; but they are mischievous when they try to persuade people that they are historians, and that none others are. This they try to do systematically. They are trying to corrupt the innocent children in our schools by giving them so-called "sources," and telling them that this is history, and, if the children don't like this kind of history, they can go and make some for themselves. *Infandum!*

The amorphous heaps that these people construct are mere rubbish, carefully and painfully collected, but rubbish still, until the real historian comes along with his cyanide process and extracts from it a treasure which shall make the world glad and wise.

These delvers rather resent the existence of a man who can make their work of some use. Use is not what they are after, but "learning for learning's sake." They distrust

and dislike an historian like Mr. Fiske. He knows too many things. They cannot deny that he is an accurate historical scholar, but then he knows something about natural science, and a good deal about philosophy, and has ideas about religion and God and human immortality. He has even dabbled in music. These are all suspicious circumstances. But the damning fact is that he always has a story to tell, and he tells it with charm and power. He is always interesting; he is sometimes even amusing! He has an evident liking for the picturesque and the romantic. He gives welcome instruction to ordinary people. He has, in some degree, the qualities which have given immortality to those few historians who have attained it. Thus Mr. Fiske breaks all the canons but one of the heretical church, which will never forgive him. But that is no matter.

A recent critic has pointed out that though Mr. Fiske's scholarship is sound, and his statement of results is accurate and perspicuous, yet both have their limitations; that aspects of history, which do not interest him, he largely ignores. He does not try to interest his reader in things which do not interest himself. This limitation is well illustrated in his latest volumes, *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*. In his account of the early life of two great commercial cities, he has little to say of its economic side. His interests are very human, and he probably has the feeling, which many of us have not outgrown, that economic science is somehow *inhuman*. This limitation is due to that personal tone in which he treats all events, and which makes so much of the charm and value of his work, and the exaggeration of which lays him open to hostile attack. When he tells of the annoyance and delay to which two travelers were subjected at the New York custom-house in 1679, he is as furious as when he himself encountered the same perennial nuisance on his last return from Europe; and his own pleasure in Mr. Bynner's novels causes him to put a pleasant little criticism of them into the text of his history. He certainly has "the defects of his qualities," but the defects are mostly amusing, and are redeemed by the rare quality from which they spring.

These volumes nearly complete the author's history of the United States from the beginning until the adoption of the Constitution. The little stories of struggling colonies cannot produce the august effect of such a book as *The Discovery of America*, but the events are just as significant, and, as Mr. Fiske tells them, just as interesting and instructive. In his own way and within his own field, he nobly fulfills the function of the historian; he makes us understand.

THE OLD BOOK ROOM.



TO THE uninitiated, a collection of *Californiana* may seem lacking in any element of interest, but the investigator will soon find that on the contrary the subject is one of great variety and is possessed of most unique qualities. In it are periods contrasting vividly: as the era of the Spanish occupation and the old mission fathers against the stirring times of gold in '49; or the wild adventures by sea and land of the early voyages and journeys of exploration and discovery against the later development of our American civilization. The dates, even, will doubtless prove a surprise—from 1579, showing a greater antiquity to this "new west" than is generally supposed, up to, if you like, 1900.

The first printed book mentioning California, of which the writer has knowledge, is by Cornelius Wytfliet, entitled *Descriptiones Ptolemaical*, quarto, maps and plates, Sovanii, 1579. In this there are nineteen maps of America, one of them showing California as an island. From this the bibliography passes to 1685, in which year a French book, a translation from a Spanish manuscript, was published, being *Voyages de l'Empereur de la Chine*, including *Nouvelle Descente des Espagnols dans L'Isle de Californie, l'an, 1683*.

The period of exploration is rich in fine material. That sturdy Elizabethan seaman, Sir Francis Drake, was the first voyager to reach the Golden Gate; and following him in the exploration of the Northern Pacific were Cooke, Vancouver, Anson, Portlock, Perouse, Franchere and many others, the accounts of whose voyages are published in interesting

old editions, many quaintly and finely illustrated with copper engravings and maps. Wm. Dampier, *New Voyages Round the World in 1699* contains much of pirates, as indeed do the others. In the journeys by land we shall have to consider the opening of the great Northwest as within the field. In this we have Ellis, *Voyage to Hudson Bay in 1748*; Mackenzie, *Voyages on the St. Lawrence through the Continent of North America in 1789*; the account of the Lewis and Clarke expedition to the sources of the Missouri and down the Columbia to the Pacific in 1804-6, and the quaint little volume by Patrick Gass on the same subject; and the expedition of Major Pike, discovering Pike's Peak. Later volumes are Emory, *Military Reconnaissance*; Fremont, *Exploring Expedition*; Long's *Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*; Mollhausen, *Journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific*; Domench, *Deserts of North America*, and others bearing more on the later discovery of gold.

Of the Spanish mission period a collector would be fortunate should he secure some manuscript record of the old missions—a parish register, for example, with the signatures of the mission fathers; but he can count more surely on copies of some of the few printed books which may still be had. Of these Venegas, *Noticia de la Californie, y de su Conquista* is very interesting. It was printed in Madrid in 1757, in three volumes, with illustrations and maps, and is sometimes found in the crude vellum binding of the period, with thong and button fastenings. An English translation was published in 1789 in two volumes, with the illustrations and maps, and about the same time a French edition in three volumes. Pallou, *Vida y Padre Fray Junipero Serra*, published in Mexico in 1787, is more rare. It is in one volume, with an interesting plate and map. *Noticia de la Nueva Californie*, also by Pallou, was not separately published from the Mexican Archives till 1874; but unfortunately that reprint even is practically not procurable, as the edition of one hundred copies has mainly gone into public libraries. There still remain for mention two more works prominent in this period: Costanzo, *Diario Historico de Norte de Californie, Mexico, 1776* (the date of the American Revolution), and Clavigero, *Storia della Californie, Venezia, 1789*.

It is impossible to attempt a mention of the books of '49. Each returning gold seeker found expression in print, and the tales of wonder and adventure exceed all the classics of imagination from the *Arabian Nights* down. Frank Marryat's *Mountains and Molehills* is hugely interesting and contains many lurid colored illustrations of the scenes depicted; the first edition of Bayard Taylor's *El Dorado* has also many illustrations; two of them show the original water-front line and the growth of the town in one year; and my readers are recommended to translate the puzzle in both the title and author of *Aurifodina*, by Cantell A. Bigly. The days of the Vigilance Committee also has its group of books, and histories of the state and city form a third. Of these latter Forbes, *History of California* was published in 1839, and Greenhow, in 1844. Alfred Robinson, *Life in California* is a narrative from the early part of the century to 1846. Other historians are Capron, Hittell, Royce and Tuthill. Dwinelle, *The Colonial History of San Francisco* is very rare and much desired, that is to say the enlarged third edition is, and the *Annals of San Francisco*, by Frank Soule and other writers, should be secured.

There still remains one interesting group that should not be overlooked, namely, early publications. Of the periodicals, *The Oregon Spectator* was the first to appear on the Coast, commencing February 5, 1846, while *The Californian*, issued in Monterey, was a close second, dating August 15th of the same year. Following these came the *California Star*, on January 9, 1847, and *The Alta California*, on January 4, 1849. *The Pioneer Magazine* appeared somewhat later and covered two years, 1854-55. The first published volume made its appearance in 1849. It was a most unpretentious little book, by F. P. Wierzbicki, entitled *California as it is and as it may be, or a Guide to the Gold Regions*. The first San Francisco city directory is another rare and curious little volume.

A complete collection of *Californiana* would most certainly include an imposing array of volumes, enough to discourage all but the most indefatigable and courageous of collectors. Still by confining the selection determinedly to the best works of the different periods, a private library can very easily contain a representative collection—one of value and varied interest.

D. P. E.

What Betsy Did.



HAD a good time the other day. Sometimes I run away from the other children to get new things all my own, and then I make them look as I want them to. If the others join in, they have so many ways that everything is mixed up. It's fun to play like that most of the time, but I like to do my own way most. I don't mind Boy's helping me, for he seems to see just as I do and does the next act right—as I would do it. I went to the beach all alone, with no hat on, and my hair was down. I ran all the way there. I could jump to the tops of the trees and right over a bridge blocks long. I went sliding down the steep sand-hills that slide out under you. I screamed loud, it was such fun. I saw everything as I went along, green, and pink, and yellow, and blue mixed up with brown streaks, and the colors all had a good smell. That day was sunny, with some wind coming crooked out of the ocean. There was a sound in my ears that seemed all over the whole world. It was the ocean and the wind. The wind makes me laugh; as I ran it slipped around me and wrapped me up, like soft ribbons, I couldn't see; but I turned round and round and unwrapped the wind, and pulled it out of my hair. I said "Shoo, Wind!" and he slid over the sand, and made waves on some water that was there. The water got mad at the wind but couldn't chase it, so it was cross and cold just then, but the wind didn't care, and he went fluffing off to curl around a gum-tree. You should have seen the gum-tree when the wind went at it, the leaves talked, and laughed and screamed, and were made of silver and pink. I'd like to be a gum-tree or a water-tank. Water-tanks think lots and do good, and are very satisfied with themselves—they always smile. If I could be anything I wanted to, I would be one. I went on and on and on very far, till I came to the Ocean, but it roared so I thought it might flood the earth and drown everybody, so I looked around for a high place to get on. I found a whole city of Kopjes (those are the things people fight on top of). The one I took came up out of the ground, just like a big chicken croquette in a dish, for it was shaped like one. I climbed to the top of my Kopje and looked everywhere—mine was the highest—but I was afraid of being conquered, so I set Madge (that's my doll) up there to keep my hill. I went and got a long seaweed which was a big snake, Oh! so long. I put the snake around my hill, so no enemies could climb up, for they would be afraid when they saw the snake taking care of us. I was safe then, and Madge and I talked. That Kopje was a wonderful place, full of strange things: there were holes with dragons inside, and big bugs, and white sand with black spots. I tried to get the black spots together but it took too long. Soon it was night, and I was afraid, for my snake might go to sleep and then an enemy would come, so I dug down into the top of my Kopje and got inside. I looked all around and it seemed like the inside of a beehive, without any bees. The whole room was covered with shells, of all the colors I liked, and the floor was chocolate tiles. (I ate lots and gave Madge some.) We had a good time in there, for all around were doll houses with things in them—chairs, and tables, and stoves, and curtains, and beds, and everything (more than I ever had), besides two guns and bows and arrows, so I wished Boy was there. Then Boy came and it was real cozy. By and by it began to rain, and blow, and storm outside, but we didn't get wet, and no enemies could find us. Boy said he would defend me, for he had a gun, so we went outside again,—it was daytime. The city of Kopjes was all gone and we were in the middle of a dark forest. We couldn't see the sky. We heard the ocean roar, but we didn't know where it was—it seemed all around us. We were on an island. We walked a long time, full of fear (but we didn't seem to mind). Then we came to a Dragon, and Boy shot him and stood on the Dragon's head and cut his whiskers off for a "scalp." After that we came to a river which was blue and not very deep, so we got into a boat and sailed into the Sun. I could tell you

of many more adventures we had that day, but we had to go home then. I wonder sometimes if all people feel uncomfortable and dissatisfied, and near to crying when they get home after having wonderful adventures. Of course, I love my home and all my relations, but they seem to be *far away* when I come home.

DEAR MR. ———:

You said you wanted me to write to you about some *new* books I have read since I wrote to you last time. I haven't had any new books, mother says, but I have read *Robin Hood* that Howard Pyle wrote, and *The Talisman* that Sir Walter Scott wrote. I don't know how many times I have read those books, and I don't know which I like best—the one I get *last*, I think. I *started* two more books, one told by a lady, and the other by somebody else. I didn't get far in either one. The first made me feel mighty silly and laugh when I didn't know what I was laughing at; it was all about golden curls, and sunny faces, and pink toes and other things I don't care for. The other was full of pictures of animals, and birds, and men; it was *poetry*, too, and tried to be funny, but wasn't funny one bit; it had Greek jokes (I haven't had Greek yet; maybe when I am old I will like the book), and the pictures make believe they were done by children, but they weren't. It was a grown up person did them with his left hand, or he didn't know how to draw pictures—the whole book was a *sham*, I think. But oh, don't I love *Robin Hood*! That is what I call a fine book. I have read stories in it for years, and years, and years, and I never get tired of them. Robin is so brave, and strong, and smart, and generous. He can fight like everything, and then he lives in the green wood and sleeps out-of-doors. They all eat lots, and it never snows and they don't get colds and sore throats. I can just *see* all the great trees, and paths, and hills, and the "fairs" they go to (a writer is smart who can make us see things and *smell*, too). I wish I had more time to write about that book; I could write all day. Every boy and girl ought to have it, for it doesn't preach any, yet it makes you want to be good.

The Talisman I don't read so often, but I like it, for everything in it is grand, and big, and strange. Sir Kenneth is the kind of man I'd like to be; he doesn't say much, but I feel him there all the time; he was a great knight, and brave. I like books where the enemies are friends all the time, and give you surprises by the kind things they do for each other. I always feel "gulpy," but I like it. *The Talisman* isn't a girl's book, but I have heard of a girl who likes it. I must stop now. Maybe I'll get some new books soon to write to you about. If you want me to, I'll tell you some time just what books I like best.

Yours truly,

AN APPRECIATION OF THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM KEITH.

BY CHARLES KEELER.



CALIFORNIA, during the brief period of her statehood, has brought forth a number of men and a few women of brilliant attainments, who have influenced the development of the Pacific Coast and spread abroad its fame. In the art world especially an unusually high standard has prevailed for a state so new. The time has come now, however, when we can no longer apologize for our work on the plea that our civilization is young, but must rigidly test all we do by world standards, independently of place or time. There is here a hope in our very isolation from the centers of creative thought and expression, for this comparative aloofness makes for independence. In the feverish activity of New York and Paris it is well nigh impossible to distinguish that which is ephemeral from that which is permanent. All are hurried toward the maelstrom of popular opinion. It is well nigh impossible under these conditions to view with any sense of proportion what is transpiring—to see the present with proper perspective.

Here in California the criticisms of the East hold good, but mediated by the individuality of the West. It is well that it is so, nor does this necessarily imply crudeness or provincialism. There has been much crudeness here, but there has also been vigor, vitality, life—the essence of all achievement. The wildness of the West has been tamed, and if there is less of culture here to-day than in Boston, what there is, is no different in quality.

I have no intention of writing a defense of the paintings of William Keith. His work needs no defense. So far as I know he has no enemies. But the question is not unnaturally asked at times: Why, if he be so great as his friends maintain, his work has not made more of a stir in the east? The explanation of this is not difficult. The immediate success of an artist, granting that he has merit, is to-day unfortunately largely dependent upon advertising. The advertising facilities of America are chiefly centered in New York, and Mr. Keith's work has never been systematically exploited there. He is too independent to care for this sort of thing, and accident has never brought him prominently to the front there.

But the final estimate of a man's worth is not dependent upon advertising. Time requires no posters to herald her verdict. She does not look at the bill-boards to see what is in vogue, but with busy fingers she sifts and washes away the sand, dropping it grain by grain into the river of Oblivion, and triumphantly holds in her hand the precious bits of gold. When the works of Keith come to the sifting there will be many nuggets found.

A picture cannot be translated into words. It must be seen, it must be felt, before it can be known. All that I can convey of Mr. Keith's landscapes to one who has not seen them is as a dim reflection in a muddy pool. As to their subject matter, it is generally simple enough—a few trees, preferably oaks, a foreground with perhaps a pool of water, a background of hills or mountains and the clouds above. But over this groundwork of fact he throws a veil of atmosphere, he breathes life into the grass and trees, he transforms the scene into a poem. The wind blows and the storm lowers, the earth is bursting into the tenderness of spring green or withering beneath the autumn sun, according to the painter's mood. He loves the splendor of the closing day and the soberness of the moonlight.

The freedom and lightness of touch in his work is a part of its charm. It is done with the sure and unhampered stroke of a master. There is no stiffness of brush work but a dash that bespeaks inspiration. It is the result of a loving study of nature through a lifetime, with adequate means at his command for expressing not merely what he has seen but what he has felt. It is subjective landscape, but nearly always regulated and tempered by the facts of nature.

It matters little what the East thinks of his work to-day. His triumph has been in making those around him see with his vision. He has taught the people of California to find the hidden beauties about them—not the startling, the spectacular scenes, but the quiet groves which are so full of spiritual beauty. His intensity and fervor have already borne fruit in showing men that often those scenes which are nearest are most full of charm, and that beauty cannot be gauged by the standard of size. His influence upon the work of the local painters is marked and increasing. There is something captivating and compelling about his style. It seems, indeed, the inevitable form in which California landscape should be expressed.

Some day America will awaken to a realization of the fact that a man of genius has been toiling for many years upon the Pacific Coast. His fame will grow with the years, and I have no fear in prophesying that some day he will be universally ranked among the greatest of landscape painters. It would be a fitting expression of appreciation if some of our citizens of means would erect a small gallery of stone either in San Francisco or Berkeley in which could be placed a series of his greatest pictures. It would be something more than a compliment to a great man—it would serve to perpetuate a message which the people of California cannot prize too dearly.



FOR the most part the books here recorded receive special review elsewhere in this number. For completeness, however, additional entries are given of important works, making this a page of practical value.

Steevens, G. W. From Cape Town to Ladysmith. 12mo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Stickney, Albert. The Transvaal Outlook. 8vo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Sutherland, Howard V. Bigg's Bar and Other Klondike Ballads. Post. 8vo. Cloth. Doxey's. \$1.25. *Announcement.*

Griggs, Edward Howard. The New Humanism. Studies in Personal and Social Development. 12mo. Cloth. New York, 1900. \$1.60 net.

Hovey, Richard. Along the Trail. A book of Lyrics. 12mo. Cloth. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

Hovey, Richard. Launcelot and Guenevere. A Poem in Dramas. 3 vols.: i. The Quest of Merlin. \$1.25. ii. The Marriage of Guenevere. \$1.50. iii. The Birth of Galahad. \$1.50. 12mo. Half vellum. Small, Maynard & Co. \$4.00. Sold separately.

Fiske, John. Discovery of America, 2 vols.; Old Virginia and Her Neighbors, 2 vols.; Beginnings of New England, 1 vol.; The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America, 2 vols.; The American Revolution, 2 vols.; The Critical Period in American History, 1 vol. In all 10 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00 each volume.

Jones, Grace Llewellyn. A Historic Fantasy of Venice. With many illustrations. 1 vol. Square 12mo. Limp parchment. Venetia, Ferd. Ongania. Imported by Elder and Shephard. \$1.50 net.

New Fiction.

Sage, William. Robert Tournay. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A romance of the French Revolution, with Robespierre, General Hoche and other historical characters.

Embreere, Charles F. A Dream of a Throne. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co.

A powerful and highly dramatic romance, dealing with a popular Mexican uprising half a century ago.

Tolsto, Leo. Resurrection. Authorized English translation by Mrs. Louise Maude. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Resurrection is the only long novel written by Count Tolstoy since *Anna Karenina*. It is most dramatic, vivid and realistic in its study and delineation of Russian life of the present day.

Wharton, Edith. The Touchstone. 12mo. Cloth. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A very brilliant short novel by the author of *The Greater Inclination*.

Hope, Anthony. Captain Dieppe. Small 12mo. Cloth. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50 cents.

Zack. On Trial. 12mo. Cloth. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Rogers, Anna A. Sweethearts and Wives. (The Ivory Series.) 16mo. Cloth. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

Recent Biographies.

The Kendals. A Biography. By T. Edgar Pemberton. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00.

This is the story chiefly of the professional life of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, written by one who has known them intimately for many years.

Stevenson. A Literary Monograph. By L. Cope Cornford. 12mo. Cloth. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

The author is well qualified to speak on Stevenson, and has treated him from a view refreshingly new.

Abraham Lincoln, The Life of. Drawn from original sources and containing many speeches, letters and telegrams hitherto unpublished. By Ida M. Tarbell. 2 vols. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. The Doubleday & McClure Co. \$5. This is an elaboration of the work serially published. It is an intimate and exceedingly important contribution to the subject.

William Makepeace Thackeray, The Life of. By Lewis Melville. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. H. S. Stone & Co. \$7.50.

The only important biography of Thackeray yet written.

Wellington, The Life of. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. With maps, battle plans and photogravures. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. Imported by Little, Brown & Co. \$11.00.

This important work is with special references to the military life of Wellington. The sub title, "The Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain," indicates the character.

Sullivan, Sir Arthur. Life story, letters and reminiscences. By Arthur Lawrence, with critique by B. W. Findon and biography by Wilfred Bendall. Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. H. S. Stone & Co. \$3.50.

Miscellaneous.

Prior, Edward S. A History of Gothic Art in England. With illustrations by Gerald C. Horsley and many diagrams. Large 8vo. Buckram. Imported by the Macmillan Company. \$10 net.

Giddings, Franklin Henry. Democracy and Empire, with Studies of their Psychological, Economical and Moral Foundations. 8vo. Buckram. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Spielmann, M. H. The hitherto unidentified contributions of W. M. Thackeray to *Punch*, with a complete and authoritative bibliography from 1843 to 1848. Numerous illustrations. 8vo. Cloth. Harper & Bros. \$1.75.

Santayana, George. Interpretations of Poetry and Religion. 12mo. Cloth. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The new work by the author of *The Sense of Beauty*, being the outlines of esthetic theory.

Newcomb, Charles B. Discovery of a Lost Trail. 12mo. Cloth. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50. "Plain suggestions of confidence, patience, gladness and decision often bring us back to the trail we have lost through the uncertainty of our own power and freedom."

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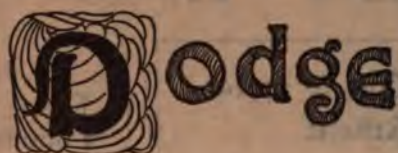
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Mother.—Move out of the sun, dear, it isn't good for you.

Child.—I don't see why I should have to, I got here first.

?

Nurse.—Don't eat any more of that green apple, boy. You're sure to have a stomach-ache.

Boy.—I don't care; I'll take out the fiddle then.

Nurse.—You haven't got a *fiddle* inside of you, boy.

Boy.—Well, if it isn't a *fiddle* it's an *organ*,—mother says it is,



MY HEAD WENT SPINNING ROUND AND ROUND,
MY EYES THEY LIT UPON THE GROUND
BUT FINDING NOTHING THERE TO SEE
THEY BOTH CAME RUNNING BACK TO ME!
THEY SAID: "O DEAR, WE'RE ACHING SO
TO Geo. H. Kahn WE'LL SURELY GO

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IN THE New York *Nation* recently appeared the following, of interest to California: "Mr. Charles A. Keeler's *Bird Notes Afield* (San Francisco: Elder & Shepard) is a collection of thirteen popular essays on the birds of California, followed by an appendix containing a 'key' to the land birds of California, and brief descriptions of the 204 species here formally treated. During the last five or six years we have had popular bird books galore, treating of the birds of the eastern United States as a whole, or of some particular sections of them, each after its own kind, mostly good and some excellent, and each, no doubt, filling its niche in a 'long-felt want.' But Mr. Keeler's is the first book of this kind relating to any part of the Pacific Coast region, and is in its way most excellent. The style is graceful, and the author writes because he has something to say. He is not only a bird-lover, but a full-fledged ornithologist, and his charming descriptions of bird-life in nature are tempered with accuracy of statement. His opening essay, 'A First Glance at the Birds,' is a delightful presentation of the general features of the bird fauna of California, while the other essays relate to special seasons or localities, as 'A Trip to the Farallones,' 'A Day on the Bay Shore,' 'March in the Pine Woods,' etc., and are each of unusual merit and interest, as regards both their ornithology and their literary style. The 'key' and descriptive list forming the appendix should be a welcome aid to those who 'wish an introduction' to the 'familiar birds in their native haunts' of the State of California."

The Condor, the leading California magazine of ornithology, gave recently a half-page review to Mr. Keeler's book, in which it says: "The volume with its key, completes one of the ablest initiatory works on California birds that has been given to the public, and those who are seeking a work of this scope will not be slow in according Mr. Keeler's book the recognition it easily merits."

Published by Elder and Shepard, San Francisco. Price, \$1.50 net, post-paid.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

From the second to the twentieth of April the following important books, while remaining in stock, will be sold at the reduced prices mentioned. The reductions are not made because the books are in any sense undesirable, but merely to reduce an over stock.

- THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. By John Foreman, F. R. G. S. *The most important work on the subject.* Revised edition. \$5.00, for \$3.75. Postage 30 cents.
- THE PEOPLES AND POLITICS OF THE FAR EAST. By Henry Norman. *Studies in Siberia, China, Japan, Corea, Siam and Malaya.* \$4.00, for \$3.25. Postage 30 cents.
- THE BREAK-UP OF CHINA. By Lord Charles Beresford. \$3.00, for \$2.25. Postage 30 cents.
- THE SPANISH REVOLUTION. By Edward H. Strobel. \$1.50, for \$1.10. Postage 15 cents.
- JAPAN IN TRANSITION. By Stafford Ransome. *A comparative study of the Japanese since their war with China.* \$3.00, for \$2.25. Postage 25 cents.
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- LEWIS CARROLL, LIFE AND LETTERS OF. By Stuart Dodgson Collingwood. *A rare volume of charming reminiscences.* \$3.50, for \$2.65. Postage 30 cents.
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- THREE 1899 REFERENCE BOOKS at half price: Whitaker's Almanac, \$1.25, for 65 cents; postage 20 cents. The Statesman's Year Book, \$3.00, for \$1.50; postage 35 cents. Who's Who, \$1.75, for 90 cents; postage 20 cents.
- STALKY & CO. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50, for 95 cents. Postage 20 cents.
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- Jones' British Theater.** Illustrated with many fine copper engravings. 9 vols. Post 8vo. Old full calf. London, 1795. \$13.50.
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- The Works of Sir George Etherege.** Containing his plays and poems. First edition. Crown 8vo. Old full calf. London, 1704. \$7.50.
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- Las Cases, The Count de.** Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. Large type. Library edition, published by Henry Colburn. 4 vols. 8vo. New half calf, yellow edges. London, 1824. \$25.00.
- Ellis, Alexander J.** On Early English Pronunciation. With especial reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer. 4 vols. 8vo. Old half calf. London, 1869. \$17.50.
- Smiles, Samuel.** Lives of the Engineers. Murray's library edition. 4 vols. 8vo. Old full calf. London, 1812. \$12.50.

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A Note.

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SAN FRANCISCO

No. 3. (Vol. 1.)

May, 1900.

10c. (50c. a year)

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

The
Old Book
Room

The
Children's
Room

The
Art Room
...

D.P. Elder &
Morgan Shepard
PUBLISHERS
San Francisco.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS is a magazine of literature and art. It is published monthly at 238 Post Street, San Francisco, by Elder and Shepard. Application has been made for entry at the Post Office, San Francisco, as second-class mail matter.

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NOVELS OF ADVENTURE

Honorable Peter Stirling
BY
Paul Leicester Ford

Primavera.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.



HIS little book was written by four friends, three of them undergraduates at Oxford, and all of them penetrated with the spirit of the higher culture of our time. The poems, it is clear, have been carefully selected; and, it is probable, have been diligently polished. There is not one which is not remarkable for delicacy of style and conscious aiming after excellence in art. Whether these qualities promise well for future achievement and development is a question open to debate. But there can be no doubt that in *Primavera* we possess another of those tiny verse-books like *Ionica*, or Mr. Percy Pinkerton's *Galeazzo*, which will not lose in freshness and in perfume as the years go by.

The poems have the distinction of making one wish to be acquainted with their authors. Though they differ a good deal in mental tone, perhaps also somewhat in literary merit, they possess marked common characteristics: a restrained refinement, a subdued reserve, a gentle melancholy; the note of the latest Anglican esthetic school. We find no humor, no *Sturm und Drang*, no inequalities and incoherences of passion. Even where it is obvious that the emotion has been intense, possibly of a rare and peculiar strain, as in Mr. Binyon's "Testamentum Amoris," and Mr. Phillips' "To a Lost Love," the expression of it obeys no violence of impulse. * * * * *

It would be invidious to institute critical comparisons between the styles of these four friends and their respective merits. It may, however, be remarked that Mr. Manmohan Ghose's work possesses a peculiar interest on account of its really notable command of the subtleties of English prosody and diction, combined with just a touch of foreign feeling. The artful employment of imperfect rhymes in "Raymond and Ida" illustrates what I mean. Occasionally, too, Mr. Ghose produces exactly the right phrase by means of a felicitous simplicity. Notice the line which I have italicised in the following stanza:

"In the deep West the heavens grow heavenlier,
Eve after eve; and still
The glorious stars remember to appear;
The roses on the hill
Are fragrant as before;
Only thy face, of all that's dear,
I shall see nevermore!"

Take, again, these two lines:

"Forget the shining of the stars, forget
The vernal visitation of the rose."

There is but one piece of blank verse in the book. This prologue to "Orestes," by Mr. Stephen Phillips, has strength, is firm in outline, somewhat tardy in movement, fit for sonorous declamation. The gravity which I have indicated as a ruling quality of all these youthful compositions makes itself felt here in its proper place. We might have wished, perhaps, for more of joyous accent in the ode to "Youth," by Mr. Laurence Binyon, which dwells less on the rapture of youth than on its sadness—the melancholy of Theognis over youth's decay:

"O bright new-comer, filled with thoughts of joy,
Joy to be thine amid these pleasant plains,
Know'st thou not, child, what surely coming pains
Await thee, for that eager heart's annoy?
Misunderstanding, disappointment, tears,
Wronged love, spoiled hope, mistrust and ageing fears,
Eternal longing for one perfect friend,
And unavailing wishes without end?"

Mr. Cripps alone permits his Muse a gravely jocund note in his "Season's Com-

fort." He, too, of the four fellow-versifiers, shows the greater aptitude for experiments, though it may, perhaps, be felt that his touch is nowhere quite so sure, nor his artistic feeling so direct as theirs.

It is difficult to lay the critic's hand lightly enough upon poems like these, or to make it clear what particular attraction they possess. With all the charm of rath spring-flowers, they suggest the possibilities of varied personality not yet accentuated in the authors. Let us hope that the four Muses of the four friends will not, like the primroses,

"die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,"

but that we shall profit by their summer-songs, while ever remaining grateful for their *Primavera*.

The above was first printed in the "Academy" for August 9, 1890, in criticism of the original edition of "Primavera," and has now very appropriately been reprinted as the preface to Mr. Mosher's reissue. This, being done by Mr. Mosher, it is idle to say, is a beautiful and exquisite piece of bookmaking. As was remarked the other day by a gentleman in somewhat involuntary tribute: "Well, Mr. Mosher has good taste,"—a very brief but final summary.

Messrs. Elder and Shepard have accepted the sole agency in California from Mr. Mosher, and will be pleased to send a catalogue of his publications in "belles lettres," upon request.



ROMONA, the famous and most loved romance of Southern California, is at last to have a beautiful and fitting edition. As the story runs, the artist, Mr. Henry Sandham, visited California with Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson at the time she was accumulating her materials for the book; he made his first sketches upon the scene of the story, with Mrs. Jackson close at hand to aid with suggestion and inspiration. From these sketches, Mr. Sandham has recently developed the completed paintings which will be used in illustration of the present edition. For a short time the originals will be on exhibition at Messrs. Elder and Shepard's.

This special edition, to appear in the fall, will be limited to five hundred numbered copies; with beautiful paper and printing, proof illustrations in photogravure and water color, and sumptuous binding, it will have all the elements prized by lovers of rare editions. Messrs. Elder and Shepard will be glad to reserve copies for those wishing to secure them, for delivery in the fall. There are to be two volumes, 8vo, \$15 net.

A rare collection of the beautiful bindings of The Guild of Women-Binders, of London, is now on exhibition at their San Francisco office, 238 Post Street. The Guild includes among its members all the more prominent and successful workers in England, Scotland and Ireland. Their binding is of the highest technical skill, combining grace in execution with originality of conception.

The *monastic binding* is a style that they have revived very successfully, being an undressed morocco embossed by hand (specially suited for early printed books and church services). The *niger binding* is a new and very beautiful venetian-red morocco from the Niger territories, executed in embossed designs or in conventional gold tooling. The display includes examples of these styles and specimens of their work in calf, morocco and levant leathers, showing the variety of the styles of decoration—designs in inlaid leathers, gold and blind tooling and embossing.

Associated with the work of The Guild is a young artist, Miss Gloria Cardew, who has developed a field of special interest and beauty. A detail of her work, which is represented in the collection, is the coloring by hand of the illustrations of different volumes, done with rare judgment and delicacy.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS



IT IS not the voice of the sentimentalist alone that is raised in protest against the ruthless slaying of our animals and birds—the scientist and naturalist give their word of warning as earnestly and as often as he who goes to nature, simply and with love in his heart, to know and learn from the wild life of the forests. It was only because of the threatened extinction of many species that the establishment of the National Zoo at Washington was finally forced by our scientists through an unwilling Congress. A very interesting account of its purpose and value was given in a recent number of the *Century*, by Ernest Seton-Thompson. It will be remembered that Mr. Thompson's reputation as a naturalist was acknowledged long before the somewhat overshadowing success of his recent literary work, and, as all are aware who have read *Wild Animals I Have Known* and *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag*, he is most earnestly in sympathy with the movement to protect our wild creatures. The same protest appears frequently in all nature literature; our own ornithologist, Mr. Keeler, has often been heard from, most recently in *Bird Notes Afield*; and in Mr. De Kay's *Bird Gods in Ancient Europe*, treating of a subject which would not seem to call it forth, the protest is again made.

Bird Gods, by Charles de Kay, is an exceedingly delightful and entertaining volume, attempting to trace in the mythology and folklore of ancient Europe the presence of bird worship, following the traces of certain birds—the eagle, the swan, the woodpecker, the cuckoo, the owl, the peacock, the dove, and trying to show how their peculiarities and habits, observed by primitive man, have laid the foundation for certain elements in various religions and legends. In sketching the development of his theories, the author says: "Why, I asked myself, should certain birds have been allotted to certain gods and goddesses in Greek and Roman mythology? Why should the eagle go with Zeus, the peacock with Hera, the dove with Venus, the swan with Apollo, the woodpecker with Ares, the owl with Pallas Athene? It could not be mere chance that so many gods and goddesses had each their attendant bird; the attribution was too regular; it was done too much on a system. What was the original meaning of it all?" Making a study of the birds before mentioned, one by one, Mr. De Kay follows the subject very ingeniously and convincingly. But apart from the birds of long ago, a great charm of the book lies in the seemingly unconscious but frequently recurring glimpses of the author's observations of the birds of to-day. The chapter on the cuckoo, because of the peculiar traits of the bird, is interesting from this point of view, and the following bit about the woodpecker is very characteristic of the style:

"Not many miles from Berlin I was lying in a grove with my back propped against an oak, when I heard a laugh, a quick, cackling laugh overhead; I knew at once it was a woodpecker. I could hear through the back of my head how his claws rattled against the bark as he made his way up the trunk and along the larger branches; my mind's eye was aware how his amazing little serpent of a tongue was darting through dark, involved burrows deep in the wood to ferret out grubs and beetles. Presently he came in sight on an overhanging limb. He scuttled along below the branch like a fly on a ceiling. Brave in his blood-red hood and mottled back, he turned his bright red eye sharply this way and that. Suddenly he laughed again; an echo seemed to return it. Then he paused. Had he caught sight of me and recognized man, the universal policeman, tyrant, murderer? At any rate he moved on. In short rapid ups and downs of flight he made for a dead tree across the glade and slipped round the trunk to peep at me from the other side. * * * In some way that I could not make out he was using the branch as a drum and rolling out a peal that must have been heard a mile. Since then I have learned from better, more patient observers how the woodpecker accomplishes his martial music. By quick, vigorous blows of his beak the dead branch is set in vibration; then he lays his hollow beak against the vibrating wood to add resonance to the peal. A true performer on the xylophone, he varies his drumming by springing from one branch to another and thus gets a change of note."

With such simple experiences and pure delights one can well understand the warmth

The League of American Sportsmen has been organized to secure the enactment of more stringent general laws in protection of game; to see that lawlessness is punished; to discourage game slaughter; and to protect the wild creatures that still remain. The work of the League is supported by the membership dues. There is no initiation fee. The annual dues are \$1.00. The editors of *PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS* will be glad to receive and forward applications for membership and dues.

with which he champions their cause. That his words may extend their influence, we quote the following:

"The sordid men who swept from North America the buffalo, the gentlemen who brag of moose and elephants slain, the ladies who demand birds for their hats and will not be denied, the boys who torture poor feathered singers and destroy their nests, are more ruthless than the primeval barbarians. The latter stayed their hands at times through religious scruples, even though their stomachs might be empty. The marvelous tales of the share birds have had in the making of myth, religion, poetry and legend may help somewhat to soften these flinty hearts and induce men to establish and carry out laws to protect especially the birds. Unless this is done, and done speedily, the whole earth will soon become a desert without melody, given over to the insect world like some lands about the Mediterranean, where no wild animal can exist and no gracious bird dares to raise its cheering song."

D. P. E.



IN the *Biography of a Grizzly*, Seton-Thompson gives us another animal character to think over and remember. He tells this story, as he tells all his stories, with the touch of perfect sympathy, accurate knowledge and a clean imagination. "Warb" stands out before us a creature of marked personality, and one whose qualities of rude strength make him fearfully real. We are touched to tears of sympathy by the picture of "Warb's" terror-filled childhood; we grow to the beginning of fear during his days of developing might, and we are hushed to a discreet silence and seek a safe hiding-place in the times of his fearful reign. He is so much of a character that we speak of a Grizzly, and think of Mr. Thompson's old terror. Every haunt of the great bear is described with such clearness and simplicity that the places marked by his tracks lie before us entirely known; each humble landmark is a familiar spot, and the trails leading to "Warb's" best feeding-place we will never miss, such is the power of Seton-Thompson's pen. So much for the virtues of this book. Weakness lies in the final chapters, where the author seems to have no clear view of "Warb." We lose our awe-filled memories of the Monarch in dimly discerning through these later misty days the worn-out, fear-stricken creature. We try to pity, but end with contempt. We resent, with sadness in our hearts, yielding our first respect of "Warb" to our final conviction that he died a coward—his end was not worthy of his life. The art in this fine picture is marred by this last touch.

The dress of the book is perfect; each page shows the author's personal care and love. No detail is omitted which might give a feeling of completeness. Mr. Thompson can write a book and give it to the reader in a form worthy of the tale it tells.

M. S.

AN HISTORIC FANTASY OF VENICE.



DAINTY booklet has come from over the seas, printed on a delicate paper which has the stamp of a Venetian printer (Ferd. Organia) and bound in that creamy vellum which grows yellow and crinkled with time. It is filled with soft-toned illustrations, copies of paintings and engravings—mostly the latter—bearing upon a story of Venice charmingly told.

The writer is Grace Llewellyn Jones, a California girl, graduate of Bryn Maur, and a student abroad. For the past few years she has been living in one or another of the Italian cities, under the spell of that enchantment found only in Italy, "the home of all art loves and nature can decree." Libraries and museums with their treasures of engravings and manuscripts have been open to her, whence she has drawn many a forgotten or overlooked relic of the storied past. Her pen skims through our English as a gondola through the water, turning up a foam of Italian words and phrases, objectionable only when the context does not permit us to understand their meaning, but giving an unmistakable foreign charm to the chapters.

We shall be greatly disappointed if this little book is not the beginning of a series which shall aid us to a better understanding of those wonderful centuries with which our present civilization is so closely interwoven. For this Fantasy possesses the glamour of the marvelous city of which it treats, that mysterious something which no one can describe in

words and only the finest color-artist can effectively portray—the beauty of a sea city, rising like a vision from her silent lagoons, falling into decay,—as we know,—and yet filling one who gazes upon her with the very wine of her youth.

The book opens and ends with the coming of the young German-Emperor, en route to the Holy Land, in 1898, and the beauty of the pageant on the "waterway of sea palaces" has brought before the mind's eye of the student the series of pictures that are drawn with youthful enthusiasm and bright coloring on the softly tinted pages.

Caterina Conaro, Queen of Cyprus, the daughter of a strange and romantic destiny, lives here before the reader as she lives in the paintings of Venetian masters; the Bucentaur, in its "matchless fantastic beauty," comes before us from the mists of the Lido, where the marriage of the city with the sea has been solemnized,—the Bucentaur, with its heavy carvings rich with gilding and splendid with hangings of crimson and gold, with its one hundred and sixty-eight oarsmen; popes, emperors, doges, and a luxury loving people are here. There is no song that is not glad, no coloring that is somber. It carries us back to the time when the Winged Lion ruled o'er Venice and her hundred isles, when the city was the Bride of the Adriatic and the gateway to the Orient, when

"Her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers."

H. S. D.



COUNT TOLSTOY'S latest novel, *Resurrection*, is sincere preaching; but it is neither great art nor great literature. As an exposition of the arbitrary injustice of Russian courts and the frightful squalor of Russian jails, it is certainly effective; and if Dmitri Nekliudoff represents to the author the typical Russian nobleman, it is small cause for wonder that he asks us to believe that whatever is, is wrong. But his air of having proprietary rights to the discovery that selfishness and debauchery are vile, and that sacrifice and clean living are noble, taxes the loyalty of even an ardent follower. In *My Religion*, the tone was the same—that of "a voice crying in the wilderness"; and there is something pharisaical in it all—"That I am not as these others." There is one virtue that exists only in seeming in Count Tolstoy's later life and work. He has not the humility that becomes the converted sinner; neither had Paul of Tarsus, another great convert, but he had instead the clarion call of steadfastness and the dignity of pride that alone can silence comment.

Tolstoy had all the endowments of one of the greatest novelists of modern times, but he put them all aside as childish things. He asked us to forget the story teller in the prophet; and the novel is to him now only a vehicle for the portage of a moral. Who can remember the simple grace of *Childhood, Boyhood and Youth*, the martial strength and buoyant freedom of *The Cossacks*, and the deep humanity of *Anna Karenina* without a painful regret that so great a workman has laid aside forever the tools of his craft to pursue a will-o-the-wisp of reform and cobble the shoes of his neighbor in the intervals of sermon writing?

Resurrection is all too faithfully translated by Mrs. Maude. One wishes that she had been less faithful and more discreet. "Comparisons are odorous"—but Isabel Hapgood would have spared us many a paragraph that Mrs. Maude has rendered in all its pristine impurity of style and sentiment. *Resurrection* is a book for the few. It will be read by the many, and, like Emile Zola's equally earnest but misguided *L'Assommoir*, it will do the general public more harm than good.

MARY MORROW.



THE POEMS OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

BY HORACE G. PLATT



STEPHEN PHILLIPS is a comparatively new poet. To most readers in America he first became known by his volume of poems containing *Marpessa*. We had not watched his growth nor seen his rapid upward flight. Like a meteor, first visible at its meridian, he disclosed his brilliancy at its brightest.

The story of *Marpessa* is an old one, in which Zeus gives a Greek maiden her choice between Apollo and a Greek youth. Phillips wisely chose this legend for his first great effort. In the telling, he is human in his tenderness, inspired in his lofty flights.

The most beautiful lines that poet ever wrote of woman are those in Ferdinand's tribute to *Miranda*, beginning, "Admired *Miranda*, indeed the top of admiration." Since Shakespeare wrote this, nothing comparable has been written in prose or poetry along this line except the following, wherein Apollo thus addresses *Marpessa*:

"Thy life has been
The history of a flower in the air,
Liable but to breezes and to time,
As rich and purposeless as is the rose:
Thy simple doom is to be beautiful."

Apollo attempts to frighten her from an earthly love, and thus pictures the death of human passion. He says:

"Child, wilt thou taste of grief? On thee the hours
Shall feed, and bring thy soul into the dusk:
Even now thy face is hasting to the dark!
For slowly thou shalt cool to all things great,
And wisely smile at love; and thou shalt see
Beautiful Faith surrendering to Time,
The fierce ingratitude of children loved,
Ah, sting of stings! A mourner shalt thou stand
At Passion's funeral in decent garb.
The greenly silent and cool-growing night
Shall be the time when most thou art awake,
With dreary eyes of all illusion cured,
Beside that stranger that thy husband is."

In this short passage the poet epitomized in lines that almost sear the soul the so frequent dying out of life's supremest hope and faith. Then, as if to surprise her into acceptance, Apollo pictures to her what her future delights would be as his wife, and tries to tempt her by a relation of its endless and measureless delights. He says:

"But if thou'lt live with me, then will I kiss
Warm immortality into thy lips;
And I will carry thee above the world,
To share my ecstasy of flinging beams,
And scattering without intermission joy.
And thou shalt know that first leap of the sea
Towards me; the grateful upward look of earth,
Emerging roseate from her bath of dew,
We two in heaven dancing."

In answer to this, *Idas*, the peasant, went straight to the girl's heart with a plea that offered naught but love.

"Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
 So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;
 Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
 What the still night suggesteth to the heart;
 Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth
 Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
 Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
 It has been died for, though I know not when,
 It has been sung of, though I know not where,
 It has the strangeness of the luring West,
 And of the sad sea horizons; beside thee
 I am aware of other times and lands
 Of birth far back, of lives in many stars.
 O, beauty lone and like a candle clear
 In this dark country of the world! Thou art
 My woe, my early light, my music dying."

Marpessa chose Idas, and to Apollo said:

"Thou speak'st of joy,
 Of immortality, without one sigh,
 Existence without tears forevermore.
 Thou would'st preserve me from the anguish, lest
 This holy face into the dark return.
 Yet I being human, human sorrow miss.
 The half of music, I have heard men say,
 Is to have grieved."

The remainder of the poem is difficult to describe by quotations, because it is all so beautiful. One wants to memorize every line.

Marpessa tells Apollo that as his wife she would grow old alone, he forever young; but she and Idas would grow old together.

"Then though we must grow old, we shall grow old
 Together, and he shall not greatly miss
 My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,
 Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim."

I cannot bring these quotations to an end without including the lines wherein Marpessa showed that, like other women, she, too, wished the rejected lover to remain her admirer, and thus she spoke:

"And thou, beautiful god, in that far time,
 When in thy setting sweet thou gazest down
 On this gray head, wilt thou remember then
 That once I pleased thee, that I once was young?"

From *Marpessa* to *Paolo and Francesca* Phillips made a decided advance in power. "Marpessa" is a summer idyl, with an atmosphere of love and youth; a story of Beauty without the Beast. "Paolo and Francesca" is a tragedy, across whose every line falls the mingled shadows of love and youth and age and death. In this, his late work, Phillips has taken rank above any other poet of the century as a dramatic writer.

The conclusion of this article being an estimate of "Paolo and Francesca," will appear in the June number of PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.

Some Adventures of Frank the Bay Horse, and Barbara the Girl.



name is Frank. I am a horse. I have had seven years of man's time, but eighty-four as we count, which is by the times of a new moon's coming. So boys and girls will see that I am old. I know many things, and have wonderful wisdom. If men would but let me, I could show how wise I am, but they insist upon thinking that I am foolish and cannot think for myself: that is because from the beginning of the days in Horsedom, men did not understand us, and got us into bad habits—they put bits into our mouths, they used reins to steer us with, and whips to drive us faster and faster; so my family has become stupid. We need men to guide us, to drive us, and they beat us with stinging whips upon our bare backs when we don't please them. In the beginning, if they had only *talked* to us, to teach us the way, and *told* us things to do, you would see us going around like dogs, everywhere we wanted to; you could whistle or call, and we would come; you could put us to a wagon and say: "Go to town—trot—gallop," and we would do it. Some time I will tell you all about this matter—but now I have an adventure to tell you.

One green, sweet-smelling day I stood under a tree, thinking. I was in a field with a fence about it. I had eaten a good deal; it was spring, and stuff was easy to get, juicy and full of different tastes. So I rested in the good shade thinking of many things I loved and of none I hated. A little brown bird jumped and chirped in the tree above, the wind went cool and soft among the boughs and the singing bugs kept singing. I was sleepy. Barbara came to me—she is the one I love most of all the children; we have secrets. She whispered in my ear. I pretended to be asleep, for I like to have her dear little arms around my neck and her lips close to my ear. (My head was low down, so she could reach.) She said to me: "I am a fairy, and we will *do* things, you and I. Your hoofs shall be cat's *paws*, your *tail* shall be like Jay's (the dog), you shall have a long mane on both sides of your neck, soft and bright, like my hair, and a forelock down to your very nose, and it shall be red, white and black. I will braid it. You shall *mew* like a *cat*, *bark* like a *dog*, *low* like a *cow*, but in every other way you shall be a Horse." While Barbara was saying this it all happened, and I felt queer. I thought I would try my tail, so I did. Then I knew what a "wag" was like, but I could not help wondering how I should "shoo" the flies away. Then I *barked*. Thinking I heard a dog, I went scratching up the tree; then I knew how it felt to be a *cat*, but I seemed too big to stay up there, so I jumped down with my legs far apart, *flump* on the ground. Now, as I was all these things in one, I thought I'd have some fun, so I yowled, and I growled, and barked, and lowed, and neighed, and snorted all in turn, and all at once to see how it would go—first thing I knew everybody was there about me—Boy, Betsey, Joe, Jay the dog, Jerry the cat, Dommick the rooster, and the Man. Barbara was on my back; she made my long mane into reins. Oh! but weren't they all surprised; you should have seen them look. Boy said "Golly," Betsey said "Oh!" Joe said nothing but looked at my *paws*, Jay barked 'til he caught sight of my tail, then he wagged *his*; Jerry said "m-e-o-w" and swarmed up the tree with a big tail, and his voice rumbled up there. Dommick drew himself up with great pride, scratched around in a circle with his left wing stiff and scraping the ground. Then he started crowing, but when he got "cocker" crowed he became scared, and forgot the "doodle-do," and he rushed, fast as he could go, behind the barn; I think he felt that I might do queer and dangerous things, and it might be just as well to be away. Roosters are peculiar; they change their minds before you know it. The man said, "Let's have some fun," clapping his hands with a pop. So off I ran, Barbara on my back. I jumped the fence without touching it; I ran through the barnyard, and scared the chickens most to death, all the more because my *paws* made no noise. I climbed the side of the barn way up to the weather-vane, and Barbara made the wind come from all directions. When she had tied her hair ribbon around the rooster's neck, I scampered down the other side, all the time barking, and lowing, and yowling, and neighing, sometimes separately, sometimes mixed up. I scratched

everything I could lay my paws upon; the feeling of paws was so new and pleasant. But all the time I wagged my tail, which was fun, too. We then went to the orchard and into the very top of a big apple tree, and both of us ate apples up there. After that we stole quietly to the house, into the front door, and up-stairs to the garret; there I tried to catch a mouse, but I couldn't get behind trunks. Barbara dressed up in a blue satin gown and put a gold crown on her head. We heard the children and Jay and the Man coming, so we hurried down-stairs through the kitchen (where I took some sugar) and out of doors again. Everybody was after us. I turned upon them all and made believe I was fierce, for I growled, barked, lowed, yowled, neighed, snorted all at once, and clawed the ground, and lashed out with my paws, so they all got out of the way. Barbara said "Catch us if you can," and *away* we flew, over meadows, and bridges, through clover fields and sweet woods, along brown roads and narrow green lanes, up hill and down, faster and faster. The wind went by both sides of us. Barbara's bright hair waved out behind like sunlight running in a stream. We went on and on to the land by the sky. We stopped, for we came up against the blue wall. I became a *real horse* again, and very tired. The sun went down. Barbara led me home by a blue ribbon. Her crown was crooked. Her hair hung limp. The satin gown bothered her, so we came home in the last light of the sun.

DEAR MR. ———: You always say to write to you about some *new* book I have read. If you want me to do that you had better give me one each month; maybe I'll read it if it is good. I don't spend my money for books; there are lots of other ways to spend my money. Mother buys my books most generally; I'm glad she does, for I enjoy them just as much as if I bought them, and then I have more money left to spend as I want to. I haven't read to myself at all this month. Mother has read to me from a book she says is good to *read aloud* to us, but not good for us to read to ourselves. Maybe there are parts in the book that are "too old;" she knows how to "skip," but still make the reading sound all right (that's smart; I love my mother because she's *smart*). The name of the book is "The Well at the World's End." I never knew such a fine book of that kind; it is all about a young knight having adventures. When it is read to me, I wonder how the writer can make everything so plain and simple; each page is a new picture (I call it a word picture-book). It is all about dark forests, full of doubt and fear, sunny plains with fierce shining robber-knights riding across, lots of spears and helmets sparkling in the bushes, dark rivers, desert wastes, rocky gorges, "fell blows" and "doughty strokes," (I love these things), though the book seems full of strange words which I do not understand; they just fit the meaning of things. When I write a book I will do it in that way. I read in a magazine the other day that Setson-Thompson is writing a play for children, in which they are to take the parts of the animals in his book. I should think that would be fine. Why don't you write to him and get it? I'll act for you; I'll be any animal you want me to, for I know how animals feel since I read his book, so I could act just right. Send me a new book Mr. —, and I'll write about it. I've spent all my money for rubber bands and buckshot.

Yours truly,

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The story shall be judged by a man who likes boys and girls and knows how they feel and think. The stories must be sent to us by July 1st, and the best four shall be published in this paper. The books we give shall be *good ones*, and costing no more than \$2.00 each. The children who don't win a prize must all know that we are very much obliged, and that we will keep the stories they wrote among the things we love most.

Do not send stories longer than the Horse story in this number.

A Woman's Hand in Bookbinding.



HAVE before me a perfectly bound book. The title matters not—it shows the acme of mechanical skill, sincerity of purpose, the embodiment of taste and refinement, a completeness of generous thought and a full measure of Love. This exquisite structure was built by a WOMAN. It is the expression in craft of Heart, Mind and Finger deftness. Few there are that read, acquire, or look at books, who for a moment realize what a complete thing a well-bound book is; they do not stop to think, or if they do, the thought goes no deeper than the outside, where the gilt and color are. Surface beauty but vaguely suggests the book's full purpose, so the poor *misunderstood* has its virtue and its charm for its own sake, and a few others who do know or feel. Is its mission fulfilled? These words are to be no treatise upon bookbinding, but merely a tribute to a noble craft, a sincere homage to a Woman who can think and execute, and an acknowledgment to her great fitness. Down at the very foundation of "folding" the sheets of some artist's thought she feels the spell of its influence, because of her sensitiveness and understanding. Each "section" I know she reads. She never binds a book she does not love, or which is not loved by someone for a good reason. How could she? Her heart would not flood her mind with sympathy, and her mind could not reach down to her finger-tips to guide her to perfect execution. So in the "folding" her skill and accuracy begin. Then she "sews" the thought she has molded into the best form—her hand has the finest deftness for this stage of the structure's rearing—she knows most of the strength, cleanness, size and quality of the linen thread she uses; she understands at once the "kettle stitch," the perfect distances about the "bands"; she has the strength and skill to make every stitch firm, for durability, but lax enough for ease and pliability. Even now the book has taken form and is an interesting thing to look upon. This much seems abundant in delicacy and dignity, but the work goes on—she "backs" her treasure. This period of development is beset with snares. To meet and overcome them she is all watchful, quick, accurate, delicate of touch, nimble with her fingers, keen, alive and determined—these qualities have mastered empires and now they help to bind a little book. She is wilful, but loving. The book is now a shorn and appealing creation, awaiting decoration and much in need of "finishing." All its virtue and goodness are there, but it yearns for beauty. Difficulties increase; the "forwarding" is done and the "finishing" begins—here the Woman gathers the best in her for the final work of completing the perfect book. Boards are cut for the covers with absolute accuracy, a hair's width of error would spoil the whole, but a Woman's exactness assures a perfect result. This quality is often called "fussiness." Then she selects her leather, and does it with understanding, for she knows the artist's thoughts and has long known the color of them. So she chooses the shade, and never loses her skill and gentleness in the manipulation of the pliable skin. The book at this point is rare, but is not finished. "Tooling" a book is the placing of a diadem of glory upon it, the last touch of skill, a soul to make it a living monument of personal expression. The design she tools upon the leather with the purest gold should be her own; if it is not she chooses an outside decoration which harmoniously suggests the inside motive. It is not for me here to tell of this wonderfully interesting work of completion; a few words cannot convey an idea of all that is done. I hope only to kindle a flame of respect. So before me stands completed a perfectly bound book, "folded" truly, "sewed" with skill, judgment and strength, "backed" with determination and will, "covered" with taste, sympathy and gentle force, and "finished" with accuracy, patience and Love. All this is enough to stand for the best in human nature. The book radiates with the qualities of the Woman whose Heart and Mind have made it. Is not the noble craft of bookbinding an abundant field for all that is good in Woman or Man? And will it not afford plenteous opportunity for individual expression? Could there be a more delightful work, where there is ever the chance to speak from the heart out of our Hands, and to put into harmonious and sympathetic setting the *pictures of the Mind*?

M. S.

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—LORD HOUGHTON.

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- De Kay, Charles.** Bird Gods. With an accompaniment of decorations by George Wharton Edwards. 12mo. Cloth. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Seton-Thompson, Ernest.** The Biography of a Grizzly. With 75 drawings by the author. Square 12mo. Cloth. The Century Company. \$1.50.
- Tolstoy, Count.** Resurrection. 12mo. \$1.50.
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June, 1900.

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D.P. Elder &
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PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

• • • In the Matter of Summer Fiction. • • •



THAT good old phrase, "The Great American Novel," has done much to give a considerable class of folk their existing knowledge of literature, and, thus, has fulfilled so useful a purpose that we may regard its passing with less regret than we might otherwise feel for a time-honored institution falling into neglect. In its limited way it served its generation well; that its way *was* limited is due more to the restricted nature of its scope than to any lack of good intent on its own part or the part of those who at various times have talked and written so affectionately regarding the shadow of which the phrase is the insubstantial substance. "The great American novel" is, however, an inadequate phrasing of the idea which it is meant to set forth. The great work that wins to any fulfillment of its connotation must be, if the expression is not *too* suggestive of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, the Great Pan-American Novel.

But if this ancient vision is fading from the literary horizon of to-day, there is no abatement in that great Order of Literature which is so much more characteristically American than "The Great American Novel" could ever be—the *Order of Summer Fiction*. Some folk there be who profess to see a distinct relation between summer fiction and the summer girl. Each is *sui generis*, yet they are linked, one with the other, by a sequence of cause and effect too subtle for analysis, too real to be ignored. He were a second Omar, for refinement of distinctions, who might say which is cause, which effect, or where one begins and the other ends, where each is the quintessence of the other—the subtlest impalpable aroma of that in each which allures and holds us.

We may disapprove of both; we may deprecate—we do deprecate, even in the midst of our pleasure in each, the existence of either. With a shake of the head we follow the delightful grace of one as she moves before us; and with a sigh for the weakness of this age we slip a place-keeping finger among the leaves of the other while we pause to deplore, as minded to speak a good word for the truth, even tho' we do not ourselves walk with her, the "false ideas of life" presented by the summer tale.

The zeal with which the frivolous and the sober-minded alike deprecate the existence of summer fiction, suggests some nice questions. Is our disapproval a mere useless survival of the old Puritanical regime that frowned upon all things pleasant, and "enjoyed poor health," and the more somber visitations of Providence? Or, has it deep root in the verities? Is it the attitude of what for want of a better phrasing we call "our better selves," and is our pleasure in the ensnaring literature a result of the human perversity that draws us by what has been styled "the irresistible attraction of a mortal antipathy?" The questions call for a long, idle summer day, when, with plenty of the suspected matter at hand, we may devote our undistracted minds to investigation and decision.

This is, perhaps, the scientific way, but I have heard of another: I met, some time ago, a clergyman who assured me that he had never read any kind of a novel. Of the great world of fiction he had only condemnation to express, but of summer novels he contented himself with saying that he "would not stain his soul with them."

"How," I asked him, "are you able to make up your mind as to the varying unworth among the many?"

Said he: "My wife reads them. I ask her about them and form my opinion from what she tells me."

There are many sorts of folk to be met with betwixt the equator and either pole.

ADELINE KNAPP.



NUMBER of returning adventurers have reported that the life of a gold-seeker in the North is really little different from that of a man "roughing it" in almost any capacity in almost any climate. The revelations in Mr. Jack London's *Son of the Wolf* make us wonder where, in more senses than one, these gentlemen "got off." They surely did not touch the hithermost limit of the real North, the North of the White Silence.

To the ordinary reader in a civilized environment, these tales give glimpses of another world—of a life that has nothing in common with what we call civilization, but the elemental passions that live and die with the race. Yet one lays down the book with the feeling that The Man on Trail can never again be to one a mere shadow in mittens and earlaps, swinging a whip over a string of dogs. The fine insight and strong, simple diction that have gone to the making of these stories have given humanity and reality to the men whom the Spirit has moved to "seek their heritage and leave their bones within the shadow of the Circle."

The author possesses, to a remarkable degree, the power of awakening and holding interest by suggestion. He opens up a vista in a sentence and sets one to pondering a man's past history by a chance comment; and he leaves so much untold that one is tempted to hope that he has not said in this, his first book, his last word of the North. One would be more than human not to look forward to knowing some day why that wise friend and unobtrusive hero, Malemute Kid, left the States—and what became of Naass, the son of a chief and the righter of wrongs, who leads the Viking Axel Gunderson and his wife Unga to their death in the wonderful *Odyssey of the North*.

There are nine tales in the book and not a mediocre page from cover to cover. Here and there one has to admit that the stories have "the faults of their qualities." It is borne in upon one that there is a great deal of blood and very little water in that country; and the tale of the Two Incapables, left behind by their own wish to escape hardship, only to die like beasts in the end, is doubtful art. But the sense of freshness and strength of workmanship are unmistakable, and the note struck is absolutely new in literature. If there be any good reason why the author of *The Son of the Wolf*, *The Priestly Prerogative*, and *An Odyssey of the North* should not travel as far as he will on his own trail and arrive in the end, it is not apparent in the closest scrutiny of his first volume.

MARY MORROW.

In Passing Comment.



FROM a literary standpoint *The Redemption of David Corson* by the Rev. Mr. Goss is second class, as much so as *David Harum*, for instance, or *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, or *Janice Meredith*,—its style flowers into the ornate, its dramatic situations multiply into the spectacular, its plot develops into the impossible. Notwithstanding this, however, it has the strong human interest that made those other three novels successful and will gain for this one a generous hearing. In *David Harum* there was humor; in *Knighthood*, romance; in *Janice Meredith*, history, and in *David Corson* there is religion—the discussion, or rather the illustration of the power of faith to save and redeem. In this it is forceful. The scene is laid for the most part in the frontier life of the Middle West, and an exuberant joy in the wonderful manifestations of nature in that new country is its most evident charm.

Inasmuch as *Deacon Bradbury*, the recent novel by Edwin Asa Dix, is a character sketch of a New England farmer, it suggests *David Harum*, to which it has been likened by publisher and critic, but further than that we can see no resemblance. In construction and style it is superior, there Mr. Westcott was weak; but it lacks any very remarkable distinguishing quality, anything that would cause it to rise superior to the same faults that were overcome by its prototype. The character of Deacon Bradbury is very cleverly drawn—the developing of his earnest, self-reliant and essentially honest nature prepares the

reader for his final outburst of doubt and protest, but that of his son is by no means so convincingly done. We can quite pardon the Deacon for not understanding him.

Some half dozen tales of warfare,—the Zulu war and Majuba Hill, not the present conflict,—by Caryl Davis Haskins, have been collected under the title of *For the Queen in South Africa*. Warfare, picturesque and heroic, with the spirit of college athletics, is their point of view, in most of them it is but a step from the football team to the leader of some forlorn hope, but at the same time there is a touch of realism, an evidence of the battle's grim nature. They are written in a simple, vigorous style and being also timely, are well worth the reading.

D. P. E.



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W. S. McCLURE.



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HENRY H. HOWITT.

James Hunecker's Chopin.



NO STUDENT of Chopin, be he amateur or professional, can afford to miss reading Mr. James Hunecker's delightful book, *Chopin, the Man and His Music*, just published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The reading of it is a keen pleasure from cover to finish, for which Mr. Hunecker had prepared us in his earlier *Mezzotints in Modern Music*, a series of essays on Brahms, Tschaiakowsky, Chopin, Richard Strauss, Liszt, and Wagner, essays full of individuality, charm and poetic imagery. Mr. Hunecker divides his book into two parts—Part I, Chopin, the Man; Part II, His Music. In dealing with Chopin, the Man, he quotes with discrimination from the best sources, most copiously from Niecks, whose life of Chopin is the standard authority, but Mr. Hunecker's quotations, while apt, are not slavish, and are supplemented by comments of his own so full of an exuberant imagination, such an original way of putting things, that one is fairly carried away by his enthusiasm, which is as stimulating as good wine, so that by the time one reaches the second part of the book one is prepared to follow, music in hand, where Mr. Hunecker leads. The earnest student will find abundant and helpful comparative references to the standard editions of Mikuli, Klindworth, Kullak, Scholtz, Riemann, Von Buelow, but side by side with this exhaustive research burns the torch of Mr. Hunecker's powerful imagination by way of poetic comment, lighting the way through the beauties of the études, the preludes, the mazurkas, and all the glories of the greater Chopin.

It is a delight to quote Mr. Hunecker at random, especially for the benefit of the sentimental amateur, when, in speaking of the Prelude in D, he says:

"There is a dewy freshness, a joy in life, that puts to flight much of the morbid tittle-tattle about Chopin's sickly soul. The moonstruck, sentimental calf of many biographers he never was."

Of Chopin, the Man, he writes: "When Rubinstein, Tausig, and Liszt played Chopin in passionate phrasing, the public and critics were aghast. This was a transformed Chopin, indeed, a Chopin transposed to the key of manliness. Yet it is the true Chopin."

Of Chopin, the artist: "Each one of his ten fingers was a delicately differentiated voice, and these ten voices could sing at times like the morning stars." And this of Chopin, the poet and psychologist: "To the earth for consolation he bent his ear, and caught echoes of the cosmic comedy, the far-off laughter of the hills, the lament of the sea, and the mutterings of its depths. These things with tales of somber clouds, and shining skies, and whisperings of strange creatures dancing timidly in pavonine twilights, he traced upon the ivory keys of his instrument, and the world was richer for a poet. Chopin is not only the poet of the piano—he is also the poet of music, the most poetic of composers. Among lyric moderns Heine closely resembles the Pole. Both sang ineffable and ironic melodies, both will endure because of their brave sincerity, their surpassing art."

While the book is not lacking in the details of technical helpfulness, such as can be found in the majority of books of this kind, its chief charm lies in the stimulating atmosphere it creates in the mind of the reader, its absence of all dry, irrelevant matter, and Mr. Huneker's poetic personal point of view, wherein he seldom wastes words for the sake of fine word spinning, but paints in quick, broad strokes, full of imagination and critical insight. He belongs to the younger school of virile, fearless writers on music, of which Vernon Blackburn and John F. Runciman of London, and Philip Hale of Boston, are shining lights, although it is to be regretted that the last-named writer confines himself to newspaper work.

JULIUS WEBER.

Sonnets of Heredia.

ENGLISHED BY EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.



THE sonnets of Jose-Maria de Heredia are almost all of them wholly color, form, texture, light, and shade, like Virgil's two lines about the white bull, which Philip Gilbert Hamerton says equal Troyon the painter: "He with his snow-white side resting upon the soft hyacinth, ruminates the pale herbage under the black ilex." To leave them is like going out of art galleries and museums, they are enamels and cameos in the style of Gautier, and, like Gautier, Heredia thinks "spirituality is none of my affair." He is the extreme impressionist of "The Green Carnation" sort. He sees more than he reflects.

He uses words as tools for various arts, the drama, in the "Votive Epigram"; and sculpture in "The Runner"; but chiefly for painting, as in "Celestial Blazon":

—on blue enamel of the West
The clouds all silvery, purple, coppery.

In "The Coral Reef":

A monstrous fish whose iridescence dims
Enamel's sheen, across the branches swims.

And, sudden, from his fin of flaming hue
A shiver, through the immobile crystal blue,
Of emerald, gold, and nacre swiftly plays.

In "The Samurai" he has picture and drama:

'Tis he, with swords' and fan's rich braveries,
His tasseled girdle steeped in scarlet dyes
Cuts his dark mail, and on his shoulders rise
Hizen's or Togukawa's blazonries.
This handsome warrior in his dress of plate,
Of brilliant lacquers, bronze and silk, would mate
Some black crustacean, gigantesque, vermeil.
He sees her;—and he smiles behind his mask,
While his more rapid pace makes brighter still
The two gold horns that tremble on his casque.

In "Sunset" are picture and mood; in "Star of the Sea," picture and music. "The Church Window" and "The Dogaressa" are very fine scenes. Higher than these are the three "Visions of Khem," "The Ravishment of Andromeda" and "The Conqueror." The striking "Eagle's Death," the dainty "Gilded Vellum," the stately "Tomb of the Conqueror," the strong "Michelangelo," the sad "Rising Sea" and "Oblivion" are poetry as well as picture.

Heredia represents the supremacy of the artistic. He has the art of the French poets, but seldom shows any of their sense of the undefinable and never hints of the infinite. He is more like Huysmans than like Baudelaire or Mikhaël or de Banville. His work resembles the Chinese careful chiseling for years on a few cherry-stones for a bracelet. The progress of humanity, the problems of life, the soul of man, were unheeded while this rhyming-carver—"nothing seeing, made on pommel of a dirk the Titans' fight."

The sonnets are pastels, many would have been better in prose like *The Stairway* by Heredia's son-in-law, Henri de Regnier.

Only fellow craftsmen can realize the endless toil of such translations as Mr. Edward Robeson Taylor has here made. They are now in their second edition. Mr. Taylor's own book, *Moods*, so highly praised, and his recent beautiful sonnet to Keith's picture "Into The Mystery," prove that he ought not to spend his time in decanting foreign poets' wine into English flagons.

EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

Stephen Phillips' Paola and Francesca.



THIS play has deservedly created a sensation both in the literary and dramatic world. It was written expressly for the stage, and is intended to be an acting tragedy as well as a dramatic poem.

In the well-known play, by Boker, called *Francesca da Rimini*, the court jester plays an important role, goading Giovanni on to his fate and betraying the two lovers to his vengeance. In this new play Phillips discards the jester and creates a character, Lucrezia, who from different motives, produces the same result. Paola also is different in the two plays. He is here portrayed as a soldier, not simply as a courtier.

There is an immediate suggestion of force, a forecast of tragedy in *Paola and Francesca* that distinguishes it among all modern dramas.

Upon Paola's arrival with Francesca, bringing her to be wedded to Giovanni, the latter says to his household:

"You see me beat with many blows, death pale
With gushing of much blood, and deaf with war—
You see me, and I languish for a calm.
I ask no great thing of the skies; I ask
Henceforth a quiet breathing, that this child,
Hither all dewy from her convent fetched,
Shall lead me gently down the slant of life.
Here then I sheathe my sword; and fierce must be
That quarrel where again I use the steel."

Here, then, is a foreshadowing of peace, but not its certain anticipation. But even this suggestion of tranquility is marred by Giovanni's conduct, for only a moment later, with Francesca's forgotten hand in his, he warns them, with,

"be sure
That, though I sheathe the sword, I am not tamed.
What I have snared, in that I set my teeth
And lose with agony; when hath the prey
Writhed from our mastiff-fangs?"

and suiting the action to the words, and already oblivious of Francesca, he almost crushed her hands, causing Lucrezia to exclaim,

"Giovanni, loose
Francesca's hands—the tears are in her eyes."

Compare with Giovanni, deformed, body and soul in battered armor sheathed, to the young bride thus described by herself and by her maid. Francesca said:

"My lord, my father gave me to you: I
Am innocent as yet of this great life;
My only care to attend the holy bell,
To sing and to embroider curiously:
And as through glass I view the windy world."

To this her maid, Costanza, added:

"O Lord of Rimini!
With sighs we leave her as we leave a child.
Be tender with her, even as God hath been.
She hath but wondered up at the white clouds;
Hath just spread out her hands to the warm sun;
Hath heard but gentle words and cloister sounds."

Such was Francesca. Paola was young and handsome. Giovanni, as yet, knew not what love was, and therefore suspected it not in others. It was therefore but natural that he should say to the two young people:

"Stand either side of me—you whom I love;
I'd have you two as dear now to each other
As both of you to me. We are, Francesca,
A something more than brothers—fiercest friends;
Concordia was our mother named, and ours
Is but one heart, one honor, and one death.
Any that came between us I would kill."

Lucrezia, his cousin and old-time friend and housekeeper, looked with different eyes, and thus forewarned him:

"beware
This child scarce yet awake upon the world!
Dread her first ecstasy, if one should come
That should appear to her half-opened eyes
Wonderful as a prince from fairy-land
Or venturing through forests toward her face—
* * * * *

Youth goes toward youth."

Even this suggestive warning does not appeal to this man of war, into whose heart jealousy had never entered because love had found no place therein. Lucrezia accordingly repeated her warning:

"I have but said and say, 'Youth goes toward youth,'
And she shall never prize, as I do still,
Your savage courage and deliberate force,
Even your mounded back and sullen gait."

To this warning Giovanni simply replies:

"Lucrezia, this is that old bitterness."

Lucrezia then expressed this "bitterness" in a torrent that startles the reader with its power and its white heat. Phillips has surprised his warmest admirers by the dramatic intensity of Lucrezia's reply to Giovanni:

"Bitterness—am I bitter? Strange, O strange!
How else? My husband dead and childless left,
My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,
And that vain milk like acid in me eats.
Does great God
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind
Forever?
* * * * *

I am a woman, and this very flesh
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,
And I implore with vehemence these pains."

Giovanni begins to love Francesca, and says to her, with unwonted tenderness,

"How beautiful you seem, Francesca, now,
As though new-risen with the bloom of dreams!
More difficult it grows to leave your side."

Francesca guilelessly drifts into love for Paola. Paola vainly fights against his growing passion for Francesca. As the sorceress told Giovanni,

"Unwillingly he comes a-wooing: she
Unwillingly is wooed: yet still they woo."

Giovanni discovers their secret. Love begets jealousy. His unaccustomed helplessness to retain what he feels is his own, makes him exclaim,

"Can I not bind
Her beauty fast o'er which I 'gin to yearn?
Are there not drugs to charm the hearts of women?"

The tragedy begins to move swiftly to its terrible end. Francesca and Paola give up their hopeless struggle and calmly wait their fate, fearing only separation.

"Were we together, what can punish us?"

whispers Paola to her. Swiftly to his revenge goes Giovanni, and Paola and Francesca pay the great price.

"bound
Together by that law which holds the stars
In palpitating cosmic passion bright;
By which the very sun enthralled the earth,
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon."

Phillips shows his master hand in the closing scene. There is no rant, no explosion. Giovanni, after the murder, seems stunned, and pity for his victims calms his demeanor. When the two bodies are brought in he says to Lucrezia,

"Be still. A second wedding here begins,
And I would have all reverent and seemly:
For they were nobly born and deep in love."

and going to the litter he continues:

"Not easily have we three come to this—
We three who now are dead. Unwilling
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now
I kiss them on the forehead quietly."

Thus briefly have I outlined Phillips' great poem. The author is young. His work not only disproves the cynics' boast that there is no great poet at this closing of a century noted chiefly for its triumphs in purely material progress, but also gives promise of illuminating the new century with verse worthy of companionship with any that has made musical the ages past.

HORACE G. PLATT.

THE OLD BOOK ROOM.

Walton's "Compleat Angler."



IX editions between 1653 and 1700; ten editions between 1700 and 1800; forty editions in the first fifty years of the nineteenth century, and at least seventy editions since—such is in part the remarkable bibliography of Walton's *Compleat Angler*.

The grace and charm of its style will of course account for much of the ever increasing favor the book enjoys. But excellence of style and composition are to be found in other books written by Walton, and yet they have barely reached their second editions. Nor can it be said that the worshippers of the Angler are increasing because it deals with fish and fishing. There are many of its devotees who have never whipped a stream. The angler's art, moreover, has so improved during the two centuries which have passed since Walton's day, that much of his method is obsolete.

Then too there are to be found among the three thousand volumes or thereabouts which deal with matters piscatorial, many books wherein the ambitious will gain a far clearer knowledge than from Walton of the accomplishments necessary to the skilled angler of to-day.

If the secret of the popularity of *The Compleat Angler* is to be found neither in the remarkable quality of its composition, nor in its practical value as a sportsmen's guide, where will we search for it?

I venture the following personal impressions as an answer:

Even in the days of Walton, life was complicated enough. Then as now the struggle for wealth, the mad race for preferment, the various trying aspects of human nature and of duty, put their irritating tension upon every-day life in the large cities. But compared with our urban life, those days of two centuries ago were full of repose. No hurrying messenger hurled with the early dawn at every door a volume blaring the world's history for the preceding day, from the crimes of nations to the gossip of one's own block.

In those restful days no telephone's mistaken call irritated the housewife as she went about her duties, nor did a few seconds' delay at central transform mild men of business into raging beasts.

We need not recount at length the innumerable contrivances which go to make city life the mad, nerve-splitting whirl that it is. In truth life in our great cities is so complicated that every active man and woman feels the strain. Weary with the hurry and rush of life's multitudinous demands, the spirit revolts and one sooner or later grows introspective. Then he sees the hurly-burly in which he lives—the years flitting by like telegraph poles from a flying train! He looks at Youth, Middle Age, and Old Age marching abreast and crowding him along pell-mell, instead of bearing him gently, each in turn, in decorous procession. If worldly success has not found him, there is nothing to relieve the gloom of the

picture. If on the other hand he has run the race for fortune and position and has won, his tired spirit tells him that the goal is covered with tinsel, and that the prize which the world offered is stuffed with sawdust. So whatever his fortune, the weary, nerve-strained introspective struggler asks himself the familiar question: "What is the use of it all anyhow?"

When such moods overtake people they need sympathy and a new view. The revolution of feeling consequent upon the strain of life quickens within them a hazy longing for a new standard under which they may grasp with either hand simplicity and repose. They are ready for a new start on new lines. Then it is that Walton, that *Apostle of Quiet*, invites them into his pure company, and shares with them the powerful tonic of his simple philosophy.

Whether our feeling of restless captivity is begotten of poverty or of the cares which wealth brings, Walton points an avenue of escape with such sentiments as the following:

Let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drunk, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.

Or with this:

Master, first let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many lawsuits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields.

Or with this:

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nutcrackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes has no need." And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of.

Scores of suggestions like the foregoing help us to stop chasing phantoms until we matriculate in the school of those who, in the language of Walton's scriptural benediction, "Study to be quiet."

I suggest, then, that the increasing appreciation of Walton arises largely from the fact that his philosophy is needed as an antidote to the speed of our day and generation. Every new edition of *The Compleat Angler* is one more proof that men and women are silently protesting against the tension put upon them by a century of too much action and too little contemplation—a century which bade all mankind push onward without stopping for breath, while it should demonstrate that a relay of ten human voices could sound a continuous "hello" around the world.

CHAS. S. WHEELER.

THE ART ROOM.

The Art and Mystery of the Bamboo.



ANY tales of the Far East celebrate the trivial and obvious utilities of the bamboo. Their litanies of the commonplace leave no room for any suggestion of the artistic possibilities or traditions of this ubiquitous cane. While it may be true that the bamboo "is one of Nature's most valuable gifts to uncivilized man," it is absurd to say of a nation of craftsmen like the Japanese that they "could more easily surrender all the devices and appliances adopted from European nations" than this material. The steel saw and the potter's wheel have dethroned the bamboo from its structural and domestic supremacy, and the Japanese is sheltered by boards and fed from dishes and generally exempt from the privations of primitive man.

The reputation of the bamboo suffers from the intrusion of certain articles of furniture into American homes—canes split by nails and smeared with the "cockroach color" despised by William Morris and simulating tables and chairs. These things may be reckoned as "quaintly Japanese," since they cannot be found comfortable, but it is a duty to point out that no furniture is Japanese, that, when arts and religions crossed the Yellow Sea, chairs and tables were left behind. The Chinese cling to these vanities, and they make neat furniture by bending and flattening canes without such perversions as the use of nails or varnish. But these wares are too cheap to be exported, and beneath the attention of curio hunters and traders. But, wherever solidity and stiffness are wanted, the bamboo gives place to timber, while the rattan is universally preferred for splints and lashings.

Hitherto we have dealt with industries and innocent utilities. But the bamboo has a surprising adaptability for the murderous activities with which the Far East seems perennially afflicted. The flinty coating of the canes furnishes scrapings and shavings which, like the sharp-edged leaves, are an irritant poison for man or beast. Naturally, some pains was taken by savage man to administer them to game or foes. Canes cut with a bevel supply a spear point, or a knife edge, or a saw, any of which may be of use to the hunter, the torturer, and the cannibal—all of them included in Oriental tradition. A milder implement of bamboo has been regarded as the chief agent by which the Tartar reduced a hundred millions of Chinese to subjection. Indeed, order is still maintained by daily exhibitions of that weapon throughout the Chinese Empire, though the Spaniard preferred the rattan for dominating the Filipino.

Along with these vindictive manifestations man's religious instinct found expression in arts connected with the bamboo. The modern gambler inherits the dice-blocks and domino-sticks of the augur or fortune-teller. Cylinders served to hold these appliances for divination and the sacrifices and incense sticks offered at the altar. Tablets or polished canes were engraved with mystic phrases or moral maxims, and so made durable and beautiful works of art.

These relics of strife and superstition do not exhaust the human interest of our material. Even primitive man has economic and esthetic needs, and there were infinite uses and suggestions in the bamboo. When he wanted durable cooking-pots and water-jars, he copied the glazed surface as well as the hollow form. When he began to draw and to carve, the canes were ready to take all his designs, rude etchings of geometrical pattern, pictures in intaglio, or cameos in relief.

Artistic tradition has wisely retained the bamboo after the discovery of substitutes in pottery or metal, whenever social, literary, or religious rites appeal to Oriental conservatism. Thus, tea and tobacco are associated with many pretty appliances. Writers and artists use the same brushes with bamboo handles, for which cylindrical holders are requisite. The Chinese burn bamboo splints coated with incense in open-work tubes of elegant form.

These wares exhibit the most delicate workmanship and the severest taste of Chinese and Japanese artists. In skill the two nations are fairly matched; in design the Chinese attain more of classic charm. Of course, the best pieces preserve the special qualities of the material, its symmetry, its luster, and the rich brown tints which come with seasoning in the smoke for a generation. Books on art mention only certain grotesque carvings from roots, which lack both the form and texture of the ripe cane. The technique is difficult—the flinty surface destroying the points used in etching with fire. The successive layers of fiber are solid enough to take a polish when wrought with a firm hand.

Unfortunately, foreign influence in Japan and national decadence in China have ruined the art of bamboo working. New specimens are crudely scraped and stained. On the other hand they split in American houses, so that their antiquity and value can be readily detected.

But it is still possible for one who has more time than money and more faith in his own preferences than in the dictates of fashion, to pick up a few ripe specimens, troughs for filling teapots and stands for brushes, in both Empires, tubular incense-burners—the highest achievement of the bamboo carver—in China only.

CARLOS GILMAN CALKINS.

The Revolt of Barbara.



BARBARA is the name they gave me, and because I have that name I am just what I am. It is a sad name and full of thoughts, it has many "a's." If you will say slowly Bar-ba-ra I am sure you will see that what I say is true. I would have been quite different if my name did not sound so heavy and slow; now Betsy is what she is because of her name. Names make everybody and everything what they are. I could tell you of many that sound like the things they are. Everybody thinks I am a "sulky" child. I wish I knew how to tell them in their words that I am not, but that I am always busy in my mind, and I do not know how to speak, when people think things about me they make me cold and full of fear, and I cry inside. I only know one person who sees what I am, and He never says a word about it, but I know when I walk with his arm around me, that He is sending kind thoughts to me. He does not know what the thoughts would be in words, neither do I, but hours go by when I am playing with him—we do not talk much, but still when we go home, I am warm all over and happy, and I know He is, too. Once He said to me, "I can go out in the world and work some more, dear, you help me to work, I can now do many things for I am strong." (He means that we are friends, and understands.) Here are the things that I see every day that make me seem "sulky," and wish I could be Queen of the World, with a right to make things as I wish. Because horses cannot speak and ask cruel men not to treat them the way they do; because dogs' eyes are so soft and beautiful, and follow their masters around and cannot speak or explain when they try so hard to; because men put animals in cages to look at them, poor things that always have had lots of room, and have been *kings* where they once lived, and because so many children are unhappy, and no one helps them to get long days of joy, and because everything is so rough and hard and cruel, I sometimes cry when I think I can't help it one bit—but I have found a way to be Queen of the World with great power, so now I make things right for everything. I love to turn my face to the South, when I am sad or in doubt, and think with my heart out of me, far away into the blue. I forget the things around me, and something comes to me that makes me strong and wonderful, so I can be a Queen with great power. The North is like a cold hard hand, the East never listens to me, the West is full of darkness and fear, but the South is like Sun and a little wind blowing and always gives and gives, and I see a smile there that wraps me up with happiness, and a white hand touches me as a fairy would and makes my wishes come true. So the other day I took everything the South would give, and I became a Queen. This is what happened: For days and days I had been very unhappy, I saw so many sad things, but what made me do what I shall tell you of, was this—a man driving a horse up a steep hill with a heavy load, the man lashed the horse with his whip, and the horse kept slipping down on his knees (which he could not rub when he fell on the sharp stones of the street). I cried out with anger and pain and rubbed my knees for it hurt me. It seemed to me that everything in the world was wrong, so I became Queen. So then I was Queen and I went to our barn and got on the back of Frank, the horse, and told him to take me out into the big world. First I went to where the man was driving his poor horse up the stony hill and made him let his horse go, and I made him sit on his wagon and rub his knees till the sun went down. Then we started along the broad road which went into the beautiful South land. We stopped at every house we came to on the way, and I made the horses, dogs, and all the children (that wanted to) come with us. The cats and chickens I didn't invite, but some came, anyway. And so we went on and on, out of every place by the road came more horses, dogs and children. The children rode on the horses' backs if they wanted to, and the dogs and cats and chickens ran along with the whole army of horses; I was at the head of the great line. The horses kicked up their heels and whisked their tails and neighed and neighed, and the dogs barked, and the cats yowled, and the chickens made all sorts of noises, the mixture of sounds was very queer, and it was wonderful to see the army getting to be more and more the farther we went. We sang songs, and stopped by the

way to pick flowers, and all the children had crowns of flowers on their heads, and the horses and dogs had strings of ivy and daisies about their necks. The chickens and cats would not have anything around them, I wish they had, it would have looked so funny. We went on until we came to a country where there were no houses, only green fields, and rivers and forests with the tree limbs up high so there was no danger of bumping our heads. When we came to this country we found a great hill, and Frank and I went on top of it, and all the children, and horses, and dogs, and cats, and chickens gathered around. I called out to them and said: "I am going to tell you all something, and I shall make some Laws. What I say you must all remember. This is the South Land where we are free, and we can speak what is in our hearts, and not be afraid. We understand each other, and every one knows what is the right of every one else. We have taken a long journey, and have been happy all the time. Now, the country that we left, we must go back to soon, to tell people that we shall have new laws for horses and dogs. After this, horses shall talk all they want to, and say when their masters are cruel, and they shall combine together and rebel. Then people will learn that animals have rights of their own, and that they should be men's *friends* and not their *slaves*. So now, we will all go back to our homes." Then, as the Sun was going down towards the Earth, our whole army went back, and everybody was talking and singing and playing. The army melted away little by little. The horses went each one into his own barn, and after that never had halters around their necks or reins to drive them with, or whips to beat them. And dogs became the great friends of men. They told each other their troubles, and always were a great comfort to each other. When I was Queen that day, I did good things for animals and men, so they have been happier ever since. The children have more companions to talk to, and they have wonderful times when they play.

A LIST OF BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A BOY I KNEW AND FOUR DOGS.
FIRST BOOK OF BIRDS.
THE BIRD WORLD.
BIRD NOTES AFIELD.
WAYS OF WOOD FOLK.
FRIENDS AND HELPERS.
LONELINESS (Dog Story).
CAT STORIES.
THE STORIES MOTHER NATURE TOLD.
EACH AND ALL (Travel and Natural History).
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS (Nature).
WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN.
TRAIL OF THE SANDHILL STAG.
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY.

WOLF'S HEAD (a Story of Robin Hood).
ROBIN HOOD.
MEN OF IRON.
TWILIGHT LAND.
PEPPER AND SALT.
PERIL AND PROWESS (very new).
HENTYS' BOOKS.
TOMMY TODDLES.
CHILD STORIES (Kipling).
LEARS' NONSENSE BOOK.
SHORT STORIES FOR SHORT PEOPLE.
CHILD VERSE (Taft).
THE JUNGLE BOOKS.
LAMBS' TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

All the books above are good for this time of year when the children are out of school enjoying the summer holidays.

All children should have these books; they will read them now, and keep some of them until they can't see to read any more.

PRIZES.

We are going to give four books to four children; this is how:

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In order to drive his animal back the boy whipped frequently; but the calf did not turn her mind to go. At last the boy took out his rope, lashed around the small animal's neck and began to pull it by the edge. The pity calf having rough rope among her throat, while it is increasing more pain, pull by pull, still she did not advance and fell down in the street.

A quite aged gentleman, with a fine stovepipe on his head and compassionate face, came out between the assemblage to the boy—whispered him to give up such cruelty. But the poor beast could not distinguish her preserver of this life; on the contrary, rushed upon the gentleman to hook him up. There was only a little space to escape the danger; he scarcely got away, but tumbled down on the ground flying away his hat. Then another fellow came out and tried to loose the rope from among the animal's neck. The ungrateful and awful being sprung upon again his back, and with her huge horns hooked his side and leg; but he also escaped the danger without no injury.

Now, all persons could find out no best way how to drive them. Shortly after a kind man coming to the matter, he told to get a wagon and will carry the calf, then it it easy to lead the mother; so the boy obeyed to his opinion, had called a carriage, took the calf in, and drove the horse with the bull together in safe.

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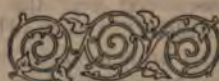
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Room

The
Children's
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The
Art Room
...

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• • Some Contemporary California Writers • •



HERE are few sections of the Union, outside of the two or three recognized literary centers, which have contributed as much to the literature of the nation as has California. This fact, coupled with the inspiration of the scenery and a certain freedom from conventional restraints characteristic of the people of the Pacific Slope has led to the hope in many minds that here may develop an art spirit of unusual virility and a literature of large significance in our national life. This anticipation may be only an evidence of provincial pride, or it may be a true prophecy which could only be made by one who knows and loves this El Dorado, with its snow-crested Sierras, its sagebrush plains, its forests of Sequoia and pine, its fertile valleys and hill slopes, and its bleak coast line. In no other part of this continent can be found such diversity of climate and scenery within such narrow bounds. In no other region can be found such a uniformly temperate climate. About San Francisco Bay the weather is cool enough throughout the year to make work a joy, but there are few days when the thermometer falls below the freezing point. To these favoring elements of inspiring scenery and exhilarating climate may be added a picturesque background of Spanish history and a vista across the water to the Orient, with its mighty potentiality for good or evil. Surely here, if anywhere, can develop a literature which is individual and vital, yet universal in its interest and significance.

With such hopes in mind, it is of interest to look about us now and then to see what is being accomplished here in the field of letters. The atmosphere of Edward Roland Sill and of Charles Warren Stoddard is a good one for literary workers to breathe. It is a good standard of work for others to strive to attain and to transcend. Their influence is still a potent one in our midst, although they are no longer here. But Joaquín Miller still lives upon the Heights and sings his songs. He is a poet with whom posterity will have to reckon. To be sure, he has done some poor work (and who has not?) but, at his best, there is a spontaneous, singing quality, a directness and an inspiration about his work that should put to shame the labored, heartless verselets of many a writer of the day who enjoys the distinction of seeing his productions in eminently respectable magazines. It has the impetuosity of Byron, and at times the rhythmic fluency of Swinburne. Nor has Miller ended his best work if a recent powerful poem on the Boers be a criterion. He has lately been visiting at the Los Angeles home of another California writer of unusual power—Charles F. Lummis.

Mr. Lummis, in his own special field, has dominated the West. He is an authority on Spanish America and the Indians of the Southwest. He loves these people with all the zeal of his enthusiastic nature, and has made them live in stories and narratives. His editorials on current events in *The Land of Sunshine* have had an individuality so marked that they stand alone in American journalism. They are distinguished by a crispness, a fearlessness in praise or denunciation, a freshness of thought, which make them both entertaining and influential. In spite of his busy life of letters, he has found time during the past year to build a home, largely with his own hands, which is as individual as its maker. It is a massive stone structure built in the Spanish mission style (not like the plaster stucco imitations which go under that name), and shaped by hand, even to the minutest detail, making it a complete expression of the life and thought of its occupant, as every home should be.

Upon his beautiful ranch near Martinez lives John Muir, known and loved by every true lover of nature for his writings about the wild things of the West. He is a prophet of nature—a veritable child of the good earth mother—and has gone through life not merely with his eyes open, but also with a heart full of loving kindness for all that lives and is fair.

He speaks with authority of the mountains, the glaciers, the trees and flowers, and the spirit of enthusiasm in his work is contagious. No Californian should consider his education complete until he had read *The Mountains of California*, nor, for that matter, should any American.

Even a brief summary of current literary work in California would be incomplete without mention of the writings of President Jordan. Although his reputation has been larger as a scientist than as a man of letters, his recent volumes of essays and stories for children show him to be possessed of no small power as a writer. The position of influence which he has achieved by his lectures throughout the West will thus be supplemented and rendered permanent. He is a power in whatever field he enters, and his influence has ever been in the direction of sane and sober manhood.

It seems a piece of peculiar good fortune to California that the author of *The Life of Alexander the Great*, recently published in *The Century*, should have been chosen as president of the State University. The influence of Greek culture will be one of the most important factors in the art which I fondly believe we are destined to produce here, and, combined with the spirit of modern science which is uppermost in the thought of President Jordan, will help toward a well-rounded development. But it is not enough that President Wheeler should impress Greek culture on the West; it is also essential that the West should impress its spirit, its ideals, and its destiny upon him before he is to be classed as a California writer.

I cannot close this sketch without mention of two sober women among our writers—Emma Frances Dawson and Ina Coolbrith. Miss Dawson has been compared with Poe in her portrayal of weird and gruesome episodes, while Miss Coolbrith has written poems, which, for their music, their plaintive tenderness, and their sincerity, will stand as a permanent contribution to our literature. Mr. George Henschel, the English composer, has recently set one of her songs to music, and, although the words are familiar to many readers, it cannot be amiss to repeat them here:

NO MORE.

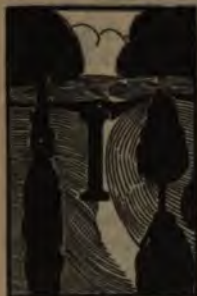
Nay, then, what can be done
When love is flown,
When love has passed away?
Sit in the twilight gray,
Thinking how near he was,
Thinking how dear he was,
That he is no more to-day!

How can the day be fair,
Love may not share?
How days go by,
Hearing no fond words said,
With no dear kisses shed—
O, how can love be dead,
And yet not I?

There is no influence so potent for the realization of our dreams as faith. Therefore, it is necessary for those who wish to see upon this Coast a great wave of creative activity in art and letters to believe that such is imminent, and to do whatever lies in their power to bring it to pass. It is not sufficient that the inspiration be furnished here for original work. It is equally essential that a spirit of loyalty be engendered among our people which will make them support that which is worthy of encouragement. Edwin Markham worked in Oakland for many years without the possibility of earning his salt by his pen. Suddenly he was discovered, and the East opened its arms to receive him. What we need here is more determination to foster all that makes for a higher culture, a deeper spirituality, and a truer ideal—more independence and self-reliance in recognizing these when they are developed in our midst, and more steadfastness in supporting them and making possible their growth to the fulness of their prime.

CHARLES KEELER.

The Religion of Democracy.



IT IS not often that one gets inspiration from the preface of a book, but it is impossible to read even so much of Mr. Charles Ferguson's *The Religion of Democracy* without an innervation of the muscles which will increase with every page. It is unthinkable that a great war should not have inked some pens with thought-filled striking words. The pause of triumph has brought a debris of doubts, the threads of tendency are gnarled about us, what shall the nation do? Most hesitate, some cry out in rancorous bitterness, others behold a private gain and seek to make their fellows allies of their selfishness. But everywhere is questioning. And in it all one writes: "The spirit of the age is saying to its children: Have faith." That is the theme of the book. It sounds much like the cant of the churches, but "Democracy cannot make terms with any kind of spiritual monopoly." Mr. Ferguson calls men to believe in a living not a merely historical God. Have faith—such faith as Moses had when coming from the mountain he was not sure that he had talked with God—the faith that speaks not by authority as do the scribes. They who have certainty must harden to be what they are, but all things come to him who harbors forehanded expectancy. It is a wholesome note—a clarion which calls men to behold the larger God and feel the thrill of an eternity in time which passes now. "The religious trusts are bankrupt and the caste of goodness and truth is ripe for dissolution." It is because the world is more faithful to the things of God than the churches and does not hide its talents in a napkin. The spirit has found itself at home with men and most at home where men most love and live their homely human love. This is democracy. Its creed is the kingdom of God is within you. Its worship consists in the concurrence of "the most forceful and effective persons in society to the ends of beauty and justice." It believes that "God is not caught in his own body"—that all that is is good—that the real life of man is good. The Religion of Democracy is a glorious religion—the religion in which most men worship to-day but tell not of it to their kin because it comes by living, not by speech. It is a thinker's religion—a religion in which all the facts of life are equally religious—a live man's faith and not an imitator's. This little book is well named *A Manual of Devotion*. It is the work of a Plutarch or of an Epictetus for our present day philosophy—but most of all of a deeply religious man. Its author has riddles to perplex many an Edipus. His style is indeed an enthusiastic prose full of unexpected insights and flashes of epigrammatic fire which kindle where they fall. I am not sure that I may say of all of it, with Schopenhauer: Here is a book such as the Deity delights to read, but I am confident that much of it will pass the highest judges.

E. C. M.

When We Dead Awaken.



IT WAS Ibsen's abandonment of the epopee and the historical drama for the social and psychologic play that marked the dawn of modernity in dramatic literature. The heliacal risings of such others as Sudermann, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Shaw, served only to make his primacy more pronounced, for his achievements—within their own laws—surpassed the achievements of his rivals and imitators. He anticipated tendencies and was to realism on the stage what Flaubert was to realism in fiction.

But having demolished the barriers of convention in a spirit of revolt against classicism and its traditions, he strode out into the Realm of the Real as into a pathless waste. He did not linger to reclaim, to fertilize, to beautify, but rushed headlong into the unexplored regions of the pseudo-real, where he has found many strange things to play with.

His own thirst for praise has been served by an hysterical horde of admirers, but his muse has been lured too far from the Pierian fount, and now, with her parched lips, she sings nor sweetly nor well. She is bedraggled, emaciated, diseased. She has suffered pain and privation, for which he can offer no anodyne. For her delectation he has dug up horrible creatures from life's quagmire—serpents of society. Out of the charnel of his

mind he has raised ghosts to startle her. It only remains for him now to conjure up some shape even more disgusting—a basilisk, perchance, gazing upon which she shall die.

Ibsen's most recently published play, *When We Dead Awaken*, is neither a valuable contribution to literature nor a worthy example of the author's genius. It deals with persons of unhealthy temperaments. It upholds vice. Hence it is unwholesome and immoral. The play is not typical of the newer impulse in dramatic writing. It exceeds the purposes of mere naturalism. It is extreme. It is vivisection or rather a post-mortem without demonstration. It reveals nothing, at least, nothing real. It carries with it no conviction, and makes no subjective appeal. As an isolate example of the modern drama it is suggestive, but its interest (it would be improper to say its *charm*) is insidious rather than attractive. The art of it is immense, albeit pervert. It is interesting as a study in the same way that a cadaver is interesting.

The characters are misshapen and unnatural, but they are symmetrical in their deformity, true in their falsity. As Ibsen conceives them, so they must have felt, acted, thought; but he never makes one's self say: "Thus I feel." "So I think, also."

Maia, the young wife, chafing for freedom, is the one human being in the play; her emancipation, "the working out of her destiny," the single psychologic process of significance. It is the oldest theme of the new school, but in this instance it is crudely treated. Its carrying out to her submission to the bestial bear-hunter, Ulfheim, who smells of blood, yet has not a drop of it in his veins, is not convincing, nor even plausible, and, consequently, abortive.

Professor Rubek is a fitting foil for the Unknown Lady and the relation of their unsane infatuation, visionary on the one side, frenetic on the other, is like a clinical exposition.

The first plays of Ibsen's second manner were vital and valuable, but latterly he seems to cater only to morbid appetites. *When We Dead Awaken* is saturated with symbolism, and a second reading is absolutely necessary to an understanding of its intent, but instead of reading it twice it were far better not to read it at all. PORTER GARNETT.

George Meredith: Some Characteristics.



IT WOULD seem that if we could unravel Mr. Le Gallienne for ten years we might find that rather rare thing—a critic with the gift of seeing and then telling. He tells us that it was all done years ago when he was young, and we, wearily recalling his pursuit of the petticoat, his gilt girls and his latest would-be Sunday-school book, want to go back with him.

People who read Meredith usually make the mistake of trying to explain the deed. Mr. Le Gallienne promptly admits that they are *nascitur non fit*. But he at once cleverly and shrewdly goes on to prove a thousand sweet and wise reasons by the dearest of quotations. Quotings that make the Meredith lover hug himself with delight at bits that he has for one gross moment forgotten, and such as to cause the outermost Philistine to think there must be something in this jagged jeweler of monstrous technique.

If there can be such a thing as synthetic analysis, it is here. There is a crisp precision, almost mathematical in chapters which take up and deal honestly and sanely with certain clear whys and why nots of the dim Master. Mr. Le Gallienne, ten years ago, modestly disclaims rashness in making any finalities, but it is very certain that he lightens and enlightens his subject. To one that already knows why he is a Meredithiac it is like a long, wholesome, friendly talk, punctuated by reasonably loving enthusiasm. To one that wants to know or will be led by fair dealing, the book promises a secure guiding, with abundant samples.

At its close, naturally, Mr. Le Gallienne has grown old, and, like the rest of us, has had to see Mr. Meredith in his later willfulness, and, like us, has looked upon it with a sorrow that not even *The Amazing Marriage* can console. But of Meredith's glorious prime no one has written with a hand at once so firm, so temperate to the task, so modestly confident. At times, and in spots not too far apart, in writing of the old Master, his critic becomes all at once almost a young master. DOROTHEA MOORE.

Geology and Character.



DO not know whether the study of geology tends to produce a singularly beautiful type of character, or whether men of this type of character take easily to the study of this particular science. There are many who have felt the personalities of Agazzis, Dana, and LeConte who will be inclined to accept both hypotheses. For these three names, eminent among American geologists, must each of them recall certain common traits which belong to three very different men; a high wisdom and intellectual power, combined with a touching childlikeness and innocence of character, and a profound reverence for the creation and the Creator. Apparent discrepancies between new knowledge and ancient faith have interested them, but troubled them not at all. These verses might truthfully have been written of either one of them:

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
And his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go.

* * * *

If, however, there is some subtle law which connects geology with character, it is certainly not uniform in its operation. There are geologists and geologists.

Everyone who knew him, and especially every pupil of his, will be thankful for *The Life of James Dwight Dana*, and those who knew him not will be thankful for the revelation of a rare and inspiring character. Not all his students learned much geology under his wonderful teaching, but none came away from his lecture-room, or parted with him after a lesson in field geology, without feeling that it was good to have been in the place. Those who could not appreciate the intellectual force were touched by the moral elevation. It was of course in the field work that the ordinary student got nearest to him. The friendly gravity with which he considered every ignorant question and suggestion, the unfeigned interest with which he examined every worthless bit of rock which was brought to him, as if he might learn something from his foolish pupils, were very endearing, and added to the self-respect of the enquirer. And this humble attitude was profitable; for he often learned much from those who knew nothing.

It was hard for those, who in the days of their vigorous youth, tried to keep up with that wiry figure, as he swiftly trotted across the country around New Haven, to believe that he was a man of very delicate physical constitution and that he was an invalid during large parts of his life. The reader of this record of work has the same difficulty. The physical energy which made him tire out the athlete was an indication of the intellectual energy which enabled him to do such a prodigious amount of work. Never was talent more faithfully and profitably employed.

Dana's great fame was never a pride nor a burden to him. He simply ignored it. It did not matter to him whether a discovery was his own or not. What he wanted was the truth. He was always ready to abandon one hypothesis for another that seemed more credible. His popular reputation, as distinguished from his reputation among scientific men, rested largely upon his work in corals and coral islands. I understand that Mr. Alexander Agazzis, by punching holes in some of these islands, has seriously damaged Dana's theory concerning their origin. Such a fact, if it be a fact, would have given Dana great joy. His theory was dear to him, not because it was his, but because it seemed to him probably true. He would have been glad to find one that seemed to him to approximate more nearly to the truth, and it would have cost him no pain to abandon his own.

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A Word About Photographers.



VEN in this country, where new ideas are taken up eagerly and utilized rapidly, unhampered by the stagnating influence of old traditions, the fact that the photographic camera is more than a mere mechanical contrivance, that it actually has become an instrument for the obtaining of results of true artistic value, is only gradually being recognized. This is chiefly due to the conservatism of the average professional photographer, whose authoritative and dictatorial statements undoubtedly exercise a certain influence on the public taste. The man who for a good many years has been making photographs for a living, knows, of course, what a photograph ought to be, and he does not realize that with the vast improvement of his implements other and wider possibilities have been laid into his hands. Just as it was ten years ago, he is to-day satisfied with obtaining a sharp negative (the merest tyro in photography can do that without any difficulty), that is to be touched up until every trace of individuality has been removed, and by printing on a medium that will bring out as much detail as possible. To embellish the finished picture he will put under it in big letters "Tridium Process," or "Paris Panel," or some similar nonsensical term, or he may make of his otherwise good print a "bas-relief," which, to him, designates the acme of perfection, but which, to the uneducated mind of an ordinary mortal, has no greater artistic value than the ginger-cakes "mother used to make." He cannot conceive why now something more should be required of him than a good mechanical training; why it should be necessary for him to study seriously the masters of painting, to train his eye constantly, to develop a faculty of selection, an ability of massing light and shade, of composing lines simply and effectively, and that his camera-made picture must be judged according to the same standard as those made with brush and pencil.

This high view of photography was not taken by the man who has made the production of pictures with the camera his business, but rather by his harmless and dangerous rivals, the "amateurs." When the technical difficulties of making photographs had been reduced to a minimum, they stepped forward, realizing that their time had come. Unhindered by the cobwebs of tradition, with very little reverence for the stale doctrines of their teachers, they boldly went to work. They were at liberty to make pictures after their own ideas; it did not matter if the public approved or did not approve of the results. With refreshing enthusiasm they tried the most impossible, and, using thousands of plates and films, they gradually learned the limitations and possibilities of their camera. Then they began to manage their experiments in a more systematic way and worked earnestly for a definite aim. They are not as easily satisfied as their "masters." In their landscape work they not only endeavor to produce a well-composed picture, but also strive to register the subtle and elusive effects of atmosphere and light. In portraits they are not satisfied to make good likenesses alone; they aim to perpetuate something of the soul and individuality of their sitter. By thus making pictures which have a certain affinity to the studies of the painter, they have done much to advance photography and to instruct the public about the possibilities of the camera.

In no country are amateur photographers more numerous than in California; the even climate and the ideal atmospheric conditions make the "Land of Sunshine" a veritable paradise for the camera-friend. With their undaunted enthusiasm and their foolish and good ideas, they will keep things going and prevent their professional brethren from falling asleep, and these, instead of looking down upon them because they are "only amateurs," ought to profit by them and study their failures and successes seriously. Then the time may come soon when "professional" and "artistic" photography will not be as incompatible terms as they now seem to be. And who knows? It may be California's good fortune to live up to what a misguided patriotic chronicler ("*Lloyd, Lights and Shades* in San Francisco," 1876), said about this city twenty-five years ago: "San Francisco has led in the art of photography; her photographic artists have not only been progressive as to excellence of workmanship, but also inventive, and nowhere has greater excellence in photography been reached than here."

ARNOLD GENTHE.

Some Remarks by "Jay" the Dog upon the Pleasures and Importance of Tail-wagging.



OGS are the closest friends of children and men. Children come first for a dog's love, because of their understanding, and because dogs and children can but poorly tell of all that is in their hearts; dogs have *no words* and children but *few*. The "Boy" has asked me to tell of some adventure in my life, but when I come to put the words down, I seem to think of no adventure which I care to speak of—for I am full of more serious matters—besides, to tell of any of my great doings would take too much time. I do not want you to think that my life has been without strange and wonderful doings, that is not so, for it is crowded every day with many things worth telling, but I feel more like first letting them know of a Dog's nature, his thoughts, pleasures and feelings. I will do this, and some day I will speak of my "Great fight with Ugly-mug," or my "Long watch at the Door," or "How I saved Boy," or "The Terrible Cat Killing." (I was *blood wild* when I got into the last, so my *good side* shames me now.) These are a few of many adventures I have had. If the children really want me to, I will tell of any one, or all sometime. To-day I hear the wind blowing from the *dear* south into the tree tops, the flies are making a singing sound, the sun is hot in spots on the ground, and many heavy smells come to my nose, each one with tempting colors—I sniff, and sniff and wish to shake myself hard and sharp to drop the laziness off me, and go to *seek* adventures not to *tell* of them. To-day is a great tail-wagging time, so I must tell of the great pleasure I have in it, and it may be when I get started on that subject I will speak of nothing else. I have a splendid tail for wagging purposes and it is a constant joy and satisfaction to me. *First*—in the order of good waggings—is the "Wag of deep love" for your Boy or Man friend—of course it is full of differences according to the time or place, or Dog, but in the main it is the same, and love is love wherever the place be; so, the wag is slow and sure from side to side and half way in the air, never tight nor rigid, it goes with ears neither back nor forward too far and the eye light is soft and appealing. *Second*—comes the "Great joy wag." This is begun with yaps, barks, whines away down in the throat, then jumps, runs, and licking of the hands, with violent wags every which way, all at once and well mixed up together; when you get a little settled down and sure the Master is there, well, happy and loving you, you trot behind and smell his heel once in awhile, lick his hand to make him look at you—then the last of the "joy wag" is to twist your body into a crook, as crooked as possible and wag sideways, stiff, and with little contented jerks—this is the dearest wag of all, a good dog loves it most, though it may not be so important as "deep love," but it is felt all over the body and into the heart (dogs with bad dispositions cannot wag this way). *Third*—is the "Wag of alertness," and is used on many different occasions, but always when the mind is awake, keen and watchful. This wag is somewhat hard to describe, for it is purely "*dog*" and needs *understanding* more than *words* to show what it means but you can easily tell it, and know right well what it is. The wag may be seen when I am at a rat hole and is wagged to show that I know you are there and that I like you, but I do not want to be disturbed, or when I want to get after "Jerry," the cat, but don't dare, or when I see a stranger dog, that may be either friend or foe. To do this wag properly you must draw your tail as high up as possible, keeping it very stiff, then wag short and sharp, being careful to have it equal on each side, for if it should become one-sided you will loose grip of yourself and appear undignified as well; the ears should be thrust sharply forward and never budged until things are settled, or the strain is no longer necessary. *Fourth*—The "Dream wag." This one may not seem very important in the way of general wags nor am I sure it should be *fourth* on the list, but it is to me very strange and interesting, leaving a great impression on my awakened mind. I carry a misty memory of it about with me when I am not very busy and on moonlight nights. There may be natural reasons for the "dream wag," as for instance, a fly on the ear where the hair is thin, too much heat from the fire,

or a flea in the middle of your back, but *I* think it is caused by going into another world where wags change their methods, and dogs speak with men's words. "Boy" says my "dream wag" is queer and makes him afraid, and that I give hitchy jerks at the very end of my tail *seven times*, my jaws jerk and twitch, and my whine sounds far off in a distant dog. I sometimes remember my dream; it is mixed, pain, pleasure and strangeness. I could tell you a dog dream if I had time. *Fifth*—next comes the "Scratching wag." I might have left this one out, for some people will think it is not important, but it has always seemed to me, that to get a pleasure without hurting anyone else or injuring yourself was perfectly right, and scratching your back hurts no one and gives you great happiness. The wag that goes along with this is almost any wag you want to make use of, varied according to the goodness or poorness of the scratching. I find that under the barn one can enjoy a fine continuous scratch in peace and quiet, if only the floor is neither too high nor too low and there are no green-eyed cats looking on—then there is a pleasant mystery and uncertainty about it all, and considerable satisfaction in knowing that no one sees how much fun you are having, or thinks you are a weak character because your wags are so mixed up with growls. All that I have told you has been of the *happy* side of a dog's life, that is so far as his *tail* is concerned, and I am loath to say anything of the *sixth* wag which expresses *all* sorrow—but it may be my words will sink deep into the heart of some boy, so deep that he will never stand still unrebelling, when he sees a "fear wag." A dog's joy is all blotted out by cruelty and abuse, and he is never the same again, having once been "cowed." Think of a *tail wagging* when he crawls along on his belly, twisting and squirming in trembling terror, with eyes full of fear and prayer. What would a *smile* upon your lips be, if terror—a panic—filled your heart, and your body drew together to receive a *blow*? When *I* see that sight I get the *blood fury* and fear that some day I shall do terrible things to the coward of cowards, the low Man, who uses his mind and strength to flood a *dumb* creature's life with fear, and makes a *tail to wag* in cringing terror, when it should only be wagged for love, joy and keen thinking. — — — I have now told you of the *six great waggings* and nothing else, because they seemed to me so important. Of course the tail is used in different ways by different dogs (but look out for the dog that never wags, or has no tail; wags and smiles make the heart kind). Barks, growls, yelps and whines express a great deal, but I would give them all up rather than the *five* joyful waggings. If the children want to know more about a dog's life, why he howls at the moon, growls in his sleep, loves to chase cats, *hates* some people, loves children—or anything of *dog's knowledge about dogs*—let them write to me. Now, the sun is soft and warm, the flies sing with their wings, streaks of blue smell come out of the wood, and over the fields. I am going to see what I may find. Wag joyfully! good-by. Wag joyfully! good-by.

MORGAN SHEPARD.

PRIZES.

We are going to give four books to four children; this is how:

- To the little girl from 11 to 13 years old who sends us the best story.
- To the little girl from 7 to 10 years old who sends us the best story.
- To the boy from 9 to 11 who sends us the best story.
- To the boy from 12 to 14 who sends us the best story.

The story shall be judged by a man who likes boys and girls and knows how they feel and think. The stories must be sent to us by August 1st, and the best four shall be published in this paper. The books we give shall be *good ones*, and costing no more than \$2.00 each. The children who don't win a prize must all know that we are very much obliged, and that we will keep the stories they wrote among the things we love most.

Notes.



LAST year the publication of Gulland's *Chinese Porcelain* supplied what was greatly needed by collectors and students of ceramics—a condensed but complete volume of information on that subject. Nevertheless, it had been possible to secure assistance without it, as the field had often, though inadequately, been treated in various general works, but of another Eastern art, and one of great beauty and fascinating interest there has thus far been absolutely no attempt at a comprehensive work. The announcement, therefore, of a forthcoming book, *Oriental Rugs*, by John Kimberley Mumford, is of special interest, and if it proves to be as thorough and complete a study as that of Gulland it will be most thankfully received. As yet we have information only that it is to be a large octavo volume, with thirty illustrations, sixteen of them colored, and is to cost about \$5.

Prophets of the Nineteenth Century—CARLYLE, RUSKIN, and TOLSTOY—by Mary Alden Ward, is a little volume of three biographical essays, giving not only pleasant glimpses of their lives, but also effective summaries of the ideas to which these earnest men devoted themselves. With the one the gospel of *work*, "If you have anything to do, DO IT;" with the other the gospel of *beauty*, and with the third the gospel of *love*, the three blending in the harmony of their ideals into the great burden of honesty, sincerity in all expression.

Following the teaching of the prophets just mentioned, in this age of imitations and substitutes, of paper with machine-made deckle, one receives with keenest pleasure an exception to the general rule, a volume of simple excellence and honest materials. And this we have in the one before us, with its genuine paper, thick, solid boards, and substantial buckram covering, enriched by its mitered gold design. The edition is limited to three hundred copies, but it would not matter were there many times that number were they all as carefully printed—we feel they must have been from type direct, although we are not told so—and as genuinely done. The book is entitled *Sonnets and Madrigals of Michelangelo Buonarroti*, rendered into English verse by William Wells Newell, but, in reality, it is something more and yet something less than this. Something more, inasmuch as it is also an estimate of Michelangelo as a poet, the introduction being a carefully conceived essay of appreciation, and the notes rather elaborate discussions of the poems in detail; yet something less, inasmuch as it is only a selection of the sonnets that is given.

A comparison of Mr. Newell's translation with the classic rendering of John Addington Symonds will doubtless be of interest. We select the first sonnet, following:

Translation of William Wells Newell.

From heaven he came, and clothed in mortal clay,
Traversed the vengeful and the chastening woes,
Living, again toward height eternal rose,
For us to win the light of saving day;
Resplendent star, whose undeserved ray
Made glory in the nest where I had birth;
Whose recompense not all a stained earth,
But Thou his Maker, Thou alone couldst pay.
Dante I mean, and that unfair return
Endured from a community ingrate,
That only to the just awardeth scorn;
Would I were he! To equal fortune born,
For his pure virtue, for his exile stern,
I would resign earth's happiest estate.

Translation of John Addington Symonds.

From heaven his spirit came, and, robed in clay,
The realms of justice and of mercy trod:
Then rose a living man to gaze on God,
That he might make the truth as clear as day.
For that pure star, that brightened with his ray
The undeserving nest where I was born,
The whole wide world would be a prize to scorn;
None but his Maker can due guerdon pay.
I speak of Dante, whose high work remains
Unknown, unhonoured by that thankless brood,
Who only to just men deny their wage.
Were I but he! Born for like lingering pains,
Against his exile coupled with his good
I'd gladly change the world's best heritage!

A very charming edition of John Addington Symonds' translation of *The Sonnets of Michelangelo* is to be had in THE OLD WORLD SERIES, published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. For some years past Mr. Mosher has been producing books of the most exquisite beauty, remaining true always to the highest ideal of classic simplicity in his typographic art; and that notwithstanding the popular success of moiré silk and flexible ooze leather of a blatant press in the East. All of his books are printed direct from the type, the paper is hand-made, and the binding exquisite, though often, unfortunately, lacking the substantial quality of which such art is worthy. His list now includes a goodly number of works in belles-lettres, and their selection seems to have been guided by an almost unerring judgment.

D. P. E.

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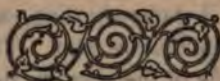
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D. P. ELDER AND MORGAN SHEPARD

Bookmen: SAN FRANCISCO.

California and the Human Ideal.



IN HIS diurnal bathos as the sun descends from the Sierras and drops over the edge of the West, he leaves behind, in his last shimmer of Tamalpais, the world's highest hope of the arts—and this it is easy to show. For the energy of art is in a man's assurance that he is not the quintessence of clay but the molder and master of the clay; and the axiom of all the arts is the absoluteness of the human ideal. So it comes to pass that the nerve, the stamina of artistic creation, increases with the rise of the market-value of a man. The artist, having settled it with himself that he is not the subject of laws, but the object and maker of laws, is the first of all democrats and the father of all. And since the course of the spiritual conquest of democracy runs from Pekin and Lassa, west, it stands to reason that the last and crowning chance of the fine arts is in the vicinity of San Francisco.

But consider these propositions with a little care:

First, that the spirit of fine art is a blithe religious faith that a man can, after all, make himself at home in this difficult world and find in its reluctant elements the answer to his heart's desire. Without this faith there is craft, the clank of iron and hiss of steam, the sack of nature and the moan of joyless cities—but there is no art. Art is a vehement and importunate Olmsonian—but he is in love. He will not take Nature's No for answer—yet it is with a tender rudeness, sure of his mistress' heart, that he presses upon the breast of the earth his law. It has been found out that men can build big, painted houses and run steep cable cars without faith in God, but they cannot build a city that sits light and sovereign on the hills, while the intimate heart of them is homesick and infidel with the denial of the authenticity of the ideal and the homestead rights of the soul. The spirit of art, then, is nothing but unsophisticated faith.

And, second, this spirit of art is exactly the same thing as the democratic spirit. For democracy is the revolt of the soul against blind forces and an alien and unintelligible law. It is the discovery of the legitimacy of the catholic wish and will—the things that a man cares for. And it is the announcement that the frame of the universe is adjusted to human ends, so that henceforth no conceivable design that is of human scope and free from the taint of privilege shall be set down as unachievable. This is the *congè* of precise, mechanical necessity and the long-faced, philistine Fates. It is the evangel of the victory of art.

So then, for a third proposition, as democracy grows with the advance of history westward, so grows the latent strength of art. The triumph of *debonnaire*, free-limbed humanity—serene in the inner law and just—lording it over the traditions of the scribes, the theorems of a cowed and faithless science and all the old pedantries and hypocrisies—where else shall the world look for this, if it shall lose its hope of the West?

Europe is caught in the ruins of the old regime and dare not move for fear of bringing the mined and weakened walls about her ears. She looks to America for reassurance of a motive soul in things. England, to be sure is said to be democratic, but England knows only the politics of democracy—the omnipotence of parliament—it knows nothing of the omnipotence of the human ideal. It is fatalist, skeptic and pessimist, and its London a very Sahara of the arts. In its soul and essential religion England is separated from America by a moral gulf at least as wide as the Atlantic. And those people of England whose democracy goes down to the ground of religious faith and creative art are looking to America for sure-footed leadership and full-breathed inspiration.

As Europe looks to America, so in America the East looks to the West. The swift development of industrialism, with the apotheosis of the machine, has bound the East in the

spell of an economic fatalism, an obsession of the inevitableness and inhumanity of economic forces. The individual man in the lands of coal and iron is becoming a tool and instrument of production, happy to be a cog when he cannot be a pivot, and with his infinite existence reduced to a living job. This is fatal to religion, to democracy, and to the creative energy of the ideal.

The Middle West has been peopled by refugees from the economic stress and strain of Europe and the East, but the fatal facility of coal and iron has followed them into the Mississippi Valley, and the gigantic, world-clamping scheme of manufacture and mortgage has imposed itself upon all the trans-montane people like an infidel second nature which acknowledges no God and answers no prayers.

With California things are different. California, the lucky, coalless land of grass and trees, too far from Lombard Street for the confidence of mortgagees, walled off by the Rocky Mountains from the fatal solidarity of Eastern economics, peopled by men of the longest wind and most intrepid hope, the rascals and darlings of the earth with a vigilance committee for venerable tradition of law and prophets, blessed with cheap postage and high freights, feeling the universal pain but escaping the crushing steam-roller and the despair, living out-doors in the sunshine, sleeping under the stars and growing tall, California, it would seem, is reserved to be the fastness of democracy and the place for the building of the world-cities of art and song.

Strange that Californians should stand gazing back along the old trail, and that they should send to buy their poems on the shop-worn counters of Boston and New York! Especially strange is it when one considers those westward-running tides of liberty and that westward look of the East—dreaming always its wistful, ineffectual dream of the romance of the America that is to be, and thinking, half enviously, half hopefully, in its heart, that behind the mountains there are people who shall say what the East has not words to say and do what the East has not faith to do.

There is a theory of Chinese philosophers which they call the law of the potency of want, meaning to describe that spiritual principle of supply and demand which compels a man to rise to the height of the expectations that are entertained concerning him. By this token California should produce the consummate type and flower of Americanism, for it is unquestionably true that the wise men of the East, who sell us their story-books and sit in solemn judgment on our pictures, nudge themselves between whiles and nurse an expectation.

The spiritual orientation of America, the outlook of its heart and soul, is toward the West. Here on this Coast, if anywhere, the genius of democracy is to find its footing in the eternal, and grip the tools of a world-redeeming art. To the men of the East, life is a calculation and a problem, to the West, if the West shall fulfill its faith, life shall become an adventure and a poem. Certainly California will not expect to compete with the lapidaries of Canton and the verse-makers of Madison Square. It will consent to leave the art that is purely decorative to the skeptics and the in-doors folk who suppose that the world is hollow save for a thin rime of gilt. But the art that is genetic, that takes in all the trades and sciences, that searches the reins and makes the earth arterial to human blood, the art of the Prince of Nature, walking his blue-domed palace like a man at home—that is our kind—we will try for that.

CHARLES FERGUSON.

Note.

Swinburne's *Laus Veneris* has been issued by Mr. T. B. Mosher in his charming little Vest Pocket Edition. This has long been a desideratum, as, with the exception of the pamphlet edition privately printed by Swinburne himself, the poem has never been separately issued. Swinburne's metrical arrangement was derived from a study of Fitzgerald's *Omar*, though he improved the quatrains by carrying over the rhyme from one stanza to another, which Fitzgerald did not do.

French Portraits.



ANCE THOMPSON'S handsome volume of "French Portraits" is, to use a phrase of his own, "interesting rather than instructive"; or perhaps I may more correctly say that it is both interesting and instructive, though the instructiveness carries us beyond the author's intention. It is really a vastly entertaining book; but the amusement it furnishes is, after all, derived less from its exceedingly piquant and intimate treatment of a number of picturesque figures among the "writers of young France," than from its bizarre affectations of style, its whimsical irresponsibilities of judgment, and the attractive impudence of its "appreciations." For it *is* rather refreshing in these days of "scientific" interpretation to come across a critic who starts with the doctrine that a knowledge of Flaubert's liking for dining without his coat and shoes is worth pages of exegesis in the study of his work; who really believes that the authors he writes of belong to the great figures of literature; who is yet so "modern" as to foresee the day, not far distant, when even they will have become old-fashioned; and who sets down his opinions with a happy indifference to consistency, and in a language which continually reminds us of the tragedy of Babel.

One really cannot treat Mr. Thompson too seriously. He amuses us, and we are grateful; and there, perhaps, the matter should end. But if we once allowed ourselves to drop into the censorious mood, we should be obliged to expostulate with him in respect of his total, and even ludicrous lack of anything like critical perspective. He has lived so long with the "new" men of France and Belgium—with Verlaine, Mallarmé, Maeterlinck, Catulle Mendès, and dozens of others, not to know whom does not at all argue one's self unknown, that he has become narrow in sympathy and provincial in outlook, and sees his subjects out of all relation not only to the past, but also to the present. Verlaine, for example, is for him a great religious poet—perhaps "the only profoundly religious poet of our day." If, reading this statement, we instinctively recall the filthy, foul-mouthed, absinthe-steeped degenerate, whom George Moore once saw in bed, grimy, drunk, and blaspheming, it is Mr. Thompson's fault, not ours. It is his theory, we remember, that such personal details are of the essence of criticism. Again, he calls this same drunken vagabond in one place the greatest of French poets, in another, the greatest poet of this generation (possibly to one so "new" as Mr. Thompson, these two judgments mean one and the same thing). Verlaine's "Sagesse"—"a white lily plucked out of the plashed mire of a dirty and unquiet life"—is "the most beautiful book of poetry written since"—save the mark!—"Les Fleurs du Mal." And, throughout, Mr. Thompson shows the same tendency to indulge in meaningless or absurd superlatives. Verhaeren's second trilogy contains "the most important poems given to the world since"—again save the mark!—"Leaves of Grass"; the author of which, by the way, one of the very few English-writing poets that Mr. Thompson condescends to refer to, figures in these pages, rather surprisingly, as I think, as the "initiator" of a "new school." But then there are so many new schools! Retté's prefaces are, in the same way, the best since Dryden. Verlaine's influence on contemporary poetry was "deep," though he left no "disciples," and Barrès,—and it is really Barrès we are talking about, and not as we might hastily suppose from the language employed, Browning, or Spencer, or Ibsen—Barrès has had a "very great influence" upon the thought of his day. And so on, and so on. All this we might in our author's phraseology pronounce "inutile and fictive." I prefer more simply to call it nonsense.

I spoke of Mr. Thompson's book as instructive beyond the range of the author's intention. It will, I think, leave most English readers with a strong impression that the "writers of young France" have little enough to offer them, and that Owen Seaman was well advised when he protested that

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis not important to be new."

Thus the volume may not be altogether "inutile." And for the rest, as I have said, it is vastly entertaining.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

"When We Dead Awaken."—A Second View.



THIS is a translation of Henrik Ibsen's latest drama. Any translation is bound to lose part of the vividness of the original where the life is so intense as to need the play on every word for the interpreting of the whole. This lack is here felt, yet the work of translating is well done and interest never flags. Criticism has centered around what is declared to be the non-reality of the characters—a better word is the symbolism of the characters. The thought of the Far North has always so expressed itself. Nature's method of endowing men and women first of all with practicality is seemingly reversed. The motive forces of human nature are clothed with bodies and endowed with life. Such beings regard all that is external to these, including their nearest associates, as material completely subject to the molding power of the motive that rules them. Impractical as this is as a method of life, it has a certain effectiveness as a method of art. To picture half-true motives as completely controlling these lives, sincere even to utter recklessness, is to warn against the narrowing of life. Ibsen's purpose is to point a moral—that men and women are not merely playmates, but primarily co-workers. And the action of the play is in bringing together those who have some common ground of aspiration.

Maia plays the part of absolute irresponsibility. The uncouth Ulfheim, whom she at last consents to wed, is, as the world goes, her equal—she has as much to learn from him as he from her. She can teach him propriety and he can teach her that this life is more than play by giving her children of her own. The only hope of either's accomplishing any good is that their children will be better than they. And any fact or question concerning them is comparatively subordinate.

The interest centers in the relation of Rubek and Irene. Irene is insane, yet has much that is human in her. Her insanity was in not knowing whether Rubek, whom she has been separated from and yet loved all her life, is human or devilish, and this doubt is so crystallized in her that the change from one theory to the opposite is back and forth in a moment. She feels an impulse to kill him, and as quickly returns to her love of him. In the finale she trusts him completely, and with that regains possession of herself. Yet the fierceness of the mental struggle has been such as to leave her mind unable to grasp but one thought—that she had regained him. She alone knew of the mortal dangers that surrounded them, but her mind refused to bring that knowledge to consciousness, and the meaning of the play is brought out by their giving their lives rather than forsaking their work of doing what they can to solve the mystery of life. They had lived most of their lives apart from each other. Then, in order to meet, they break every tie that the history of the world has proved it best to strengthen. Their hope lay in one another unregardful of all else. Their striving is great, and they sacrifice themselves to their idealism. They refuse in the last moment to seek the comfortable shelter that they know is "of the earth, earthy." Rubek again, as in earlier parts of his life, feels that sense desire profanes his soul and makes him unable to accomplish what they are striving for. And Irene, with the same feeling and with equal unconcern for surrounding dangers, is one with him in his attempt to mount "right up to the summit of the tower that shines in the sunrise." The storm envelopes them and they die together.

Ibsen has pictured life and history—one-sided idealism again perishing—and practicality, though almost irredeemably sensual, occupying the earth. No answer is given to the problem of the play—how shall we dead awaken in this world? Partial answer would have been given if Rubek had, when he first knew Irene, recognized in her another being with aims and inspirations equal to his own. He did not realize that separation would render both of them helpless, dividing their lives into the useless halves of sensuality and uninspired drudgery.

E. W. P.



An Appraisal of Robinson Crusoe.



DOUBTLESS De Foe's masterpiece has "stood out all appeals" and become a landmark, if not a classic, of English literature. The first novel of adventure and the first essay in realistic story-telling cannot be discredited by discussion. Moreover, few men of middle age—one cannot be sure of the generation coddled by *St. Nicholas* and his brethren—can question the relationship of *Robinson Crusoe* to their earliest and most elemental impressions of seas and islands. But any attempt to revive these influences in the light of experience is bound to lead to disenchantment. In the first place, one finds a mass of moral reflections, all of which have become either obsolete or obvious beyond the limit of human interest or endurance. Of course, these may have been skipped in youthful reading, or one may have encountered an abridged edition. Even publishers have responded to the demands of human nature—though Dr. Johnson said that the book was almost the only one he had wished longer. In any case, the morals have been forgotten by most of us, and so we are bound to forgive them and to repeat that salt water covers a multitude of sins—artistic as well as didactic.

One fact illustrates the inadequacy of the critical faculty in youth or in those who cater for them: *Swiss Family Robinson* stands side by side with its original. Now, the imitation is as baldly didactic as *Sandford and Merton*; edification is multiplied by adding a kindergarten and a menagerie to the resources of Crusoe's island. Yet children read it; and parents buy it without recognizing the taint of unreality. The truth is that the *Swiss Family* belongs to the dark ages of the Sunday School Library.

Another school of fiction deriving its vitality from De Foe has Jules Verne as its most popular representative. A pretense of realism is kept up by the reckless use of technical terms, by juggling with figures, and by muddled misinterpretations of scientific method. Character appears only in the crude outlines of caricature. The narrative is a series of incredibilities entangled in clumsy machinery. Of course, *Robinson Crusoe* is better stuff than this, but it deals in similar material, in mechanical rubbish, as well as in superfluous morality. Let us be thankful that its hero is no juvenile paragon and that he wins none of the horse races or other sporting events which compel admiration from American novel readers.

Since De Foe cannot be held responsible for the excesses of his imitators or for the aberrations of other purveyors of juvenile fiction—the falsest, and therefore, the most immoral branch of modern literary traffic—why should his eulogists be called to account? A sufficient answer may be found in the works of certain prominent educators—they were teachers before they began to go abroad and write books—who found German school-masters using a revised version of *Robinson Crusoe* as the chief text-book under the Herbartian system of coordinating studies with life. Doubtless Herbart was right in essential theory, and who shall say that he was wrong in choosing the *Odyssey* for organizing human interest in the minds of his pupils? Certainly, it cannot be replaced by cramming more edification into the over-stuffed pages of *Robinson Crusoe* and offering our children an ideal version—made in Germany.

The proposal curiously illustrates the most deplorable fact that *Crusoe* is out of date in America; neither of these advocates had ventured to attempt its perusal. They actually think that there were no goats on Crusoe's island and praise the German tact which had substituted those familiar beasts for the llamas they suppose to have been in the author's mind. School-book science associates llamas with Chile; Juan Fernandez belongs to Chile; Selkirk was marooned on Juan Fernandez. Such are the links in scholastic reasoning! As a matter of fact, goats were Selkirk's principal gift to Crusoe. Otherwise De Foe knew nothing of any island in the Pacific. His victim was shipwrecked on the island of Tobago off the mouth of the Orinoco and the country of the Caribs. Every nautical, geographic, and climatic detail asserts this identification.

De Foe made little use of the story of Selkirk and his neglect of a charming sketch of the adventures of a Mosquito Indian, contained in Dampier's *Voyages*, is much to be re-

gretted. He must have read both tales—there is literary evidence of that—but he missed the moral of each story, the true, unconventional moral of manhood on a desert island. For, in spite of Crusoe, courage is the first requisite when man has to fight a battle with nature. Along with that go health and hardness of body, devotion to fresh air, personal cleanliness, athletic training, and manly disregard of all superfluous comforts and proprieties.

Now what were Crusoe's chief activities? First, accumulation; next, fortification; thus he stocked a warehouse with the plunder of wrecks, piling up food which he could never eat, and junk of all sorts for which there were neither purchasers nor artificers available. Having satisfied the instinct of a "Complete English Tradesman," he proceeds to seek the fate which Caliban cursed, "In the hard rock you sty me!" Crusoe dug a cave and excluded light and air by mounds, stockades, and thickets. In that lair he burrowed among mouldy goods, rank pelts, and musty straw. After victualing and barricading this unsanitary arsenal, Crusoe devoted another fraction of his life to the tailor's art, using goat-skins for garments of the orthodox English type. He alleges an unwholesome modesty as an excuse for these stifling and chafing habiliments. Even Man Friday had to endure the affliction of trousers.

Crusoe could not go back to nature. His agriculture was that of an English farm, though his island was a famous tropical garden where Caribs used to gather harvests of choice fruits, the very Caribs whom De Foe depicted as insatiable cannibals. *The Ballad of Little Billee* fairly summarizes Crusoe's dietetic imagination—ship's beef and biscuit or cannibalistic indulgence. Now, Dampier, whose experience covered more lands and seas than De Foe's imagination, put no faith in tales of anthropophagi. Anyhow, they are unfit for childish readers.

Had De Foe cared to blend the true story of Selkirk with that of the Moskito who had the same fate, how many generations of boys might have learned lessons of courage and self-reliance, of seamanship and woodcraft. Selkirk trained himself to capture wild goats by running barefoot over the rocks. The gallant Moskito converted his gun-barrel into harpoons and hooks and made the sea his hunting-ground. Both were chased by cruel enemies, by Spaniards ever eager to put buccaneers to the torture. Yet neither of them dug holes to hide in, but each found health in fresh air, sleeping in frail huts on an airy "barbecue" or platform of sticks.

Let the youngsters be nourished and animated by stories of adventure which reduce civilization to its rudiments. But let the tales be inspired by realities of imagination or experience.

CARLOS GILMAN CALKINS, U. S. N.

THE OLD BOOK ROOM.

Libraries in the Middle Ages.



ANY lovers of literature hold that books are now too cheap; that poor ink, inferior paper, and shabby bindings, degrade the precious intellectual treasures which they reproduce and contain. These persons deplore the fact that books are beginning to be treated like any other kind of merchandise; manufactured at the lowest possible cost, and sold at department stores along with wash-tubs, bath sponges, and patent medicines, by salesmen who do not know the difference between the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Innocents Abroad." It may be that the process of cheapening has gone too far, and that if good books were somewhat more difficult to obtain, and in their outer form more pleasing to the cultivated taste, we should value them more highly and read them more sedulously. But be this as it may, few of us would care to go back to the other extreme; to the time when books were scarce and hard to get, and protected so carefully from the profaning touch of the common herd, that thousands of worthy and intelligent men lived and died without ever having held a volume in their hands. Six hundred years ago, when the art of printing had not yet been invented (or brought by

Marco Polo from China), every book was laboriously copied out by hand, and readers were few and easily satisfied. Even at Oxford there were no books whatever except a few tracts kept in chests. To borrow a volume, in those days, was a serious matter, and heavy bonds or pledges were required for their safe return. Ingulphus states that at the Abbey of Croyland any loan whatever was prohibited under pain of excommunication, a penalty which might easily be as severe as the gallows. The library of Glastonbury Abbey, probably the most extensive in England, possessed in 1248 but four books in the English language, though Latin treatises were of course more numerous.

The arrangements for the safe-keeping of these manuscripts were often very interesting. In the "Customs" of the Augustinian priory of Barnwell, written toward the end of the thirteenth century, occurs the following: "The press in which the books are kept ought to be lined inside with wood, that the damp of the walls may not moisten or stain the books. This press should be divided vertically as well as horizontally by sundry partitions, on which the books may be ranged so as to be separated from one another: for fear they be packed so close as to injure each other, or to delay those who want them." John Leland, the English antiquary, in describing one of the castles of the Percy family, which he visited in the early part of the sixteenth century, says: "One thing I liked extremely in one of the towers; that was a study called Paradise; where was a closet in the middle of eight latticed squares; and at the top of every square was a desk ledged to set books on, on coffers within them, and these seemed to be joined hard to the top of the closet; and yet, by pulling, one or all would come down breast high in rabbets (or grooves), and serve for desks to lay books on."

Mr. Putnam, in his work on "Books and Their Makers," gives some interesting particulars of the custom of chaining the books to the shelves for additional safety. He tells us that the system of chaining, as adopted in England, would allow of the books being readily taken down from the shelves, and placed on the lectern for reading. One end of the chain was attached to the middle of the upper edge of the right hand-cover; the other to a ring which played on a bar which was set in front of the shelf on which the book stood. The fore-edge of the books (not the back, as with us,) was turned to the front. A swivel, usually in the middle of the chain, prevented tangling. The chains varied in length according to the distance of the shelf from the desk.

We cannot close this brief paper better than by quoting (from Putnam) an "advertisement" which was found inscribed in a copy of Locke's "Treatise on the Epistles," printed in 1711. "Since, to the great reproach of the nation, and a much greater one of our Holy Religion, the thievish disposition of some that enter into libraries to learn there no good, hath made it necessary to secure the innocent books, and even the sacred volumes themselves, with chains (which are better deserved by those ill persons who have too much learning to be hanged and too little to be honest), care should be taken that hereafter, as additions shall be made to this library (of which there is a hopeful expectation), the chains should neither be longer nor more clumsy than the use of them requires, and that the loops whereby they are fastened to the books may be riveted on such a part of the cover, and so smoothly, as not to gall or raze the books while they are removed from or to their respective places." Times are better now, but those pernicious persons "who have too much learning to be hanged and too little to be honest" are still found in all large libraries. They even infest our shelves at academic Berkeley.

EDWARD BULL CLAPP.



Further Opinions of "Jay"—also a Brief Discourse Upon the "Mystery Smell."



ALL men fully know that a Dog is a Dog for certain reasons, as is a Man a Man. One Man is of one kind, and another is no less a Man because his mind and way of thinking differs from another, so these thoughts I tell you out of my heart, and in my own way. Another kind of Dog would tell them in a fashion of his own and from his point of view. Few Dogs have gone along the road of Life's Days with their wits so keen to notice things and their hearts so open to true judgment as I, still, be it not thought by those who may read these words, that a high opinion of my own power to see has blinded me to what is plainly so. Most surely I have the virtues of an honest, healthy, wet-nosed Dog (and no great credit do I take to myself, for I find happiness in my virtue, and happiness I seek first). It must be known that first of all I have a full knowledge of the *five great wags*, and a skill and understanding to use them at times and places most fitting. I never let confusion or fear into my mind to mix and weaken my actions or judgment. I look well to the position of my tail at all times, for a weak tail unfits the body and mind of a Dog, and will bring confusion and foolishness into his life. I hold fast to alertness and dignity, so during a Day I see from the ends of my eyes and learn, when it is thought I go without aim, or seek only new smells. I find great satisfaction in all this, for I gather wisdom undisturbed and unknown to others—each new thing settled in my mind adds to my power and importance. Never a day passes that I do not find use for the learning of the day before. I have settled in my mind some Laws for a Dog's behavior in life, which, if observed, will bring peace and happiness to him, and win more of man's consideration and respect. Here follow the laws: *First*—Be kindly towards all, giving love to but few and *full love* to one. Do not love often, for much loving lessens the fullness of love and puts treachery into your heart. *Second*—Greet all friends with the eyelight of gentleness and smiles (and a "greeting wag" if you feel inclined), and so make the day sunny-warm. *Third*—Do not bear about with you the rigid tail of suspicion, or the back bristles upwards, thereby opening hearts to hatred and misunderstanding. *Fourth*—Make friends, for the more you have the greater your power and the happier your days; but do not slobber in the making of them, for a wet mouth accomplishes nothing. *Fifth*—When in a strange country be ever alert, using your gathered wisdom in all snooping, but do not go into dark holes, where often lurk green-eyed cats. *Sixth*—Go about your business with modesty and dignity, but with an erect tail and a sure purpose of doing it well. *Seventh*—Keep your nose out of the track of a row—never sniff to find a fight, but pass around the place. Nothing is ever gained in a looked-for row. *Eighth*—Fight but seldom in all of a life time, and when you do let it be for defense or justice, do it well, saving your fore legs and your honor. *Ninth*—Eat enough to keep you well, and get some extra good things if you can, but carefully avoid gorging. *Tenth*—Seize all the joy you can that robs no other, for happiness is the south wind of the Heart's health.—Now an observance of these Laws takes nothing from a Dog's freedom, neither does it make of him a prig or a hypocrite. I have noted that when a man tells a tale of adventure or speaks of the wisdom he has gathered he makes many words of it—he has not the habit of mixing together his opinions and thoughts as they come into his mind. That is not a Dog's way, for everything with us is short according to Man's time. We have not the length of days of Man. The fullness of life comes soon, and the going down to the end is with us ere we know it. So between the rising of each sun come many emotions—joy, love, hatred, seeking, longing, and adventures, and a Day sees the Heart crowded with all that may be the full experience of a Man's long year. So it is that *we* count not time by days or years—we count only a life. Therefore, to those who read these words I say look for no continued or connected tale, neither look for opinions of a kind following one upon the other. As a Dog I shall speak of the things that come to my mind, mixed up they will be, as Man looks at things, but true as a Dog acts and thinks. So let your mind down to the mind of a Dog, and bear on you

the covering of *sympathy* and *simplicity*. So I will tell of the "*Smell of Mystery*." It comes to a Dog all unexpected and at all times and places. Never can I summon it to me by a will of my own, or find it by sniffing. Neither can I fully tell of it here, for only fragments of an understanding may I take hold of, and that little gives me no power to show reasons or causes. The "*Smell of Mystery*" came to me this Summer Day. I was sitting on the porch with my hind quarters on one step and my fore legs on a lower one. The "*Boy*," my loved friend, was with me. His mind was in the bushes, or the skies, maybe, for he spoke no words and wishes unshaped were in his eyes. Silence was around us save for the buzzing of bugs and the scraping of leaves. My heart was full of love and yearning for the Boy, but my tail was in no way moved to wagging. "*Mystery*" came in the gentle wind and smote my wet nose, which set it to twitching *sidewise*. I sniffed and licked to get its taste and color, but I know no name or shape to give it. My eyes were wistful and uncertain, a whine came out of me away down in my chest, sharp and through a tight throat. A great desire to go seek, I knew not what, came into me. With unwagging tail I left the "*Boy*" (mayhap he solved the mystery). When I have the "*Smell of Mystery*" in my nose I go right along the track of it with a perfect certainty of soon finding the source of it all, and with a bearing of perfect self-confidence—never is my trot uncertain or halting. To-day I went over the field and through the orchard, along the hedge of green—all places were familiar, and often-sought spots, but with Mystery upon me, they seem small and undesired. It was with none of my known places. An Enemy Dog ran for me with a rush of fierceness, but I turned upon him with tail and ears of warning alertness. I wagged short and sharp, keeping my legs very stiff the while, and with mincing step went around him. I did not even growl, but the Enemy Dog saw something in me which made him turn about and walk stiff-legged away, with bristles up. He looked back now and again to see if I would run, but I did not, so he pushed through the hedge and then began fast barks of defiance. (I have but a poor opinion of that Dog.) So I loosened up when I was out of sight and went about my "*Mystery*" business. I went along the line of smell, and in the very *middle* of an open, treeless field I saw a Cat, sneaking low-bellied along, and had it been any other time I surely would have found pleasure in giving the Cat a run. The "*track*" led me along a dusty road over a stone fence and far into the Hills. Times there were when I could almost name the color and shape of what I sought; when close to understanding, I lost it all again, and I whined for the strangeness of it all. So trotting and trotting and ever thinking I had come to the End, brought me to a stony spot in an arid field; here the smell was strong and whirled around me. I ran about whining, growling, with many short yaps, but nothing I found, and the smell faded out, so I caught no track of it. The Smell of Mystery was gone, and with it went my strange longing to know of it. So I galloped homeward by the way of the meadow and brook. I waded chest deep into the water, and lapped to quench my thirst, jaw downwards into the water—this way of drinking is most good. The Day may come when I shall know the cause of Mystery, but now I have nigh forgotten the spell of the Smell. I went back to the "*Boy*" and found joy in his face, which came again to him while I was away seeking. He saw great love in my eyes, and fell to petting and making much of me. I wagged the steady wag of contentment and understanding. The air was heavy with sweetness and rest. The "*Boy*" made an end of his caresses, and I lay on the cool green sod and slept.

MORGAN SHEPARD.



Announcement



complete in April next.

After many postponements, the date of publication of Mr. Stedman's *American Anthology* has been definitely set for this fall. It is first to be issued only in a limited, large paper edition, probably in August.

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Elder and Shepard, Publishers : : : San Francisco

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IMPRESSIONS

D.P. ELDER & MORGAN SHEPARD
PUBLISHERS
San Francisco.

California Literature by George Hamlin Fitch



IMPRESSIONS is a little magazine, simply done, to tell the truth about books and other matters. Published monthly, with supplements of literary and art interest, by Elder and Shepard. Annual subscription, 50 cents. Rates for advertisement may be had by application at the business office, 238 Post Street. Entered at the Post-office at San Francisco, as second-class matter, May 17, 1900.

Subscriptions can still be filled beginning with the May or third issue. Subscriptions for the year from number one are now one dollar; separately, the first number is twenty-five cents, the second, fifty cents. During the past six months the magazine has been quietly developing, its scope becoming broader and more clearly defined, and having in a sense gone beyond the limitations of its original *nom de guerre*, this issue begins a new period of IMPRESSIONS.



NO sooner," saith he, "come into the library but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not this happiness."—BURTON.

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D. P. ELDER AND MORGAN SHEPARD

Bookmen: SAN FRANCISCO.

Some Phases of Californian Literature.



NOTHING is easier, nothing more dangerous, than generalization about literature and art. Taine spun many fine theories in his monumental history of English literature—still the best work on the subject that has been produced—but many of his theories fall to pieces when brought in contact with the realities as one knows them by intimate association and close study at first hand. The closet theory of the scholar always goes down before the facts of the man who has seen things with his own eyes. Much has been written on the work that California has done in literature and art, and more on what she ought to do. According to the prophets, among whom was so acute a literary observer as James Anthony Froude, these western slopes of the Sierras, that look out on the mysterious

Orient and the more mysterious South Sea Islands, should be the home of a new literature and art that will recall the flowering of Greek culture. Soft air, cloudless skies, varied scenery—all are here to reproduce the Hellenic masterpieces. All that is needed is many-sided men, able to grasp and transmute the complex realities of to-day into the finished work that will stand as a type of Far Western life.

And then the question comes up, Would we know such a man if we met him, and would we recognize his work? It is on record that some of us did not know Stevenson and Kipling when they came to us with the best of the work of their splendid youth. London and New York had to tell us in each case that here was a new genius, risen full-orbed on the literary horizon. This diffidence about accepting work that has not been approved by critical authorities in the two great centers of English letters, is all due to a habit of dependence that has sprung from isolation. Fortunately, it is rapidly going the way of other signs of provincialism in California. Hamlin Garland, in his idol-smashing way, has done much good by preaching the doctrine that the West must set up its own ideals and then be true to them. Going far beyond the bounds of reason, he would throw down and trample upon many of the great masterpieces of literature because they are out of touch with the Western life of to-day. Few who have any genuine love of literature will follow him in this general clearing out of the old favorites; but no one can read his essays on this subject without being impressed with the force of his plea for independence of judgment and for hearty recognition of literary work that is original and smacks of the soil, though that soil be newly opened to the sun and rank with the crudeness of primeval nature. Even a touch of vandalism is better than the repetition of stereotyped criticism that has no breath of real life left in it.

No moral right have we to be narrow-minded or provincial or conventional, for the whole tendency of Californian life is against acceptance of the type of the literary Philistine who has to be told what he should admire and what he should condemn. Above all things, California is cosmopolitan, with people who have rubbed shoulders with the alien races of the antipodes. And such is the life here that men who live remote from centers of trade and activity still retain a keen interest in the literature and the news of the world that seems so far away. In no other land will one find managers of mines and of ranches, two or three days' travel from the railroad, subscribing for the daily newspapers and the magazines, and buying all the best books. Yet this is a common spectacle in California. Richard Harding Davis drew no unusual Californian type in his young mining engineer in *Soldiers of Fortune*, who knew his Paris and London even better than his San Francisco, and who read books with more care and more thought than if he had lived in New York or Boston. With such a public, eager to welcome any new thing which is

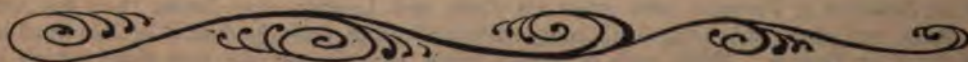
genuinely Californian, one would say that here is the ideal place for the author and artist. But, alas! the way to public recognition is still slow, for the timid Eastern publisher cannot see the virtues of the book that is out of the beaten track, and the rich man still persists in going to Paris or London to buy his pictures.

The reading public in California has a quickness of sympathy and a warmth of welcome to give to any new author who has something genuine to say, which must be a source of inspiration. It may "enthuse" too much over a work that has no elements of lasting popularity, but that is far better than the blasé, cynical attitude adopted by many Eastern coteries that can see no good thing come out of their own land. Of course, it may be that the Far West will not fulfill the expectations of its friends, but the conditions for good creative work are far better here than in any of the older-settled States, where the iron hand of conventionality and custom has smoothed out all the lines of individuality. I look to see the best work here done in the short story, for this form of literature appeals with special force to the Californian reader. Already the work of Californians in this field is assured of permanent fame. Space is lacking even to enumerate the older authors who have made the early life of this State live in their tales. But there is immense promise in the new men and women who have put into their tales the humor, the pathos, and the tragedy of this Far Western life, so rich in dramatic material and as full of picturesqueness and color as the scenery that forms its background. Some of the very best of this work has been done by women. Margaret Collier Graham, in *Stories of the Foothills*, and Mary Halleck Foote, in *The Led-Horse Claim*, which is an expanded short story, have told tales that will appeal to any one who knows the life of Californians. Mrs. Graham's stories especially are so true to certain conditions in Southern California that they will have value to any student of the history of the State. Mrs. Foote has pictured the life of the miner with so much force that it lives in the memory of any reader of her stories. Of the new men, Frank Norris and Jack London show the greatest force. Norris has a genius for selecting disagreeable subjects, but no one can question the power with which he develops any theme that he takes up. *McTeague*, in its way, is as perfect as *L'Assommoir*, and as repulsive. But the man who sketched the gradual degeneration of the dentist and the growth of the miserly traits of his little wife, has analytical genius; and his description of the desert to which the murderer is trailed is as fine and as faithful to reality as anything in recent fiction. Jack London is the latest Californian who has "arrived." He has brought to the development of the tragedy and the comedy of life in the Klondike much of the imaginative power and the dramatic force of Kipling. But he has a tenderness of sentiment and a quick appreciation of the finer traits of heroism that are seldom seen in Kipling's works. I would rather have written "The White Silence" than anything that has seen the light in fiction in ten years. Jack London's tales in *The Son of the Wolf* are the highest type of the short story, and though his recognition may be slow, because of his bitter realism and his undisguised relish of savage human nature, it is, nevertheless, as sure as was the recognition of Bret Harte.

Another writer who must not be overlooked even in this rapid glance over recent Californian fiction, is Dr. C. W. Doyle, who, in *The Taming of the Jungle* and *The Shadow of Quong Lung*, has produced two little masterpieces. The first gives one a more perfect idea of East Indian life than can be gained from Kipling. The other is unique of its kind, for it is the only story that pictures the modern Chinese as he is, with the thin veneer of civilization overlaying the Oriental savage. Those who do not know the real Chinese will be loth to accept the truth of this picture, but no Californian who has studied the Mongolian at first hand has any doubts of the accuracy of the portrait.

While California may have been slow to develop the literary material that lies at her door, there is the promise and the potency of great work in these stories which have been mentioned. If nothing else had been done, they would serve to show that the day of a genuine Californian literature is already at hand.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.



The Charm of Omar Khayyám's "Rubáiyát."



POETICAL work holds the interest of scholars for such a length of time as has the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyam, without presenting something quite new, or adding a broad suggestiveness to what is already familiar.

These famous Persian quatrains, so terse yet full of life-blood that they glow with vigor even in the cold tongue of the North, convey no new message to mankind, but in power of suggestion they occupy a most unique place. This is the secret of their charm.

True, FitzGerald's rendering, as has been pointed out by one of the most eminent scholars of the century, is not a translation but the redelivery of a poetic inspiration, and, as such, claims rank and place of its own.

But a careful study of even the most literal rendering into English, French, or German, leaves the same impress of broad suggestion. The mind is forced to forsake its tiny kingdom of self, and to contemplate races, creeds, and problems of existence with a rapidity comparable only to the swiftness of that "Hunter of the East," who so deftly catches earth's towers in his "Noose of Light." And a world of mingled elements, Semitic, Aryan and Turanian, is thus poetically revealed through the force of an imagination battling against the narrowness of a superstitious fatalism. For no one can rightly fathom Omar who has not previously understood Mahomet.

Wonder is often expressed that certain of the Persian's lines should reveal such sadness; the greater wonder is that any of them expressed gaiety.

A man of keen intellect and fine understanding, descended from a people who had been led captive as to country, religion, and language, must have had more serious than merry moments. And the mere fact that the conquerers of Persia had themselves become the conquest of another race, but made the situation more complicated, and added a new list of foreign, if heroic names.

It truly made little difference to the Persians of Omar's time how Zal and Rustum might battle in the records of the past; and it really made less how Hatim Tai might call to supper under the rule which they knew.

The Simurgh of Persian thought might still wing its flight, but beneath it lay only the ruins of those courts where once Jamshyd conjured the year to obedience, and Kaikobád added justice to a list of kingly virtues. The seven-ringed cup of the Magi was gone, and in its place were the curved scimitar and the clay and water Kaaba. So much contention had there been that the very ground might plead with man to tread tenderly lest he wound anew what lay enshrouded there.

A close view of this pulsating change of race, this mutation of tongues which locked even the lips of a David, made to-day the chief thing in Omar's thought. Sighing over a glorious past would not cause its return; dreaming of a brilliant future could not bring it about. The rose which gave of its best at height of bloom taught a truer way. And some bit of work modestly done, even though it were only striking from the calendar "Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday," might serve man better than the howling of many Dervishes.

A quite distinctive trait of Iran's earliest inhabitants was that belief in the *Oneness* of the Universe, which remains a characteristic of certain descendants even at the present day. It was this belief which read Sufism into the Moslem creed. For no conquered people ever literally accepts the religion of its victors: additions and detractions are made in accordance with temperament and understanding.

Connected with the old belief was a ceremony which linked fire and water together, and ultimately led to the teaching of Divine Love as the wine of existence. Fire, born of the rubbing together of two sticks, lightning, rain, and the sap of plants, were the teachers from whence the early doctrine was derived.

Wine, running like quicksilver through the human veins, served as a symbol of that unseen and vivifying influence which animates and sustains.

At this stretch of time it is difficult to conceive the important part played by the fruit of the vine in man's early life. When cold and hungry, he learned that it might be to him meat and drink—a sacrifice, not bloody from the death of a panting victim, but glowing with life from sunlight and hidden springs. Within that tiny globe was confined what to him was a divine gift.

The peasant of Southern Europe, with his loaf of bread, jug of wine, and a helpmeet beside him "singing in the wilderness," has turned the wild into a garden, and demonstrated the virtue of temperance.

In Sufi writings the use of tavern symbols are frequent as representing a stage in the soul's progress toward reunion with the divine principle. Whether Omar was a Sufi or not, many of his quatrains gain deeper meaning when read in accordance with their symbols. This may be only a new proof of his thought's suggestive charm, but even as such it cannot afford to be entirely set aside. And for sake of this charm, which, like the tendrils of the vine, stretches out in so many directions, let literary workers, when they meet, remember the old Persian and "turn down an empty Glass."

REGINA E. WILSON.

"China, the Long Lived Empire."



MISS SCIDMORE, is, evidently, one of the very few among the many writers on China who has kept well in mind the old Eastern proverb that, "He who would make his travels entertaining must first make himself delightful." To produce a readable, and at the same time thoroughly reliable book on China, in this age of illustrated newspapers and magazines, is a literary feat which few writers would lightly undertake, and one which fewer still have acceptably performed. *China, the Long Lived Empire* is one of the few books among the many concerning that much overwritten but really little understood country, which is at once new, reliable and entertaining. As Miss Scidmore observes, "China is such an impossible, incomprehensible country, that one labors vainly to show it clearly to others; no one can cover the whole field, give the only key, or utter the last word." About all that it is possible to do, in a popular book on China, is to present the author's individual experience and point of view. And this Miss Scidmore has done with remarkable truthfulness and vivacity.

The book is the result of the author's personal observation and experiences during seven different visits to China, extending over a period of fifteen years. Her knowledge of the places she describes, and of the institutions, religions, manners and customs of the Chinese, has not been taken entirely on hearsay from others, but gathered from actual observation and experience; and she has communicated this knowledge to her readers, not in a heavy, formal dissertation, but in the most pleasing manner, *apropos* to the varied incidents of her extended journeys throughout the Empire.

The amount of valuable information about the Chinese people, their social and political institutions, and their general polity which Miss Scidmore has contrived to crowd into the four hundred and odd pages of her book is something surprising. The most entertaining and striking feature of the book, however, is the remarkable power which the author everywhere displays of vividly reproducing her own impressions of the places and things which she describes. Every one who has lived long or traveled much in China will recall how faint and colorless their impressions, gained from books of travel, had been, of all things Chinese. It was not so much that the objects were larger or that they differed in form or situation from the descriptions previously read by them, but yet the moment they saw the places or things themselves, they felt how vague and shadowy had been their impressions of them from reading about them, by the side of the reality. The actual sight seemed to give life to the idea.

It is this rare power of reproducing to life the things she describes, which marks Miss Scidmore's descriptions with the touch of genius. They are not only vivid and accurate in

detail, but they have that undefined something in them which gives a satisfying freshness and reality to the picture that ordinarily comes only from actual sight or contact. The whole book is marked by a complete absence of these stereotyped, antiquated misconceptions of Chinese life and character which render so many of the earlier works on China altogether commonplace and dreary. Instead of dwelling persistently, as many writers before have done, in season and out of season, on the dilapidation, dirt, and decay of Chinese cities, Miss Scidmore seems rather to delight in subordinating such things to their true relation to the bewildering richness and novelty of Oriental life, without giving needless offense by unduly flourishing in the foreground the whole catalogue of disagreeable Chinese sights, sounds, and smells; the author, with a true woman's instinct, delights most in displaying before the eyes of her readers the dazzling picture of barbaric, Oriental splendor and squalor, as *she* saw it on the spot.

The book contains twenty-eight chapters admirably arranged for the general reader, as each chapter is complete in itself and sufficiently disconnected from all the others to admit of leisurely, desultory perusal. It is profusely illustrated, many of the illustrations being entirely new, and all are selected with the greatest judgment and care. Miss Scidmore has been fortunate in presenting her book to the public just at the moment when the interest of the whole world is centered upon China, and especially so, that the places and the people she describes and the matters she discusses are just now the subject of universal and intense interest. Those portions of the book relating to the policy of the present Tartar dynasty, the Empress Dowager and her court, the Christian missions, the descriptions of Peking and Tien-Tsin and their environs, and of the great valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang, will all be read with absorbing interest by every one who wishes to be well informed regarding the great social and political upheaval which is now in progress in the Celestial Empire.

ELI T. SHEPPARD.

Conception of Immortality.



NO MATTER what success men may have in satisfying themselves concerning the immortality of the soul, the question itself remains immortal. Ever since Socrates staked his life upon his faith in his own answer to it, its discussion has been regarded as peculiarly the work of philosophers, and Kant aroused a host of inquirers by proclaiming it a third part of the mission of philosophy. Devout thinkers have always had, and will always have, the ear of humanity when they speak on such subjects. It is a fact for much self-congratulation that an endowed lectureship for the advancement of human knowledge on the subject of human immortality exists in our land. We have no national academy, but, little by little, in the establishment of a lectureship here and a scientific congress there, the organization of the means of distributing the learning of the wise is being accomplished, so that at length the laboratory and the scholar will no longer be cut off from men. One must welcome these annual appearances of the Ingersoll lecture. They are eagerly anticipated and very vital parts of our common learning. It is the belief of philosophers that the answer to the eternal question is locked up in the mysteries of each single being, or, to vary the striking words of Sill, the statement of the equation which each of us must solve is: Given self, find the enduring soul. There are known terms and something is known of problem solving also. But how give x its proper value? That is the question, and the whole world is eager for a master who will teach it the hidden method. In Prof. Royce, such a master is found. America was proud of him when he represented her scholarship so acceptably in Europe, but that was but a small part of his tireless service in the teaching of the nation. In this book he has made us again his debtor, for he has shown conclusively "that to be an individual at all a man has to be very much nearer to the Eternal than in our present life we are accustomed to observe." The question of the nature of the individual "is at once a problem of logic and an issue of life." But logic can solve problems and be very vital and interesting while it

performs its work, too. The hunting down of thoughts is here quite as exciting as to ride with hounds. At length, almost against our wills, we find ourselves persuaded that enduring individuality is not a mystery, but a very plain fact which common experience contains, and which passes unnoted just because it is too common and because custom and habit have obscured its meaning. The witchery of the process is quite plain if any one will read it.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

Hopes Concerning Mr. James Lane Allen.



ONE MAY have a very high appreciation of the art of Mr. James Lane Allen, and of the literary quality of his work, and may, at the same time, feel a serial disappointment in reading his books, as they are published. Those of us who first made his acquaintance through *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, had a feeling that he had invented a new kind of literature, and we now have a feeling of resentment because he does not fulfil his promise and give us the new kind of literature in its perfection. This feeling is natural, but altogether unjust. There are no new kinds of literature, and there will be none, under the present dispensation. In the little books which made him famous, Mr. Allen gave us only a very old kind of literature; but his dexterity of touch, his delicacy of feeling, his literary skill, seemed to so create all things new that the old passed away. But it was only seeming, as Mr. Allen has proved.

If it were not for a prepossession, which makes us expect too much, we should enjoy *The Reign of Law* greatly, for the qualities which we expect are all there in abundant measure. The keen love of man and nature, and the gift to express it, make the book worth reading. Perhaps it is the more apparent because of the very intractable material which he has chose to work in. Any one who has lived on this planet during the last fifty years may have seen any number of thoughtful young men carried away from their theological and religious moorings by the currents of modern thought, and every one has read novels with this *motif*. But no one ever read a very good novel of this sort. Perhaps Mr. Allen's novel is as good as it could be. It is another step in the proof that the subject is not a good one for fiction. David's statement of his views, when he tries to make Gabriella understand them, would make a cat, or a philosopher, laugh. Fortunately for the happiness of both, it did not make Gabriella laugh.

The Reign of Law is not much of a novel, but it is a good deal of a book, and a very interesting one. The loyalty to Kentucky, which is characteristic of her sons, often seems somewhat ridiculous to aliens, mainly because of the forms in which it is expressed, but, as Mr. Allen expresses it, it is something very beautiful and inspiring, and, in the eyes of the alien, lifts Kentucky to the rank in which any State belongs that can produce such a writer as Mr. Allen. This loving trust in Kentucky and the ability to give his reasons for it is one of the most potent elements in the charm which makes his disappointed readers cling to him hopefully.

He knows how to write. His style often violates canons of grammar and rhetoric and chronology, but we don't care; for he knows how to say things, and to say them in such a way that they are not only intelligible, but delightful. He can not only talk, but he can feel, and his every phrase (when he does not try to explain) is colored with emotion. That is why people like him. "Great thoughts come from the heart"; and if Mr. Allen has not given us any great thoughts, such thoughts as he has given us are lifted out of the commonplace by the fact that they come from the heart.

The author's appreciation of external nature, and his ability to bring his reader into sympathy with it are abundantly illustrated in this book. The preliminary essay on the unpoetical subject of hemp, and his description of the ice storm, are as good as possible, but I find the spirit of the whole matter more strikingly shown in countless allusions and suggestions scattered through the book.

Wonderfully fine is the characterization of "the old Kentucky home," with David's father and mother. Finer yet is the contrast between the raw boy's reasoned skepticism

and the girl's unassuming faith; both so true, and so perfectly complementary, the one to the other. Mr. Allen has all the equipment of a great novelist. The only trouble is that he has no story to tell which is suited to his gifts. Perhaps it will come to him some time. In the meantime, let us, without too much grumbling, put up with such books as *A Summer in Arcady*, *The Choir Invisible*, and *The Reign of Love*. For "we are prisoners of hope."

THOS. R. BACON.

"The Compleat Bachelor."



DON'T know which is the more delicious book of the year, George Ade's *Fables in Slang* or Oliver Onions' *Compleat Bachelor*. One is most delightfully vulgar; the other just as charmingly refined. They go with each other as cheese goes with salad. George Ade has charted the greater and grosser organs of human nature, and depicted the primary instincts of hypocrisy, pride, vanity, and selfishness with illustrations as luridly colored as anatomical wall charts. Oliver Onions has dissected the nerves and veins, only, with a keen rest for the tertiary sensations—the little subtle emotional qualities that make the Eternal Feminine both laughable and lovable.

But if you knew Oliver Onions! The first time you hear his name you will laugh, and make some cheap joke, but, I warn you, you will never forget the patronym. But if you had known him, as I knew him, in Chelsea, when he had but one suit of clothes and a brown mackintosh, when his fiddle was popped, and his violin was popped, and everything else was popped at Uncle Isaac's in the Old King's Road, when he was living on fifteen shillings a week, (I was living on eighteen) when on cold nights he lay, without pajamas, under a double elephant drawing-board of hard white deal, and if you stayed all night you must keep warm with newspapers! If you had talked with him for hours at a time, in my garret in Paradise Row, opposite the Royal Hospital, where the red-coated pensioners sit in the sun all day; if you had discussed the American Girl (a revelation to Oliver till Kitty Carmine came to London,) until the last Fulham 'bus had gone, and he had to walk home three miles in the rain, for the lack of two pence which he would *not* borrow, and if, above all, you had eaten a steak fried on the open fire at his little empty flat (he had four rooms and two chairs, and built his own table), then you would laugh to think of him writing society dialogues for the *Queen*, the most aristocratic of the ladies' weeklies in London. Where did he get his experience with clubmen, with smart young married women, and girl bachelors? Perhaps it was when he lived on a scholarship in Kensington. What, in heaven's name, does he know of afternoon teas, he who took his meals in a "pub," and knew every barmaid from the World's End Passage to the Strand? You might know him a year and never find out. Yet he did know, down to the very latest affectation of the coquette, the pose of the hour, the littlest tea-table jest, the tricks of the managing mamma, and the wiles of the confirmed flirt. His mind was a garden, where, if you dropped a hint, it grew like a seed, and blossomed splendidly. He had a way with housemaids, did Oliver; rather, he knew the way, had he ever cared to use it. But he had a way with Spenser, and with Chaucer, too! Shakespeare was at his finger ends, and the Elizabethan dramatists were his familiars. He would smile and smile, and you never suspected how much he knew until he wrote, for his subjective self was in closer communication with his pen than with his lips.

He has written down the conventional English woman, a sufficiently uninteresting thesis, except when seen through the eyes of a Compleat Bachelor, one who is indulgent and asteistic both; one who can cajole and tease in the same breath, one who loves and listens to all her follies, and would not have her one whit more consistent, for all the world. Rollo Butterfield is, of course, none but Oliver grown affluent and lazy (the first edition of *The Compleat Bachelor* was sold out before publication and Oliver, perhaps, will soon have "chambers" on Jermyn Street,) but now it is his pose to stay in the corner as an observer. And yet he is *au fait* with the refinements of flirtation, he knows every opening

gambit, from the pretty, amicable quarrel to the compliment outright. He does not yet know the American Girl, except from a month with Kitty Carmine, but, if he comes to America, let the American Girl beware! From a dozen of Kitty's letters he will have constructed a theory, and he will play his bluff with verve. Oliver is young, clever and good-looking. He would have it all his own way.

Oliver's book is graceful, a characteristic of the first work of any one who is born a writer. It is not yet strong. The plot is attenuated, for the episodes are hardly more than dialogue. But his innuendo is sly, and his diction epigrammatic. He is a gentleman, and will not make a scene; what emotion you get must come from the cunning phrase, and not from a real shock. Some time, after Oliver has fallen in love . . . but he won't do that until he comes to San Francisco!

What discussions we had over *The Compleat Bachelor*. Oliver was for a long time undecided whether he should marry Millie Dixon or not, but at last he found the most extraordinary form of proposal ever made, and the only one in keeping with the habits of such a whimsical chap as Rollo Butterfield. I wanted him to marry Kitty Carmine, but she doesn't come into the book at all! But it was Kitty's tears that moistened Oliver's opera glasses at "Tannhauser" in Drury Lane. How Oliver chuckled! It was too rich to be true! He asked me if I believed they were really tears! I have seen Kitty's chin toss in just the way he makes Carrie's toss, when it means so much; but there are no American girls in Oliver's book. More's the pity! Some time he'll write her down. I hope it will be before Kitty is married!

GELETT BURGESS.

On Reading Fiction.



THE infinite variety and complexity of the human mind is certainly most faithfully reflected in the many orders and disorders of current fiction. Each no doubt has its justification in a satisfied constituency, but the individual, bent on simple and healthful relaxation, has need of much caution as he scans the ensnaring titles and selects the companion that is to make or mar his leisure hour. First to be avoided is the Purpose Novel, which plunges the unwary through a thin shell of narrative into a discussion better suited to a time fortified with deliberate and calm preparedness. Of almost equal viciousness is the Novel of Analysis, probing into morbid depths and opening up for the readers' delectation the unwholesome and depressing. The Historical Novel is more justified and healthful, valuable indeed in its time and place, but still full of honeyed deception, improving and instructing when we wish it not. As for the Romantic Novel, blood stirring as its action may be, its freshness has been lost long since in its monotonous repetition of setting and construction. From all these we turn with a feeling of danger past—and search for a style much more simple and modest, one that is unclassed but of a distinctive brotherhood, issued not for cult or pelf and dependent for its charm only on delicate fancy and fresh simplicity. Rare as these may be, they are long remembered and soon brought to mind. There is *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* of added charm from the mystery of its authorship; or Kenneth Graham's *In The Golden Age*, that magic opening into the forgotten realms of childhood's imagination; not James Lane Allen's recent books, but the earlier *Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, where there was less of problem and more of nature; Max Beerbohm's delicate fancy of *The Happy Hypocrite* is one of them, and almost any of Barrie's—*Margaret Ogilby*, preferably, or the bewildering *Sentimental Tommy* and brave true-hearted *Grizzel*; a few of Stevenson's, Eugene Field's, and any one of Bunner's—do you remember the story in *Made in France* of the corpulent old innkeeper, who in his paralytic helplessness is set to a dozen eggs, and how after the fortnight has passed and the chicks have come out the multitude gather to ask "How is Tony, now?", the story closing with that delicious "As well as could be expected." And so the list could be continued; it is not so difficult after all to find those that have taken their place in our affections and esteem. But of the new books that crowd the tables it is a different matter. We shall make the search and report in next IMPRESSIONS.

D. P. E

"The Touchstone" by Edith Wharton.



RS. WHARTON'S story, "The Touchstone," can be read with pleasure more than once by the discriminating reader. Beyond the processes of mental and moral deflection through which Glennard passed, there is still room for the readers' imagination to dwell on many questions suggested during the severe moral conflict, ending in his regenerating anguish. It is extraordinary that a man of his limitations should have been loved by two such incomparable women as Margaret Aubyn and Alexa Trent. *Moral dependence* is the flaw in his character—in early manhood he was inspired with self-confidence by Margaret Aubyn, later he goes to Flamel for encouragement to publish the letters; in the end he gains strength only by the promise of reparation from his wife. He is too sensitive to *physical* expression of beauty, serenity and repose. He does not question their existence in the mind and soul, if the outward signs are visible. What his wife seemed to be was sufficient to him until the crucial moment. * * * * Alexa is an exquisite picture, though sufficient excuse is not shown for her relations with Flamel or her apparent indifference to her husband's struggle.

Over all though dominates the memory and personality of Margaret Aubyn. It is a remarkable achievement in literature when the spirit of the dead touches us more nearly than the emotions of the living. Margaret's undying love, her books, and more than all—the letters—are greater realities to us than Glennard's love and material success.

The mental action and the tableaux of strenuous import, at last resolve themselves into two scenes of intense dramatic power: that of the insult to Flamel, and the almost brutal exultation of Glennard's confession of ignominy to his wife. This story of psychologic analysis, enlivened by brilliant epigrams, is distinguished in construction and rich in every detail.

MARY BELL.

A Californian Writer's New Romance.



ALIFORNIA is represented among the books of the month by *A Georgian Actress*, whose author, "Pauline Bradford Mackie" is, in private life, Mrs. Herbert Müller Hopkins of Berkeley.

The *Georgian Actress* whose career is the pivot upon which the pretty romance turns, is Mistress Ann Johnson, daughter of that Sir William Johnson, whose name is so knit up with the early history of the Mohawk Valley. The opening chapters of the tale deal with life in the Valley; but later the scene shifts to the old country, and we get a realistic series of pictures of London life in the time of George the Third.

In these days of morbid anatomy in fiction it is rather a relief than otherwise, to come upon a novel quite free from the slightest touch of villainy. There really is no villain in *A Georgian Actress*. The characters are all drawn in a spirit of wide and mantling charity, and with a deal of fine humor, as well. Even King George, "Snuffy old drone from the German hive," is but sketched lightly, as an amiable elderly gentleman, of Methodistic turn of mind. The immortal Garrick is a prominent character in the book, and we get an amusing peep at the great lexicographer himself, breakfasting upon soup, before a vegetable stall, damning America between spoonfuls, with polysyllabic orotundity and thoroughness.

The author knows well the period of which she writes. She has shown us this in two other books, *Mlle. de Berney*, and *Ye Lyttle Salem Mayde*. She is most at home, however, in colonial America; Ann and Peggy, real and lovable, with the very essence of childhood, in all that they say and do in their home in the wilderness, grow somewhat shadowy amid the bustle of London Town. We are forthright glad when Sir John takes Peggy back to America, and we wish that Ann and we might go too.

The *Georgian Actress* remains in London, however, to study with Garrick and to follow her career, and we, perforce, linger with her.

Mrs. Hopkins is peculiarly happy in her drawing of feminine characters—not every woman writer is—but her women are very genuine, for the most part, and eminently lovable, even in their perversity, and her work has freshness and a dignity as agreeable to meet in books as it is, alas, unusual.

As hinted, the greatest lack in the present story, is, perhaps, shadow, which might have served to bring the delicately drawn heroine into better relief, but the impression left by the book is of something altogether wholesome and pleasant. We are glad that Ann forsook Drury Lane and a career, for her Albany Dutchman, and since we may not go back with her across seas, to greet Peggy once more, and to see the Georgian Actress in her new role of colonial dame, we take content in the memory of her leaving the park with that pretty farewell:

"Good-bye, dear park; may your arbours be kind to many lovers."

ADELINE KNAPP.



THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Grandma's Story. (*First Prize.*)



"H! GRANDMA," chirped little Prudence, running into the sitting room, "Mamma gave me these things, an old yellow paper so blurred that I can't read it, a pretty medal like soldiers wear only not so bright, and this funny old piece of money and told me to ask you to tell me about them. Will you please?"

"Well dear me! Have I never told you about them? Then I must right away. Well, 'twas during the dreadful War of the Revolution that something happened I will never forget. But first I must tell you what the war was about. It started——"

"But grandma," interrupted Prudence, "I know all about that, so please begin with the story."

"Very well, dear. My mother had sent me to take some jelly to my aunt who was sick. The path to her house led through a beautiful wood. I had not gone far when I felt a hand on my shoulder and looking up startled, beheld a soldier in buff and blue. He politely doffed his cocked hat and I made him a curtsy. "What is your name, little maid?" he asked. I told him. "Ah!" said he, "I think I know your father. I am the captain of his regiment." I made him another curtsy. "Can'st keep a secret, dear?" "That I can," said I not a little proudly. "Did I not conceal the powder and then mislead the Redcoats when they came last year?"

"Then thou art a brave little girlie," he said, pressing *this* shilling into my hand. "Canst keep another for thy country and for me?"

"I would gladly keep a hundred for my country, (you too) though it cost me my life, without a bribe," I said, curtsying low, but nevertheless I gladly took the shilling. Then, before I knew what had happened, I was on the soldier's back being born quickly along. Suddenly we struck out from the path, and about a hundred yards or more to the right we stopped by a thick clump of bushes. Then the captain laid me down and spoke to me very gravely.

"Deborah," said he, "Do'st realize how serious is the undertaking that is before thee? A man's life depends upon thee and upon that life hang many others. Deborah!" said he, speaking excitedly, "The British are after me. This is my hiding place; take

them from it; go by the roadside and pick flowers, they will surely ask thee about me; mislead them; take them anywhere but here. Remember a man's life is in thy hands."

With that, he plunged into the midst of the bushes just as a bugle call rang out on the crisp morning air. Then with my heart beating wildly, I ran to the road and began to pick daisies just as the soldiers rounded the bend.

"High ho! my pretty lassie!" cried the captain, calling his followers to a halt. "Come here; don't be afraid, I won't hurt you. Listen, hast seen a man in hiding anywhere around here lately? Answer up quickly and honestly now."

'Twas a trying moment, but I had an answer. "Yes, sir."

"Then you must take us to him if you can guide the horse," and lifting me up in front of him, put the lines into my hands and said, "Now lead us into ambush or not, as you will."

"I took him directly to the secret dwelling of 'Andrew the Hermit.' The captain was a little put out because he had not found the right man. "Hast not seen any other?" he questioned.

"Why, sir," I replied, "my mother has told me of every one that has hidden in these woods for the last ten years, and she says this is the only one here now, and as I go through here to my aunt's nearly every day, I think I ought to see any new comers."

So he turned his men and went back down the road, dropping me at the beginning of the path. After they had gone, I turned and ran to the bushes. To my surprise and disappointment, the soldier was not there, but left behind him this paper praising me for my bravery and saying that he left this medal of courage for me. It also said that he would come to see me. *This* is the letter and *this* the medal (which I recognized as the one he wore). That is the end of my story, how dost like it?"

"Oh! grandma, it's lovely, but did he ever come to see you?"

"Oh, yes, many a time, but his son, William, came oftener, and once he came to stay and we were always together until death parted us. Now, dear heart, run away and play; first give me a kiss, for old grandma is tired and needs her afternoon nap."

MARY WATKINS (age, eleven years).

Virtue Rewarded. (*Second Prize.*)



ONCE upon a time there was a poor woman. She had four children she was so poor that sometimes they would go for a day without eating. She named her children, Frank the oldest then George and John, and the little girl best of all Baby-Blue-eyes, her real name was Mary but they called her Baby-Blue-eyes because her eyes were such a beautiful blue. One day it was a cold winter night in December, they were all sitting around the table there was a knock at the door the mother went to open the door and to her surprise, an old man with a long beard came in, it was easy to see that he had been out in the snow for his coat was full of little white feathers. Excuse me ladies and gentlemen but I am a poor man with nothing to eat and no wear to sleep, will you be kind enough to let me sleep here over night. Know lots of people poor like she, would have sent him out of the house, but Mrs. Green was very kind and tried to help other people, so she said she would. So the old man was put in an arm chair, while Baby-Blue-eyes took off his wet clothes and put on some nice dry ones, the mother cooked some dinner, the boys made a fire to warm his feet so every body helped to comfort the old man. After the old man had his supper the old man wanted to go to bed but there was no bed, I will give my bed said Baby-Blue-eyes. The old man was put in Baby-Blue-eyes' bed while she slept on the floor. In the morning Baby-Blue-eyes got up at five o'clock and cooked the breakfast, then she cleaned the rooms, when she had done that she went out in the garden and picked some flowers from her own garden and put them in the old man's room where he would see them the first thing in the morning. He did see them and thanked her for it which delighted her. After breakfast the old man said goodbye to the family. God will bless

you he said for helping a poor man he said to the mother, he kissed Baby-Blue-eyes she looked up at him with eyes full of kindness, he patted her cheek and left the house. When Mrs. Green and Baby-Blue-eyes were alone Mary dear I have something to tell you, there is going to be wore and your brothers are forst to go. There was silence in the house for a minute, I am sorry to hear this nuse but if it hast to be then it hast to be but we will pray and maybe God will spare them, yes we will pray with all our heart said the mother. When the family parted at the door, they were all sad but wouldent show it. We will try to look out for ourselves said Frank. I will write to all of you said Baby-Blue-eyes with a smile, then they kissed each other once more and marched of. It was very lonely that night at dinner without the boys, but the mother would incest upon having the three chairs in the same place. When they went to bed that night they praid very hard that God should spare the boys. Everything went on all wright for a few days. One day they got a message telling that poor George was shot and died. That was a shock for the poor woman but she bore it bravely. Just then they got another note saying that John and Frank were coming home next day to stay for a few days, they were delighted at this and thanket God for being so good to them. Next morning Baby-Blue-eyes got up early to meat her brothers. When the brothers came they were right away taken into the house, then Baby-Blue-eyes gave them some sup and bread, well my little sister how are you getting along said John with a smile, I am all write said Baby-Blue-eyes climbing on his nee but you must tell me a story. Once upon a time long ago there was a king this king was always fighting with other countrys. Once a girl in this country was very brave and said that she would go and fight, she fought well and at last they wone. That was great said Baby-Blue-eyes. Then an idea flashed through her mind. Mama can I go to the wore like the little girl in the story. Mrs. Green looked surprised then she thought for a minute. Yes darling you may. The next day they all went off leaving the poor mother alone. When they got to the place where they were to fight Baby-Blue-eyes put on pants and went to fight for her country. One day Frank got a buled through his arm and couldent fight. Baby-Blue-eyes stayed with him and nursed him, sometimes she would read or play but she did not give up fighting altogether in the evening when he was asleep she would go out and fight. When he got well the wore was nearly over and as they had fought so well they were let off. I will stay here and pack your things and go on the next train. But when her brothers went she did not pack the trunks but went in the wore and fought, when all of a sudden a bullet struck her and she fell on the ground unconscious and laid there for an hour when an old man passing by saw her and picking her up saw that it was Baby-Blue-eyes, this man was the man that came to the house. When he found out where she lived he took her there. This man was not poor but had disguised his face. Then Baby-Blue-eyes married the old man and they all lived happily ever after. MAY SOPHY LILIENTHAL (age, eight years, when written).

Note.

The editors of *IMPRESSIONS* have found the duty of prize awarding for the best child-written story a hard but intensely interesting one. They could not be guided by the standards of mature literary work, so they have given the prizes to those children who have shown the most thought or imagination. The girls' work has been in every instance far better than the boys', the reasons for this difference in ability have been a puzzle, which now remains but partly solved. To select *two* stories from the girls' contributions as the best, has been a task indeed, for many stood side by side and in the first rank of goodness. We wish to mention here the following names of girls whose stories the editors would like to publish some day, and if the little writers have not won the *prize* they shall certainly get a book when we use their stories: Christine Fay Ferguson, Marion Polk Angellotti, Elizabeth Bard, Isabel Gilbert, Dorothy Stillman, May Higgins, and Wylda Aitken. The boys' prizes have been won by John Wallace (1st prize) and Walter Murdock (2d prize). The editors thank all the children, and are full of gratitude, their only regret is that they cannot give every girl and boy a prize.

REVIEWS.

CHINA, THE LONG LIVED EMPIRE. By ELIZABETH RUSSELL. Century Company. \$2.50.

THE CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY. By JOSIAH ROYCE. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

THE COMPLETE BACHELOR. By OLIVER ONIONS.

THE REIGN OF LAW. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

THE TOUCHSTONE. By EDITH WHARTON. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

A GEORGIAN ACTRESS. By PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

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- (3) To instruct is to reveal the relations between fact and fact, whether these facts be ideas, things, or persons.

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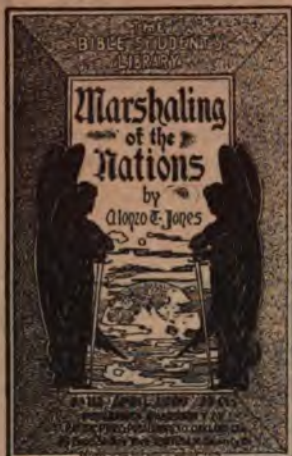
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And silver darts and slender threads and radiant little lines all through;—
The way my woolen mittens clung to it—
(It set my teeth on edge.)
The pointed end I stabbed my cheek with—

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What and Where Should Californians Write?

IT IS an old and shallow rebuke to the artistic discernment of Californians that they are the last to recognize the genius of their own writers, and that the writers themselves, after their discovery by the great intelligent world beyond the mountains, invariably leave us to enjoy the recognition withheld from them at home. The basis of the rebuke is the simple truth; it is in failure to understand the truth that the error lies. The writers themselves, not their own people, are at fault. If the writers only realized not only that a large and generous recognition at home could not be reasonably expected, but also that upon that simple fact, among many others contributing to their singular daring, originality and vigor, rest the elements within them that make them great in the eyes of the outer world, they would deny themselves the blandishments that London offers. It would be difficult to name a single Californian writer that has advanced in artistic greatness since he left. Here, in his social and artistic isolation, he may seek the human and other elements of his own choice, and, wholly free from all the restraints of conventionality, work out his own destiny on the bold, free, untrammelled lines of his natural bent. That is what the great world wants.

Those writers who please their readers at home are generally unintelligible to the outside world, and those who handle as plastic matter the material furnished by their environment offend their home readers while securing the artistic appreciation of the world. If a writer would be an artist, he may not strive for recognition at home. The bane of many Californians has been a hopeless attempt to be true to a life that the outside world can not comprehend, and that, if it is not set forth truly, Californians reject as spurious. Such was Bret Harte's experience. It was by using his materials as a true artist should that he became the laughing-stock of California and the idol of Europe. But as an artist he made no advancement after leaving California. That fateful allurements, "recognition," enticed him from his duty and opportunity. Dickens has always been more extensively read in America than in England. Just as he, although neglected in London, found his American tours a continued ovation, so Bret Harte, regarded as a vagabond in San Francisco, found the most exclusive drawing-rooms of London open to receive him. In spite of the fact that London is the broadest and most generous city in the world, still, it is human, and while it has comparatively little of the narrowness and provincialism of New York, it demands a perspective. Not there, nor in New York, nor in San Francisco is it a matter of intelligent home appreciation, but of perspective. It is the thing removed from the commonplaces investing us—removed not too far to be fully comprehensible, and showing forth what stirs dormant longings and ideals within us—that we want in literature and all other forms of art.

A long residence in California is required to bring one under the spell of its incomparable charm. The very strangeness of the salient conditions here—the influence of its romantic and tragic history, its unfamiliar meteorology, and its unusual social and industrial conditions—is so endeared to the Californian's heart as to blind him to the fact that with his pen he can not impress their charm upon an alien. The best that he may reasonably hope to do is to avoid "realism" in depicting them, and use them as a plastic and shadowy background for showing forth an elemental human nature that the whole world can understand. This is on the assumption that it is worth while to use this local material at all. There is great risk in the task. The writer would be on safer ground if he reflected that it is not the material extraneous to his inner life that lends him his singular power and opportunity, but the effect upon his inner life that all of these conditions have wrought. If he

take that view, he will be perfectly safe in ignoring "local color" and character entirely, and writing things geographically as remote from California as were the scenes of Gulliver's adventures from Regent Square.

The writer owes a higher duty to himself and the world at large than to any narrow environment in which he may find himself. The disclosure in one's writing of a passionate love for one's particular section of the world betrays a narrowness, a provincialism that the writer may regard as the greatest danger besetting him. Narrowness cultivated in one direction operates in all others. The writer should be his own law, his own master; if, with that, he have a due respect for humanity, he can not go wrong. He should set himself no task that his environment limits. It never has been the extraneous material used by any great writer that made his work universal and immortal; it has been merely the power within him, using this material as plastic substance to independent ends, that secured immortality. And many of the noblest things in all literature were written concerning worlds, peoples, and conditions that never existed.

The true power of the writer comes from within, never from without. Now and then extraneous forces have operated to awaken slumbering powers, give them freedom, and stir them to exercise. Such is the peculiar condition in California. Behind that are still other considerations. A large number of Californians are here because of an adventurous, independent spirit that led them out of a cramped environment elsewhere. Another considerable number are the children of such characters and inheritors of their progenitors' hardy qualities. Thus two forces, external and internal, distinguish the Californian, setting him aside from the ordinary level of the American character. This is speaking very broadly; as a matter of fact, these exceptions to the ordinary level are rare in comparison with the whole population of the State; but still they are peculiar to California, and their power and influence are manifest in every line of endeavor, lending to California a distinctive character and flavor. Their potency is further enhanced by geographical isolation. It would be extraordinary if, in the spirit thus engendered, there should not step forth daring and brilliant workers in creative art.

In all the arts except writing, there is here, as everywhere else, a tendency to suppress individuality by established methods of instruction. Conventional habits are thus formed that have a strong effect upon individuality and originality in the working years following the training. In another form, but to a far less degree, the writer is influenced by conventionality, because he has the unfortunate habit of reading what has originated in conventional centers. But the repressive influence thus exercised is not so strong as that felt in the other arts. It is for this reason, seemingly, that California has produced more brilliant and original writers than artists in other lines. Further, as there are few canons of art in literature as compared with those in the other arts, and as the popular acceptance of writing is independent of the influence of the disagreeing critics, there is still another incentive to ignore narrow conventionality and give genius rein.

After a writer has grown strong by the development of his internal forces, he may safely study his environment and select from it such material as he may choose to use, keeping it as close to the "verities," or removing it as far therefrom, as he please. Then he will find California the richest field in the world—a field so remarkably varied that it is still practically unexplored. But should he seek any "recognition" other than the acceptance of his work by the widest and best world, he will have squandered his priceless birthright.

W. C. MORROW.

"A Christmas Sermon," that gem of Robert Louis Stevenson, previously so completely hidden from sight in the volume of miscellaneous essays, *Across the Plains*, is at last to be published separately, and in a worthy typographic setting. It was in this essay that that ideal, "To be honest, to be kind" subsequently so well known through its leaflet issue, was first given to the world.

The Year's Two Dramas.

THE CONUNDRUM of the workshops presses heavily in these days of query and analysis; but the most persistent interlocutor of the critical semi-circle may cease from troubling in the presence of the two great dramas whereby our literature has this year been enriched. In *Paolo and Francesca*, and *The Sunken Bell*, we have, beyond a peradventure, two works of art, two "permanent incarnations of spiritual energy," set out by master workmen.

Of the former the final authoritative word may, undoubtedly, more readily be spoken—although I would not be understood as aspiring to speak it; Hauptmann's work on the other hand, will be oftener called upon to stand at the challenge of those strenuous souls always present who keep with us "the ancient feud between philosophy and art." Nevertheless, both he and Stephen Phillips have wrought for us, each within the laboratory of his own soul, a concrete manifestation of life, each working by that pure synthesis from elements which only the master, in whatever workshop, knows.

Dante gave us, long ago, the story of *Paolo and Francesca*. In its essentials the tragedy is a world-story: it has been with us since first man knew emotion as apart from sensation, and recognized his pain or pleasure therein. But Dante's view-point is always religious:—to wit, Christian; it has remained for the Victorian poet to give us the story in a spirit purely heathen—as unmoral as the old pagan ideals.

For Mr. Phillips' work is consummately Greek, and on lines followed by the ancient Greeks. Its conception is of man as the plaything of the gods; a feather of chance borne forward upon the winds of fate; "grains between the upper and the nether millstones of adverse forces," to produce, in the grinding, that alone which the gods foredoomed to his manner of grain. The two lovers move across the scene only that there may be fulfilled in their lives that which is written upon their foreheads. The beauty, the impressive marshaling of dramatic forces, the pathos and the charm of the work, do but go to emphasize the one teaching: they could not help it.

It were easy to quarrel with the ethics of this view-point, but, the view-point granted, the pure beauty and the power of Mr. Phillips' drama may not be questioned.

The Sunken Bell has been called by its author "a German fairy-play," and some knowledge of German myth and folk-lore is necessary to its understanding. The under-world creatures of Teutonic mysticism are all symbolic, and the use Hauptmann makes of them in developing his drama is characteristic of the Teutonic genius.

The two books have in common only the greatness of their artistic wealth. Each is a story of the soul overpowered, but Hauptmann's is the drama of a soul destroyed, self-consumed in the devouring flame of desire to be as the gods, creating and compelling.

Symbolic *The Sunken Bell* unquestionably is, but whether the inference from its symbolism shall be hope or despair is left with the reader. The artist shows us the nature of sin, that it is ugly, grotesque, relentless, and that in the end the very forces of nature make a jest and a plaything of the man who would turn evil into a tool for the fashioning of good, and who, defying truth, departs from duty the better to work God's glory.

The work must necessarily come with some modification of its beauty to those who can read it only in translation; yet for Mr. Meltzer's rendering there is much to be said. It is sympathetic and appreciative, and the translator has a fine ear for the rhythmic value of words.

There is a great charm in the natural setting of the drama. The freshness and moistness of the deep woods breathes through it, and the loveliness of vale and stream and mountain come clearly to view. Even the more elemental spirits of the under-world awaken our tolerance, and we accept them with neither approval nor scorn, as we accept the elemental processes of life and death in nature itself.

ADELINE KNAPP.



"The Unknown" by Camille Flammarion.

THERE are errors," wrote Coleridge, "which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a possibility that they may be the refraction of some great truth below the horizon." In this spirit the wise man must maintain a suspended judgment toward that increasing manifold of doubtful happenings which are commonly christened "psychic." M. Flammarion's book teems with them. His volume is a human document which is interesting, no matter how we may prize his results. The array of human idiocies which he brings together in the first two chapters must make the man-hating devils laugh, while the author's own statements with regard to the teachings of Berkeley Mill and Bain can not fail to excite mirth this side of the other world.

M. Flammarion promises in his introduction to apply the method of science to psychic phenomena. In a sense he does this—the Baconian sense of tabulating a vast range of reported happenings. But the essence of scientific method is experiment—is such control of conditions which are studied that they may be reproduced as often as is necessary. One can not make ghosts walk at will. He can only tell of those which he himself has seen, and very rarely is he able to persuade others who have themselves seen none. But if the scientist can not demonstrate he is no scientist, and unfortunately such demonstration as M. Flammarion can offer is not conclusive. Even the certainty of the law court is wanting in it, for of necessity one can not be confronted by and can not cross-question the witnesses that are summoned. Certified and sworn statements avail but little. The patent-medicine men have made us wary as to their sufficiency. Quite naturally we have come to value the proof of Thomas more than that of Paul. However these are limitations which cling to the subject which M. Flammarion treats. He could hardly have handled it more successfully, and the very massing of cases in his work goes far toward convincing. Some day perhaps the truth which mocks us here but does not satisfy will appear above the horizon.

E. C. MOORE.

"Anglo-Saxons and Others" by Aline Gorren.

FOR many there is immense satisfaction in being on the winning side. Weak men and women generally accept certain phases of politics or religion because of form or fashion. While it usually requires courage to stand by a movement which is numerically weak, sheer obstinacy will sometimes keep on that side some few who at heart have quite different sympathies. Nature does not ask us to choose to which race we shall belong. Those who find that fate has made Anglo-Saxons of them are on the whole well pleased. Some few there are who are thinking just now that it is a rather equivocal honor.

The vigorous young civilization of the Anglo-Saxon implies the leading of the world's commerce. The Saxon is in the fore-front of several wars. By sea and by land he is a power to be feared by the strongest. Any book about him is of timely interest because his place in the drama of civilization seems so masterful.

It is courageous to write a book of relatively simple style and brevity, attempting to analyze the traits of English and Americans. A Slav might write a book "The Slav and Others," and employ some of the opinions of this author; that is to say, many of the conclusions reached might, perhaps, apply to other peoples as well.

The professor, with notable inconsistency, told his class that "all generalizations are false." It seems that the putting together of any group of adjectives to describe the power of a race is too risky generalization. One is tempted to ask why any other dozen adjectives were not chosen. The race is capable of so many analyses.

To say that this book is important is perhaps overstating its worth. The subject matter covers a wide reading and is therefore uncommonly suggestive. There are numerous

clever sentences ; as good as any are these from different chapters : "An æsthetic type of society is weakest at the seventh commandment ; an economic type of society frailest at the eighth * * * All uncivilized or semi-civilized men are 'suggestionized' to think that it is better to eat off cheap Western crockery than their own often artistic earthenware, and coaxed to wish for upholstered chairs, and electric lights by night and electric conveyances by day. * * * A charitable compatriot of Dostoievsky, who lifts a fallen and erring brother, lifts him with a tenderer touch, one suspects, than an equally charitable church member who says his prayers in English has, in general, in his fingers' ends. And, after all, the heart of humanitarianism is just there. * * * We do not love in others the things which we have hated and just escaped from ourselves. * * * We cannot say that these are chosen peoples, * * * except as they may be chosen for an hour, a day, a passing phase of the world."

From the foregoing, it may be seen that the Saxon is not everywhere praised. Often his foibles are pointed out with amusing keenness. The ideals of the Saxon the author knows to be relative, not absolute. The reader's very disagreement with some of the statements of the book, makes its reading worth while. We have French critics of the English and of the Americans. This is an analysis principally of Americans—incidentally of some others—agreeable for the most part with our own point of view.

FREDERIC C. BROWN.

"All About Dogs" by C. H. Lane.

AS WE go along our way, few are the men we pass who do not love a Dog ; nearly every man we see has a Dog which loves him ; that man is loved in the best way. This being a world full of Dogs and men, should we not have honest books about the dumb creature that truly loves ? I have read works upon the Dog, and in the reading gained some knowledge of dog biscuits, mange, colic, dew claws, occipital protuberances, and the like. In trying to learn of the Dog I have been overwhelmed by the egoism and conceit of the writers. I am quite frank in my expression ; for Dog Book authors are far above the range of my feeble shafts. I could forgive their conceit, had they sympathy ; I could overlook their egoism, did I see in them generous understanding of the noble animal they write about ; I could pass by their triteness and patronizing airs, could I catch one flash of *heart* as they speak of the Dog. I do not ask for literature ; originality can hardly be expected of the Doggie man, but there should be a writer about Dogs who stands side by side with the creatures whose virtues overshadow his own, and whose intelligence lies not far below man's. I have looked for such a Dog Book—to-day I have found it. *All About Dogs* by C. H. Lane, comes close to my standards. The simple unaffected preface of the book reflects the heart of the writer. The introduction shows Mr. Lane to be familiar with his subject, and a master, too. His words in many ways are like the "others"—(I have not yet decided why a Doggie man should consider himself the only truly Doggie man), but his book rings true, for all its good opinion of Mr. Lane, heart and sympathy flash out in all his simple, honest expression. He calls the Dog "our four-footed friend," and means it. He tells of the friend's intelligence and faithfulness with wonder and admiration. He honors and loves the friend he is speaking for. When he comes to technicalities, his book is complete ; I never lost sight of the man's earnest painstaking work. I will not critically analyze this book, a statement merely in few words of its worth will suffice. *All About Dogs* is lavishly illustrated by an artist who knew how to catch the subtle character expression of each Dog. "Points" are never overlooked, but are not overpowering. Care of the Dog is fully understood and reduced to simplicity of description, you are not lost, however, in a mass of wordy warnings, so that temptation comes to sell

your Dog. You can learn all that is necessary about colic, mange, or a hundred other Dog diseases, but Mr. Lane's wonderful knowledge does not overwhelm you, so that when your Dog sneezes or scratches you conclude that he has everything in the book, but if he does get sick you will know what to do for him. The book is honest, sincere, carefully arranged, exhaustive, and sympathetic; what more could you demand of a Dog Book?

MORGAN SHEPARD.

THE OLD BOOK ROOM.

Some Pleasures of Old Books.

IN ALL books about books, from the times of that enthusiastic bibliophile, Thomas Dibden, to the present reign of Mr. Slater or Mr. Vincent or Mr. Lang there has been a uniform insistence upon the importance of essentially the collector's requirements of old books; now I wish to enter a humble plea for another point of view—for a proper acknowledgment of what may be termed their æsthetic value.

It certainly would be very unwise to overlook entirely the importance of *first editions, uncut edges, original bindings, pristine condition*, and all the other points that gladden a collector's heart and make of his shelves virtually an interest-bearing bank deposit. We must look with reverence upon a noble library having for its keystone, if you wish, a *first folio Shakespeare*, supported by a *first issue of the first edition of Milton's Paradise Lost* and a *first folio Ben Jonson*, rounded out with a wealth of *best editions* and studded with gems of *Cruikshanks* and *Bewicks*, rare *Aldines* and choice *Elzevirs*. Such libraries do exist here in California and were they not in private homes, would be, most justly, the Mecca for all book worshippers.

But even so there is still a wealth of choice old volumes, rejected by advanced collectors, that in themselves have beauty, charm, interest,—and it is of them that I speak. Old bindings, often on now obscure works and therefore to be had for little price,—mellowed by time, the binder's varnish and garish gold softened into the substance of the leather,—these have the beauty of antique brocade, the concentrated color of a bit of old brass. And when they happen on some work one loves and reads, on *The Spectator Papers*, a *Byron* or *Scott*, *Dr. Johnson* or *The Arabian Nights*, with the paper toned and soft, quaint typography and perhaps old copperplates,—then is the heart pleased and the mind at rest. Imagine, if you will, reading the stately *Spectator Papers* in an edition of to-day, good as it may be, when some old set is near at hand to insensibly renew the atmosphere of the author's life and times, and by its mellowed harmony round out and complete his stately periods. That little *Scott* that I have in old full calf—"Horribly faded" the skeptic will say, but no, I insist, merely toned into beauty, with its faint mitered gold lines just bright enough to accent and not dazzle—or that *Tasso* with its goffered edges, or this *Milton*—it is difficult for an enthusiast to check his examples.

And then, it is hard to say it and dispel illusions, there are many rare books, volumes that we take in our hand with a catch in our breath of reverence and awe, that did their title-page bear other names, would be cast aside unnoticed, having of themselves no charm nor interest, poorly printed and without dignity. While on the other hand I know of a volume of old German copper engravings of the Book of Genesis, without title-page or text,—“mere truck, absolutely”—that has given hours of enjoyment, the plates of beautiful workmanship, and brilliantly printed.

If you have some such old volumes and the bindings seem dingy, a small amount of olive oil, applied with a whisp of absorbent cotton and rubbed briskly, will remove the grime of the old book stalls, revitalize the leather, and bring forth the hidden glories. Any odor of the oil will soon pass off, but care should be taken not to use it too lavishly.

D. P. E.

Chinese Snuff-bottles.



HERE are many curious questions concerning the propagation of smoking and snuff-taking in the century following the voyages of Columbus. Nations like the Chinese, with whom conservatism is a law and an instinct, lost no time in adopting the fashions set by American savages and accepted at every court in Europe in spite of ecclesiastical censures and the pedantic opposition of James I. of England. Commerce has never succeeded in effecting such universal distribution of useful products as was accomplished for tobacco in the sixteenth century by contagion and superstition. Travelers can more readily disseminate their vices than their principles, and snuff came to China along with Father Ricci and his Jesuit companions early in the seventeenth century. Their vast scheme for the conversion of the Empire left few monuments or morals to survive the loss of political patronage under the early Manchu emperors. But snuff is still inhaled by millions of Chinese nostrils as a relief from the intrusive and oppressive odors which make the sense of smell an affliction to the Oriental. For the gods there is incense, for mortals the smoke of tobacco or opium or the more effective pungency of snuff.

However, we are concerned chiefly with the influence of this exotic indulgence upon the arts of the Far East. There is a curious analogy between the snuff-boxes of Europe and the snuff-bottles of China in all that relates to decoration and style. In the East as well as in the West, the art is too delicate to escape triviality. Bold relief, broad effects of color, and all that makes for originality are excluded from these miniature pocket-pieces. And then they have always been toys of fashion, lacking the restraint of tradition and missing the dignity of works of ceremonial or classic art. Nor have they been transfigured by the imaginative craft of Japanese artists, able to mask the crudities and conventionalities of symbolism by impressionistic renderings. The Japanese rejected the snuff-taking habit along with Christianity and the customs of Europe in the seventeenth century, though the trick of smoking infinitesimal doses of mild tobacco escaped proscription and is still practiced by Japanese of both sexes.

Doubtless the first snuff-takers used tubes of bamboo or horn, and those forms are still represented in refined as well as in primitive materials. But the commonest type is now a flat, oval bottle about three inches long, closed by an ornamental stopper to which a miniature spoon is attached. The charge of snuff can thus be placed on the thumb nail for delivery to the nostrils. Nowadays, the most popular material for such gear is pottery in the infinite variety of wares still produced in China. Solid colors, the dragon's-blood crimson, the crackled apple-green, the imperial yellow, and other rich tints, are always effective. Then there are old blue and white wares, crackled or plain, but always wearing their colors under glaze. Delicate pinks and greens are painted over the glazing and made costly by elaboration. Good old specimens are often dear, but tolerable imitations abound, and one could purchase a hundred different patterns for the modest sum of five dollars in the shops of old Shanghai—along with as many variations of the characteristic Chinese odor, which has never been mistaken for a perfume.

Besides vagaries in tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, in coral and ivory, there are many interesting bottles in metal. The precious metals are not in fashion, and none of the cheap devices of the jeweler, such as chasing, burnishing, or inlaying with bits of stone, are to be found. Bronzes are wrought by the chisel in high relief, with rockwork and gardens interspersed with pilgrims or picnickers. Brass bottles are covered with the formal patterns of Chinese *cloisonné*—which is quite unlike the waxed luster of the lawless wares made for export by Japanese artists of perverted skill. But the enamels made in Peking are the finest examples of Chinese metal work. Some bottles are painted on a white ground with delicate landscapes—like Watteau, with quaintness in lieu of charm. These manifest European influence not later than the eighteenth century. A higher art appears in specimens of a single color—sealing-wax red, turquoise blue, or cream white—enameled over figures of dragons and the like wrought in relief. These are wares of price, and few are to be seen in America.

Next to pottery in variety and abundance come the bottles made of glass. If transparent they are often painted on the inside with "willow pattern" landscapes in natural colors, the flexible brush working through the neck of the bottle—a trick worthy of a little admiration, since it defies Western imitation. Next come wares of mottled glass or those built up in layers of color. Cut glass of the formal, geometric style which William Morris banned from the circle of human arts, is unknown in the Far East. But the Chinese have revived the classic art of cutting cameos in glass after the fashion of the Portland vase and other famous specimens of Greek or Roman work. The inner bottle of opaque white is covered with a firm layer of gem-like glass—ruby-red for choice—and "the labor of the file," of many tools fit for graving and polishing the hard, brittle substance, goes to the development of the cameo. Foliage and figures are often *naïve* enough in design, but the execution is sometimes masterly.

There is a natural affinity between this work in glass and that in quartz-like stones, rock-crystal and amethyst, sardonyx, and agate. Where the texture and color are good these stones are hollowed into bottles and polished to exhibit their translucency. Often they are decorated with intaglios, but the masterpieces are cameos made by working stones which have strata of different colors. The design is subject to the accidents of the material, but the workman learns to take advantage of every shade and to disguise most of the flaws. The sacrifice is less in overcoming a refractory material than in following a conventional pattern, and the best cameos are worthy of comparison with their classic prototypes.

Jade has to be considered apart from other stones, and can only be appraised by the Chinese instinct which compares colors and textures by a glance and a touch. The greasy feeling characteristic of this hardest of stones is especially admired, but its surface is not adapted to exhibit fine workmanship unless it happens to have a layer of brown onyx attached so that it can be wrought in relief. Cameos of this sort are rare, but intaglios of white jade are pretty as well as costly, though the design is not readily made out. Every good curio shop in Shanghai—and there are many in the back streets of the European settlement as well as within the walls of the ancient city, though old residents ignore them all—has a few choice carved and polished stones and a cameo or two in ruby glass. These works are valued in Japan but never imitated there. The museum in Golden Gate Park has a few pretty snuff-bottles, chosen rather for material than workmanship, and a few larger pieces in jade and rock crystal—all obviously Chinese, though some of them are vaguely labeled as "Oriental."

CARLOS GILMAN CALKINS, U. S. NAVY.



Oh, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Mary Blue and Brown-man.

A story for little ones.

Hush! hush! and listen while I tell of Brown-man and Mary Blue, of great adventures and *wonderful* things all of them perfectly true. Now you must know that Mary Blue Was always hunting around in hopes of finding a little Brown-man, as brown as the dirt on the ground. She hunted and hunted *everywhere* 'til she came to a big pine tree. She was awfully tired and wanted to cry, for no Brown-man could she see. Now listen and hush—here's a wonderful thing that I am going to tell—A scratchety scump! and a big pine cone off of the pine tree fell, it almost knocked over Mary Blue, it fell with so *fearful* a bump, and sure as sure, as I tell you Oh! *didn't* Mary jump. She jumped way up to the big tree-top, so *awfully* scared was she, and long it was before she'd come down out of the big pine tree. But by and by she got quite brave and carefully she jumped down. When she got down, what do you think? *There was the little man, Brown.* Now I can tell you *every* one that great was her surprise. She blinked and gasped, and wiggled her nose and big were her very blue eyes. She stared and stared at the little Brown-man who politely said "How di doo we'll have some fun now that I'm here;" then he bowed to Mary Blue. Before I go on with this wonderful tale, perhaps you would like me to tell how the Brown-man looked that fell from the tree, and the clothes he wore as well. He was awfully funny from head to toes yes, funny and strange was he. He had shiny black eyes, and a monstrous nose, and his mouth was as big as could be. His legs were long and his arms were short and his feet took lots of room. He was polished all over, like a brown shoe, his hair stuck up like a broom. He was *born* in his clothes was the little Brown-man, and he brushed them every Spring. A row of red buttons grew out of his back, which seems a funny thing. When I asked him what he used them for, he promptly replied to me—"When I am sleepy or tired or cross I button myself to a tree." "Ho! Ho!" said Brown-man. "Hi Ho!" said he, "Let's go to the Terrible Hill. We'll look for big Lions and grumpy old Bears—so now be perfectly still." Away they ran along the Red Road that comes to the Wonderful Land just covered all over with yellow and green and peppered with pink and white sand. There, Mary stood still with wonder and joy at the colors all scattered around. She fell on her knees, so anxious was she to play with the bright colored ground. And little Brown-man—quite busy was he with shining his wonderful nose, he was so much absorbed with his polishing game that when a great hub-bub arose he left quite unfinished the northeastern side in his hurry to learn of the "row." Oh! horrors! Oh! horrors! what a terrible sight. Oh! dear what will come of them now? for sitting about them all in a round ring, so dignified, silent, and grave, were a Lion, and Bear, a Chipmunk and Mouse—(oh! my it was hard to be brave). Besides all the others was an old Kangaroo and a Dog with a long yellow tail, and a pink Pussy-cat and a green Cockatoo and a puffed-up and proud Mountain Quail. Oh! Oh! these grave people, said never a word, but looked on with their eyes all aglow, 'Til Brown-man got nervous and wiggled his ears, then gave his nose a most *thunderous* blow. You should have seen the circle of Lions and things fall over upon their own backs and lie there a-trembling, and blinking with fear for the Brown-man's peculiar attacks. "I am brave," said the Lion, "with men and big guns and small girls, as far as *that* goes, but I can't fight a Brown-man who makes a strange noise all out of a big shiny nose." "Our plan," said the Bear, "was to eat you both up, it's time for our dinner," said he, "but now it's as plain as the nose on Brown's face that we'll have to go hungry." The Kangaroo bellowed, and lashed his long tail then silently spilled a big tear. More haughty and puffed up became Mr. Quail, and the Dog with a tail acted queer. The Cat and the Chipmunk and also the Mouse were sulky and silent and blue, but the green Cockatoo bore his sorrow quite well and behaved as his kind *always* do. Said Brown-man with dignity worthy of him—"Look out for my powerful nose. You know I'm your master and Mary's your queen, so you will be good, I suppose. Now wait till I finish the polishing game of my nose on the northeastern side: I might let it go, but I fear I'd walk lame or get to be *sadly* cross-eyed. If I should grow cross-eyed, I'm sure you will see I'll bump on my nose as I walk, so to save all that

trouble and anxiety I'll shine up the rest while I talk." Then Brown-man rubbed briskly and soon he was done, and his nose was most *beautifully* bright, then he looked up right proudly with his nose to the sun and the People all quailed at the sight. "Come on now you People, I'm hungry and faint for I've worked on my nose a good deal. You said you were hungry a moment ago so now let us hunt for a meal." Now it was quite evident and plain to see that Brown-man had all well in hand, so he said through his nose with much dignity, "We'll march for the 'Great Dinner Land.'" The People at first were disposed to be cross at the words the little man said, but they were afraid of him sure as could be, so they *all* went marching ahead. First went the Kangaroo, taking his tail, and awfully sad did he seem: then came the Mouse on the back of the Cat who said she was "thinking of cream." The Lion, the Bear, the Chipmunk and Quail came marching sedately along. Then the green Cockatoo and the Dog with his tail were the last of the queer-looking throng. But Brown-man and Mary gave all the commands so they marched past the Terrible Hill. The wind in the pine trees began a sweet song that made them all happy and still. And little Blue Mary, so happy was she, that she asked all the People to dance, so the Kangaroo smiled, and pretty soon he and the others, all started to prance. Now when they had frolicked around hand in hand, and sung the sweet song of the trees, they all scampered off to the Great Dinner Land in parties of "twos" and of "threes." I tell you, 'twas funny to see that strange band all scampering fast as they could to see who'd get *first* to the "Great Dinner Land" and the banquet spread out in the wood. They screamed, and they shouted, they laughed and they sang 'til they came to a place *oh!* so sweet—when all of a sudden a dinner bell rang, and Mary got *quite* the best seat. The little Brown-man had a stump for a chair way down at the end of the board; he called for the meal with a very grand air just like a great King or a Lord. With much gravity and many fine airs the Cockatoo gave all a place, then he screamed with some temper, for seven more chairs, getting awfully red in the face. The waiters were squirrels and little field mice, who hurried the meal on the table; they served all with deftness and looked very nice in their aprons—and found they were able to eat something too, as they carried the food. The Lion had candy all peppered with grass; The Bear said his coffee was good. The Kangaroo drank from a big hour-glass, and *sometimes* behaved a bit rude. The Chipmunk was hungry and ordered a steak. The Dog with a tail called for cheese. The Cat was quite moody, but said she would take an apple, and ale if you please! The Mouse was quite bashful but ate *everything*. The Cockatoo said he was sick, but finally ordered the squirrels to bring a large pumpkin-pie on a stick. The Quail was so puffed up he asked for a pie and ate it all up with *one* bite; he wiped off his moustache and winked his left eye then flew up a tree out of sight. The People all ate such a very big meal that they fell fast asleep then and there. Then Brown-man and Mary did quietly steal to the river that went Everywhere. They felt somewhat sorry to leave without word when all the poor folks were asleep, but Brown-man whispered that once he had heard "That promises *were* hard to keep," so they came to the River—it ran very fast. They jumped in a boat with a sail, then sailed by big Cities, and went quickly past a Man with a *gun*, and a snail. They traveled all day, 'til they came to the Sun, who was bowing quite *low* to the Night. They laughed with enjoyment to see the Sun run, and drop in the Sea out of sight. "Good-night," said Brown-man, "*good-night*," said he. "Oh, *were n't* we happy to-day?" Then ere Mary knew it he jumped up a tree and soon he was hidden away.

MORGAN SHEPARD.



Notes.

The Sphinx and Other Poems by William Henry Hudson, will soon be published by Messrs. Elder and Shepard in an attractive little volume, printed from type, and limited to three hundred copies. Mr. Hudson is professor of English Literature at Stanford University, and his critical work, especially marked by a poetic insight and feeling, is widely known.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, well known in California from his long residence here and as the author of several strong novels, is to publish an illustrated volume devoted to life and sport on the Pacific Slope. It is to be comprehensive, giving somewhat racy impressions of Californian conditions, with supplementary details and statistics.

Mr. A. M. Robertson has planned for two important volumes of California poetry. The one is *Songs from Bohemia* by Daniel O'Connell, selected and edited by Ina Coolbrith, with an introduction by William Greer Harrison; the other, *Idyls of El Dorado* by Charles Keeler. Both volumes are to be issued in limited editions, illustrated and decorated, and printed with especial care.

The fast approaching fall season will soon bring forth Miss Florence Lundborg's illustrated edition of Omar, which the Doxey Press announced some time back. Also *Jacinto* by Howard V. Sutherland, formerly editor of the *News Letter*, and now engaged in literary work in New York.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company will publish, early in October, *James Martineau: A Study and a Biography* by Rev. A. W. Jackson. The work was nearly completed at the time of Dr. Martineau's death, and since then has been read and approved by his nearest relatives, who have rendered the author valuable assistance. The volume is not only a life of the great theologian, but also a study of the movement in thought of which he was the leader. The same firm announce a *Life of Parkman*, by Charles Haight Farnham, for publication in the early fall. The work has been written with the sanction of the author's relatives, who have given Mr. Farnham access to Mr. Parkman's letters, vacation journals, and all other available material.

Hap Hazard Quotations by L. E. B., is a most remarkable collection of quotations and anecdotes gathered with a rare understanding of the demands of "every-day" man and woman. Each quotation flashes out as a question answered, or a want realized. It is a book to carry as a companion upon a day of life's journey. Announced by Messrs. Elder and Shepard. They also will soon have ready *Observations of Jay (a Dog)*, and *Other Stories* by Morgan Shepard, reprinted in part from IMPRESSIONS.

The Queen versus Billy is the title of a collection of short stories by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, the stepson and collaborator of Robert Louis Stevenson, that is soon to be published by Messrs. Scribner's Sons.

REVIEWS.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA. By Stephen Phillips.
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Note: The January number will be issued on the fifteenth of the month.

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In the lines below Messrs. Elder and Shepard have but partially set down some favored branches of their enterprises. No completeness of description has been possible, but surely there will be read many suggestions and some help for the pleasure and duty of Christmas time gift-giving. Remembrances from California for Eastern friends may here be found in an ample store, gifts in books rare and beautiful, or dainty and small, and also other things sure to please, not elsewhere to be seen. Much thought and earnest care has been devoted to the gathering of the things below mentioned.

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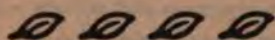
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In the Art Room

This department of Messrs. Elder and Shepard's enterprise demands intelligent notice — for intelligence and a measure of taste and originality have been displayed in the selection of their wares. In all the *great variety* of their stock, each separate thing is pleasing as a unit. Though there will be found hundreds of things, all have their distinct individuality — so the *ensemble* is one of harmony. It is impossible here to enumerate all objects of interest, but doubtless from the articles described, the present-giver and the home-beautifier may gather some idea of the wide range for selection.

Candlesticks

Of these, here will be found variety enough. Old Russian, Polish, Italian and English, ranging from \$3 to \$8. As *old brass* is expensive, a number of remarkable modern reproductions have been made, exact in every detail of the old in color, form, weight and imperfections; prices from \$3 to \$5. (If desired by purchasers, reliable instructions will be given how to quickly add years to youthful brasses.) One design in the candlesticks is justly popular, for it is graceful, solid and good in color; price, \$2.50, bright or dull finish. In writing, inquire for the *Burgess Model, \$2.50 Candlestick*.

Dedham China

This rarely interesting porcelain is gaining daily a greater appreciation. Its poverty of *gold paint*, its lavishness of rich, beautiful colors, its character, strength, and originality, stand for a high development in Ceramic Art. There are plates, platters, trays, and vases of many unique designs, in a perfect blue, and a large variety of vases of exquisite iridescent shades. This pottery will doubtless, in the near future, become rare and highly valued. There has recently been received from Mr. Robertson a charming addition of Dedham China, with many designs not seen here before.

Old Chinese Embroideries

There are no poor modern embroideries to be found in The Art Room — but many remarkable bits of Chinese knot embroideries in small mats, long strips (for the mantel that blushes for its ugliness), wonderfully wrought skirts and coats bewildering in their variety of coloring and untrammelled by conventionalities in combination of colors — such is the marvel of Chinese work of the needle.

Embroideries

Bronzes

Brass

Coppers

Old Silver

Old Blue China

"Dedham"

Ivories

Wood Carvings

Old Clocks

Japanese Prints

Carved Leather

Gift Cloths

Jewelry

(Specially designed)

Old Engravings

Book-Plates

These will be designed with understanding and originality, but it must be known that Book-Plates should express the humor of the book lover. So, with the assistance of a few suggestions, a design may be made to suit a *personal* demand. There are, however, here on exhibition some remarkably interesting examples of original work, done by a number of English designers, men and women.

These Book-Plates need only a name added to complete them.

A Chippendale Clock

There is here a fine old Mahogany Clock, an excellent example of the work of about 1800. Its face is full of character, its condition, with a few trifling repairs, is perfect. It stands somewhat over seven feet high. It strikes with vigor and determination, and might easily have belonged to almost any one's grandfather. Price, in perfect order, \$175. Finely inlaid with the shell pattern.

Vases of Brown

This firm has done some vigorous inveighing against Rookwood as *it is* and it will probably continue to do so — but it gives Rookwood coloring and glaze a tribute of respect. So Elder and Shepard have had made for them, vases, steins, and jars, entirely without the addition of commercial La France roses, pathetic pinks and childish chrysanthemums. These pieces are brilliant and brown and may be called artistic, for they are in *good taste* and few exist. The prices are moderate and the pleasure in them lavish.

Dedham China—Some Figures

Tea plates (6 designs), \$1.00. Breakfast plates (4 designs), \$1.25. Dinner plates (4 designs), \$1.50. Platters (Rabbit design), \$6.75. Trays (Rabbit design), \$15.00. Blue vases (no duplicates in form or decoration), from \$8.00 to \$35.00. In the *new shipment* will be found, as full decoration, Ducks, Fish, Crabs, Poppies, Ivy, and many other pleasing subjects. The colored vases of this pottery are rare, beautiful, and not inexpensive.

In the Art Room—Continued

The following matter briefly tells of some original schemes and enterprises. Words are a poor medium to convey even a fair idea of what is really the purpose in this department. Personal interest is looked for, and doubtless appreciation will come from those who look for some conscientiousness and feeling in Handicraft and Art.

Rings and Brooches

These pieces of jewelry can not fail to attract, for all the stones used are selected for their individual beauty, and each different one, be it an Opal, Jade, Chrysollite, Amethyst, or Topaz, has its setting specially designed to preserve the individuality of the gem. In all the great variety to select from no two designs are duplicated. The designs are drawn with some originality and taste, and when executed in *pure soft gold* are destroyed. A theory is here held that of all things *Finger Rings* should be most individual.

Brasses

In addition to a great variety of Old Brasses, namely, Hibachis, Koros, Vases, Crests, Jardinières, there have been designed and executed from here *Vases, Bowls and Pitchers* of the most unique shapes (all bearing the stamp-die of Elder and Shepard). The metal is beautiful, showing the hammer marks—*naturally* hammered and devoid of stilted alligator-skin regularity. In addition to the fact that these models are good in form and color, is the fact that they are practical and will hold things in the way they should go. Prices, \$7.50 to \$20.00.

More Art Photography

"Retrospect" is the name of a study by Miss Laura Adams. This picture is full of pathos, thought, tenderness and womanliness. Some have exclaimed "a photograph of a painting"—it is the photograph of a woman. "Merry Times" is the study of a child sparkling with fun. "Two Dogs" is the most bewitching picture of two blundering, big-footed pups, hazy-eyed, hopeful and silly. The above studies are not ones to meet a passing fancy, but to own and keep for growing fondness.

Rings

Brooches

(From special designs,
no duplicates)

Opals

Topaz

Pearl

Plaster Casts

(Before unseen)

Vases

Jars

Pitchers

(Original designs hand
wrought)

A New Bas-Relief

of Robert Louis Stevenson

A Bas-Relief has just been completed by Mr. W. S. Wright, whose sympathy and skill have enabled him to execute a remarkably interesting study. This portrait in plaster is delicately handled, and represents Stevenson the gentle, human, suffering man, and Stevenson the great artist. The Relief is about six inches in diameter. Price, in ivory white, \$1.50; colored, \$3.00. Sent by post, 15c. added.

Photographs which stand for Art

Enough can not be said of the beauty, strength, thought and skill displayed in the making of these pictures. The painter's inspired touch produces a completed work, and the looker-on cries "Genius." These photographs are made through mechanical means, (What is a brush?) but back of all that lies feeling, judgment, sensitiveness and skill. The result is a *picture*, beautiful to look upon. California gives a harvest of beauty. Fragments of the harvest will here be found among the (J. I. S.) pictures.

Guest Books, Etc.

Bound in rare old brocades and choice embroidery with ample pages and generous space. These books need no stamp or title, they are intended to be *personal*. There are no duplicates in making and each is rarely beautiful. Carved leather purses, photograph frames and book-holders all colored. Photograph albums original and interesting—the like are to be found in no other place.

These things and many others are to be found

IN THE ART ROOM

of

D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard

No. 238 Post Street, San Francisco



The Christmas Story.

IT IS generally, which means editorially, supposed that the public clamors for the Christmas story at Christmas, but in this, as in all other matters literary, the reader himself is rarely heard. True, his needs and desires are frequently set forth in print, but always by the writer, and possibly in point of numbers the writer is the public. Assuredly the reader of to-day is not a clamorous person; his exertion in keeping up with the supply has rendered him too breathless for demand. He wants the Christmas story no doubt very much as he wants the Christmas tree, not because it is his idea of a tree, but because it is a time-honored institution, and he has learned to expect it. Personally he has never experienced any change of heart on Christmas eve, nor has he witnessed great changes in others, but through annual reading of holiday tales he has come to believe that at midnight of December 24th vast numbers of prodigals return home and are forgiven; wealthy and long-lost relatives arrive from California prepared to pay off mortgages, and erring daughters are found in large numbers fainting upon paternal doorsteps. The contemplation of these incidents may afford a needed relief from the immoral problems and improbable history of modern fiction, and there is little doubt that all of us will take our December instalment of angels and restored lovers, of relenting guardians and repentant reprobates, with something of the pleasure a child feels in the recovery of an ancient rag doll lost for a twelvemonth.

With this shamefaced love for the old-fashioned Christmas story, is it not a matter of regret that here in California, where each day is a composite of the other three hundred and sixty-four, we may not hope to produce it? Severe climatic conditions have so long been associated with and formed such an appropriate preliminary to the moral and emotional thaw which invariably sets in and brings the Christmas story to its climax on Christmas eve, that their absence is likely to prove fatal. Sleet and howling winds and freezing gloom without seem indispensable to those miraculous changes within by which the hardened sinner is made into the permanent saint. Was a prodigal ever known to return home on a fair night or peer in upon the family circle through a window embowered in roses? Can forgiveness possibly await any daughter upon a doorstep unsifted by snow? True, we have our part to perform in furnishing long-lost relatives of great wealth and small culture prepared to redeem homesteads, support aged parents, and marry patient sweethearts, but beyond this it is not likely that California will contribute to permanent—or should we say indestructible—holiday literature.

And yet, if the Christmas story were to die out of our tongue, the Christmas spirit would survive. That it has survived all the unreality, the glare and tinsel and tawdriness that we have heaped upon it is one of the chief reasons for the season's joy. While we may not hope that real birds will ever sing among the leaves of the Christmas tree, or real fruit hang from its boughs, that which it symbolizes is rooted in good soil and will bear fruit in its own good season. Fortunately for the world, the heart of a people is often better and sounder than the art which appeals to it.

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.



"Lucretius on Life and Death," by W. H. Mallock.

EPICURUS, the founder of the school which bears his name, was one of those rare persons of history whom they who chance to meet remain to love. For himself he chose a peculiar mission—that of banishing fear from men's souls. "Fear is the poison" in the mind, and to expel it was the sole motive of his words and deeds. Life is embittered by the constant dread of the avenging deities. But, the blessed gods, he taught, have occupation of their own and give no thought to men. Wholly absorbed in their serenity,

"they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world."

And Nature's fashionings are not appalling things. Of themselves they come, and no god seeks to vex us through them. One does not dread the near, why should he dread the far? The sun and moon and all the myriad stars are just the unterrifying size that they seem, for they are as bright as they can be, and if they were in reality larger than they seem they must be brighter also, which is impossible. Fear not the gods nor fear the unmenacing things of nature—and that last greatest fear of all give up also—for while you are, death is not, and when death comes, you are not.

And yet the restraintless life which the Samian sage and his immediate followers lived was no intemperate revel. Seneca, the Stoic, writes of them: "When the stranger comes to the garden on which the words are inscribed, 'Friend, here it will be well for thee to abide, for here pleasure is the highest good.' He will find the keeper of that garden a kindly hospitable man, who will set before him a dish of barley porridge and water in plenty, and say 'Hast thou not been well entertained? These gardens do not whet hunger but quench it; they do not cause a greater thirst by the very drinks that they afford, but soothe it by a remedy which is natural and costs nothing. In pleasure like this I have grown old.'"

Lucretius, the disciple of Epicurus, and the only Roman of them all who attained to philosophic stature, expounded his master's doctrine in a poem *On Nature* for whose immortality he made a three-fold claim: "First, by reason of the greatness of my argument, and my purpose to set free the mind from the close-drawn bonds of superstitions; next, because on so dark a theme I write such lucid verse, casting over all the charm of poesy." The parts of this great poem which bear directly upon human life and death, Mr. W. H. Mallock has done into English verse modeled upon FitzGerald's rendering of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam. That Mr. Mallock has performed his task acceptably and has succeeded in "casting over all the charm of poesy," the following will prove:

I.

No single thing abides; but all things flow.
Fragment to fragment clings—the things thus grow
Until we know and name them. By degrees
They melt, and are no more the things we know.

II.

Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift
I see the suns, I see the systems lift
Their forms; and even the systems and the suns
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.

III.

Thou too, oh Earth—thine empires, lands, and seas—
Least with thy stars, of all the galaxies,
Globed from the drift like these, like these, thou too
Shall go. Thou art going, hour by hour, like these.

IV.

Nothing abides. Thy seas in delicate haze
Go off; those moonéd sands forsake their place;
And where they are shall other seas in turn
Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays.

Surely the matchless music of FitzGerald's verse is here, without the mystic beckonings of endless questionings, and without the note of license which makes the Persian poem but a half delightful thing. To put exactness into poetry is a difficult—some will say an impossible—task. There is no place for faith, no master who knows what is beyond, in this teaching, nothing but

The healing gospel of the eternal death,

and yet Mr. Mallock has set this completely definite and utterly negative theme to music which almost charms away its bitterness and lifts the soul even by the prophecy of its own annihilation.

Those who read the author's preface will learn that they are not invited to a trial of poetic skill between the Persian and the Roman bard, much less between their respective English interpreters, and they will also learn the motive for this labor and be invited to judge of the sufficiency of a faith which has needed no hymns to make numberless converts ever since its first statement even to the present day.

Lovers of the English Omar will welcome this kindred expression of the pure doctrine of hopelessness, and will place this book beside their classic. In presswork and binding it is wholly a tasteful thing, while the Latin and the literal English versions which are included enable one to read Lucretius by the side of his interpreter.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

"Tommy and Grizel."

THERE are writers who are interesting even when they fail, but one is not eager to add Mr. Barrie's name to the list. In his latest book we have a melancholy illustration of that which too often befalls the artist who lends an ear to the demand, forgetting that it is the province of art to create, not to fill orders.

Sequels are always dangerous, and the public, or that part of it which came under the spell of Sentimental Tommy's picturesque mendacity, and pressed the inquiry as to his future, is certainly well punished for this inartistic curiosity in the story of *Tommy and Grizel*.

Lying from sheer exuberance of fancy is very charming in Tommy, the small boy, but in Tommy, the man, one looks to see precocity of imagination overtaken by some little sturdiness of sense. Making due allowance for genius, Tommy is unexplainable and morally grotesque. His development is that of disease rather than of character, and long before the story ends, the absolute certainty of his uncertainty becomes distinctly tiresome. This is not saying that the book wearies. There are many pages full of the old charm; indeed, there are few pages without it. Grizel is there, a trifle blurred by prosperity, but Grizel still. There is the touch of melodrama, not always light, which we have all learned to excuse and almost to love, since without it Barrie would not be Barrie, but with all this there is the over-driven invention; the haste, one is almost constrained to say the scramble, the lack of inevitableness, which are lamentable anywhere, and doubly so in the author of *A Window in Thrums* and *Margaret Ogilvy*.

It is a sorry scheme of things in literature that sets a fair-minded public to wondering what a plain-spoken writer like Mr. Barrie has in mind: for it is only when an artist fails to delight that the critic calls him to account for what he would teach. And because Mr. Barrie never entirely fails to delight, because the ability and insight and sympathy are so unmistakably there, one resents all the more their disuse. The fatal "Why?" which we can not repress when we contemplate Tommy dying, as he lived "on the fence," is eloquent of much that oppresses us in fiction to-day. No doubt it is all a joke, but jokes from such a source, and above all jokes which have to be explained, are serious things.

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

James Martineau: A Biography and Study by A. W. Jackson.

THIS is not a life, but a doctrine—a doctrine which was labored and lived by one of the wisest of our time. My friend, who has just returned from Oxford, tells me that at Manchester College where so much of his life was spent, the name of James Martineau is almost more revered than that of the founder of Christianity. Nor am I shocked that pattern godliness of our own day should tend to seem more real than even that exalted figure which shines so distant through the years, for we must see Him come again in many hearts ere we can quite be sure He brought the saving message of the Christ. To James Martineau was given the distinction of filling four score and ten years full of the world's work. On his eighty-third birthday he enjoyed an honor unique among men. The wise men of the world presented to him an address which declared, "We admire the simple record of a long life passed in the strenuous fulfilment of duty, in preaching, in teaching the young of both sexes, in writing books of permanent value, a life which has never been distracted by controversy, and in which personal interests and ambitions have never been allowed a place." The undramatic character of the record of such a life is evident, but the commanding nature of its unobtrusive labors is witnessed by the fact that over six hundred of those whose "praise was fame" joined in this simple reminder of love and appreciation. Simply he lived and died, and simply, as is fitting, is his story told.

I confess to some disappointment at his biographer's treatment of the man. Here, thought I, is an opportunity for another Jules Simon to make his master live in brilliant phrase of keen analysis and cutting strokes of sympathetic jocularity—for one would sometimes laugh with those he loves and know them for his intimates. One may not do so here. A somber picture this, more somber than that quick-changing, mobile face would seem to warrant. Mr. Jackson's portrayal of James Martineau, the preacher and religious thinker, is quite as satisfactory as one could ask, and I imagine that that form of faith which Dr. Martineau held has rarely been so concisely and clearly stated as it is here. So rich is the book in quotations—eternal blessings on the head of him who quotes freely and wherever he can—that one finds himself warming to the instruction of the great teacher himself; and such quotations as they are, too! "There, in old Palestine, we think, the august voice broke for a moment the eternal silence"—a faith which is instanced as perilously near atheism. "We wait in the house He built; but we work in it alone, for He has gone up among the hills and will come to fetch us by and by"; and thus our life is not "bathed in the flowing tides of Deity, but keeps dry upon the strand from which he has ebbed away"; or again, "In every earnest life there are weary flats to tread, with the heavens out of sight,—no sun, no moon—and not a tint of light upon the path below; when the only guidance is the faith of brighter hours and the Hand we are too numb and dark to feel." "God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours." No wonder that such as Dickens worshipped at the little Portland Street Chapel, and that note-books were ever ready to treasure up the gems of perfect expression which fell from the preacher's lips.

But Dr. Martineau was more than the foremost preacher of his time. In a statement of his personal creed he wrote, "But one thing I have deemed it imperative to assume and hold exempt from doubt, viz,—that truth is to be found, and that the instinctive prayer of the human soul for vision is not itself the only gleam in an Eternal darkness. Intellect itself would be an illusion, unless the faculty to seek were the pledge and measure of the faculty to learn * * * ." No agnostic he, who exalted faith in order to abase knowledge, but altogether convinced that an Eternal Reason pervades the universe which constantly seeks to enter into communication with its children; and it was this non-churchly faith which made him most distinguished as a philosopher of religion. I need not detail here the doctrines which the forty years of his teaching wrought, to prove that they are worth considering. He who has even a passing interest in the great words which echo in the soul can not afford to miss such instruction, and for him Mr. Jackson has spread a rich feast, not highly seasoned with the technical to please the epicure of such ideas, but pleasant for the tongue of him who hath not eaten yet but fain would eat.

Too much can not be said in praise of good biography. Its writing is most rare. For, for it are required a quarto subject and a folio clerk ; but missing that, a faithful scribe may reproduce the words and gestures of him whom he loves. Out of her loss by death the world may gain a better knowledge of the great one gone. This is her consolation, that he speaketh yet to ears more willing than they were before ; and as I look upon the kindly face of one so open to the truth and read his tempered words, I am quite sure that those who knew him best make no mistake in placing him quite near the leader in whose cause he served.

ERNEST CARROLL MOORE.

The Opportunity of the College President.

THE newest, potentially greatest, and most American of all professions finds its first handbook in Dr. Thwing's new volume, *College Administration*. There have been college presidents in America for two centuries and more, and there have been in other countries functionaries whose duties seem to correspond with theirs. But till now no one has ever laid down the laws which govern their operations. In the present volume the various problems connected with college administration in America are taken up one after another and treated in Dr. Thwing's luminous fashion. Out of the seven chapters of this work we may select as of exceptional interest and importance that on the college president. For the first time the causes of success and failure in this position have been adequately set forth. For the first time have the compensations which go with its trials received adequate literary recognition. It is the natural end of the college president, one of the greatest of them has said, "to be nibbled to death by ducks." But as an antidote to this painful process Dr. Thwing recognizes the seven great sources of satisfaction which must come to every wise college president. First among these is "the opportunity of living with youth. Youth is vital, it is hopeful, it is picturesque." "Whether admirable or ridiculous, it is always interesting." Second, the "opportunity of living with scholars and gentlemen." Third, the "opportunity of meeting the best people on the best side." It is the best people, rich and poor, who send their sons and daughters to college, and they "never show their best side better than when talking with a college president about the education of their children." Fourth, the opportunity of "work that unites the executive and the scholastic, the practical and the theoretical elements. Executive work tends to impoverish scholarship. Scholastic work tends to remove one from humanity. The union of the two types tends to keep one in touch with the great human work of a very human world, and also tends to give intellectual enrichment." Fifth, the opportunity "of transmitting wealth into character. Wealth does not constitute a college, but no college can be constituted without wealth. Wealth is the embodiment of the power necessary for making a college." Through the instrumentalities of the college wealth may be transmuted into "truth, into righteousness, into beauty, into joy, into human character." Sixth, the opportunity of "associating one's self with a lasting institution. Individuals die and are forgotten. Institutions live. Colleges are seldom named for their presidents, but presidents always live in their colleges." Seventh, the opportunity "to do somewhat for the nation and for the world through giving inspiration, training, and equipment to American youth." The "value of the American college to the American youth lies in some six elements: the discipline of the regular studies, the inspiration of friendships, the enrichment of general reading, the culture derived from association with scholars, private reading and literary societies." We might add some other elements to these, but we must agree with Dr. Thwing that "the most important of these elements is the inspiration which is derived from association with men of culture. The college president," he continues, "ought to be the chief of all these personal influences. He lives in the lives of his students so long as they live, and he lives also in the lives of other men so long as the lives of his students touch the lives of other men."

No passage in Dr. Thwing's book is more suggestive than his simple dedication, "To Charles W. Eliot, LL. D., the Great President."

We who are in the profession to-day must, with him, do honest, heartfelt homage to Dr. Eliot. He it is who has made the American college presidency a profession. It was he who first marked out clearly by his own successful practice the lines along which this work is to be made effective. Before Eliot's time the college president was a chaplain, a scholar, a father, an inspirer, sometimes a beggar, or a dilute mixture of all these. With Eliot he became all of these at once, and greater than all. Especially he became a leader in the march of progress, one of those in whose hands must lie the problems of the ways and means for the formation and preservation of personal and national character.

In the thirty years since Eliot began his wise and brave struggle for effective culture through the building up of individual character, the whole face of American education has changed and changed everywhere for the better. Every American university has felt this change, and no college has been so remote and no school so humble as to escape from his vivifying influence. It is not too much to say that the force of Eliot exerted through Harvard College has been the greatest single factor in our modern educational reform. He has set the pace for the college president, and the colleges thus influenced have, in turn, formed ideals and sent out men to influence the lower schools in their degree. The college president is now the characteristic feature of the American educational system. He has power without tyranny. The greater his effectiveness along educational lines, the greater the freedom and forcefulness of the professors. They are not his subjects but his allies in the warfare against ignorance and bigotry. The relation is a thoroughly democratic one, for it ought to be part of the wisdom of democracy to put the strongest men at the head. But to be at the lead of democracy is not to stand as a despot looking backward and downward at those who cower at his nod. A better illustration is found in the center rush of a football team. The president is the "Center rush of Higher Education." "America," Emerson tells us, "America means opportunity." America means progress, and in every line of progress there must be some one at the front to bear the brunt,—to break the way. It is Eliot's example which has assigned this duty to the American college president. When the final reckoning is made it will appear that of all those men of our generation who have held the future of our country in their hands, none has wielded so great an influence for good as he. Therefore, Dr. Thwing's dedication becomes an inevitable one. Our studies of college administration must lead us, and very soon, to the work of "Charles W. Eliot, the Great President." He found Harvard "the oldest, the richest, the freest of all the colleges in America." He holds her still "the oldest, the richest, the freest" of all, and at once the newest, the broadest, the most aristocratic, the most democratic of all similar institutions on the globe. But the Harvard which he found in 1870 would fill but a little corner of the campus of the Harvard of to-day. And he has made it certain that to the Harvard of the future the Harvard of Eliot will stand in like hopeful relation of uncompleted growth.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Rostand's "L'Aiglon."

A GREAT piece of literature, and a work of the sincerest art, not even the misfortune of an almost impossibly stupid translation can more than faintly obscure the beauty of Edmond Rostand's new drama, *L'Aiglon*. One regrets that the translator should not have felt the fitness of making his English version in prose, to the escaping of many pitfalls. Such restraint on his part had possibly given us an articulate, not to say a vertebrate, rendering of the great Frenchman's work. Disadvantaged as it is, however, by its English form of bad poetry, the play takes and holds the intellectual and the moral sympathies. Aristotle's dictum on tragedy is as true to-day as it was in that earlier age. More than almost anything else in Art it uplifts the soul and purifies the emotions. The tragedy which Rostand has woven about the pathetic figure of the Duke of Reichstadt, that ill-starred son of Napoleon I. and Maria Louisa of Austria, is of a noble order, and its action moves forward with the strong certainty of genius, instinct with artistic purpose, and high imaginative quality. It is intense, passionate, and sustained, deeply dramatic, and full of constructive beauty.

But besides a drama of the first interest Rostand has given us, in *L'Aiglon*, a great poem, an expression of human experience that quickens and enlarges the comprehension. It is a greater drama than *Cyrano de Bergerac*, because it attempts and carries out a higher artistic effort, and as a rich contribution to the poetry of this age it has a high and distinct value. The motif is in itself interesting. The sensitive, eager, luxury-loving son of the great Corsican is one of the most pathetic figures of European history. His dreams of greatness, rendered so idle by his own lack of force, of self-direction; his noble impulses, checked on the very threshold of endeavor by his torturing self-doubts, are all plainly shown. He is a touching, tragic, futile figure, not without ambition, but without orientation, and therefore helpless before his own desires, failing of any achievement through fear of self.

Almost equally with the central figure of the drama does the Metternich of the play claim and hold the interest. He is the evil genius of the whole sad business; a terrible figure, equally, in his suave, silken security, conscious of his power, willing, ever, to give the fluttering victim of his subtle statecraft freedom to weave his own destruction, and, in sterner mood, when, with pitiless clearness and vitriolic humor, he shows the unhappy boy how much more than do prisons or governmental restraints, his own aimless nature holds him bound and helpless to aid France or to realize his dreams. From first to last the play carries one along on the swell of its deep tragical power. There is no question of this power, nor of the perfection of Rostand's art. *L'Aiglon* is the best work, thus far, of one of the greatest literary artists of the nineteenth century.

ADELINE KNAPP.

Hamilton W. Mabie's "Shakespeare."

A NOTABLE book, in the very best sense of that much-employed phrase, is Hamilton Wright Mabie's *Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man*. It is at once a distinct and scholarly contribution to the literature of the subject, and a piece of writing that will stimulate and direct popular interest in the "immortal Will." It is probably true that very few people, nowadays, read *Shakespeare*. Among English-speaking folk he has fallen into a neglect that has actually made not only possible, but exceedingly forcible, that clever skit of Zangwill's, "The English Shakespeare." Nevertheless, there are very few people who will turn from reading even a portion of this admirable consideration of the man, Shakespeare, without an active determination to make or renew acquaintance at first hand with Shakespeare, the poet and dramatist.

For aside from anything that may be said of his genius, his art, his unique place in English literature, our interest in Shakespeare is one with an interest in the most brilliant periods in English letters, the period of development of the drama in England. To quote Mr. Mabie, the history of the growth of the drama is one of the most fascinating chapters in the record of the spiritual life of the race. Mr. Mabie is a singularly painstaking and luminous writer. Whatever he does is marked by a certain maturity of thought and a mastery of even the minor technicalities of expression which more than the prentice hand at writing can even suspect, go to make up simplicity of style. He writes from a full and a well-trained mind, and the result is the sort of writing that leads the reader on, through pleasant ways, to a point where he at least thinks that he begins to see things for himself. Perhaps he does; in that case it is all the better for him.

But when to the qualities and qualifications named are added a long period of scholarly research, patient, painstaking gathering of special data, and the wisdom to exclude as well as to include, the result can but be one of those pieces of work for which the world is always waiting, consciously or unconsciously, and promptly accepts and fits to place. Such a piece of work, then, is Mr. Mabie's *Shakespeare*. If IMPRESSIONS were other than IMPRESSIONS it would be a profitable pleasure to go into some detail as to the plan and scope of the work, but that were to depart from lines laid down. The book is, however, a real and valuable contribution to our Shakespearean literature, and with its rich store of illustrations that illustrate in fact, as well as in name, is, as was said in beginning this notice, one of the notable books of the year.

ADELINE KNAPP.

A Strenuous Life.

I KNOW of few biographies so interesting and inspiring as *A Life of Francis Parkman* by Charles Haight Farnham. Two things are necessary to a good biography, an interesting subject and a writer competent to appreciate and express the subject. The combination is found in this book. Treated by an ordinary hand, the reader would have found the subject uninteresting. The beaten paths of biography would not have led to any understanding of Parkman's strange personality, or the greatness of his achievement. Mr. Farnham's almost entire abandonment of the chronological order is a bold experiment, fully justified by the result. The events of Parkman's life were not of such thrilling kind as to lend themselves to vivid narration. The various aspects of that life do lend themselves to the analytical study which the author has made with so great success.

Parkman early determined upon a literary career, and chose his field; just as he was entering upon it, his eyes became affected, and thenceforth he had little use of them. He could sometimes use them as much as two hours a day; oftenest not at all. He was fond of athletic exercise and rough travel, and he was a cripple most of his life. He had an affection of the brain which sometimes threatened insanity, and which always precluded him from prolonged mental effort. For ten years he was absolutely shut out from his chosen pursuit. Characteristically, with his unflagging energy, he set himself to another sort of work, the cultivation of flowers. He became a first authority upon roses and lilies. This is the more illustrative because he does not seem to have cared much for flowers. But here was something that he could do, notwithstanding his infirmities; so he did it, and did it successfully.

The fact that he did not care much for flowers is important, for it reminds us that his spiritual disqualifications for his great work were as real as his physical ones. His spiritual limitations were remarkable in a man of such large and varied endowments. "He showed little interest in religious, philanthropic, affectional, and æsthetic matters." But he could compel himself to interests which he did not naturally feel. Moreover, he had all sorts of queer, and, apparently, innate prejudices, but seems by sheer force of will to have prevented their interference with his historical judgments.

Such disqualifications for writing history would have been sufficient to prevent success in most cases. But this was no ordinary case, and reminds us that the conditions of success are generally ethical. Infinite patience, lofty courage, and unconquerable tenacity, enabled Parkman to build the magnificent monument which will keep his name in remembrance. A sure instinct made him choose his subject at a time when others believed that the public would take no interest in the struggle which determined the history of North America. The little immediate success of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* showed that these persons were right in their judgment; but he was more right than they. Fifty years have seen the growth of a great interest in American history, to which his work largely contributed. This early lack of appreciation did not discourage him at all; nothing discouraged him; and he lived to complete the splendid project which he had conceived half a century before.

The value of Parkman's historical work is conceded, and does not call for new discussion here. His renown is secure. It is the revelation of the man that interests us just now. Mr. Farnham has applied to him his own words concerning Montcalm, "A courage so nobly sustained lifts him above pity." His story can not fail to be a consolation to the afflicted and an inspiration to all in the hard conditions of this life. It justifies the conclusion of his biographer, "He was ready to face the universe if nature would play him fair. She had played him foul, yet she could not prevent his victory. In his patient fortitude under suffering, in his persistent industry despite the greatest obstacles, and in his fidelity to his ideals, Parkman was certainly one of the most heroic figures in the history of letters."

THOMAS R. BACON.



"Eleanor."

MRS. WARD'S audiences are sure to be large ; she is so humorless, so immedicably serious, so moral—and such a fine story-teller. Her problems are as certain to interest and entertain the radical as to stir the comfort of the conservative.

So wholly sweetly, and warmly is the last story told that one could only become judicial and resentful after an hour or two of the chill of separation from its light and heat.

It is the story of three temperaments, set round about with the white lights, cool darkneses, and mystic sense of both new and old Italy, glowing with one of those vivid backgrounds, half historical and quite poetical, which are Mrs. Ward's own specialty.

It has always been the intellectual egotist that has had his choice of the best in woman-kind, and it is to be expected that Edward Manisty—half god, half child—should be the point of passion where centers the life of two such different women as Eleanor and Lucy—the complex product of the oldest civilization and a girl fresh from the simplest and purest of American country homes.

Mrs. Ward has easily made her two women beautiful, appealing, lovable—perfectly representative of their charms and sorrows. Her real task has been with the man. One sees Manisty, the modern egoist, with all his vanities and meannesses thick upon him ; but for the intellectual bigness and statecraft which make his power one has but the assurance—in exquisite prose—of his author.

As temperament must respond to temperament, the liking of the various readers will cling here or there ; but it is doubtful if anywhere one will find a more precious picture of the kind of courage one is accustomed to call manly than that of little Lucy—so young, so strange, so lonely—tossed so selfishly between friend and lover, and remaining as loyal as life to the sweetest as well as the highest right. Naturally, however, in the story as in reality, her reward is to get this child-man to love—and forgive—forever.

To finalize *Eleanor* as a tale of vigor and fascination alone, is to do injustice to that "otherness" which makes Mrs. Ward a person to be counted with ; that reading and culture and sound belief which makes one of her books a body of appreciable knowledge. Here the whole status of Italy is touched in firmly, and with that affection which this land inspires in all who approach her.

Tolstoy's test—that a book must do more than please even the best ; that it must so show forth the motives and actions of its puppets that we, beholding in the flesh, are moved to prompt and practical and righteous results—this test must be personal in its very nature.

But it is well within the confines of safety to say that, of the thousands who will read *Eleanor*, few may escape its poignant lesson—that the only remedy for love is to love the more.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

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A Retrospect.

CONTAINING A DISSERTATION ON CHARLES LAMB: BUT NOT A ROAST.

THE recently published letters, edited by W. C. Hazlitt; the sympathetic introduction by Bliss Perry for the Little Masterpieces series; the brief but penetrative and scholarly essay by Alfred Ainger in the Warner Library; all emphasize the perennial charm possessed for us and for all posterity by the personality of Charles Lamb. A personality so lovable and so humane in all its essential qualities; so sincere and instinctive with the breath of a larger life; so notably redolent of the finer feelings and sensitive intuitions of the poet, that his very name has become synonymous with all that is most affectionately associated with the tender sympathy and appreciation of our natures.

The carplings of some of his contemporaries that

"His thoughts were false, and his fancies quaint,
His style infirm, and its figures faint,"

have given place to the supreme vindication of Swinburne, who also calls him the best beloved of all writers. The name of Charles Lamb is set like a luminous pearl in the crown of English literature, and no future reversal of taste or distortion of judgment can ever tarnish its luster. Classified as preeminently a humorist, he possessed the keener perceptions of the critic, and withal, a temperament so pathetic, so innate, and yet so fused with his more exuberant qualities, that it has only assisted in making those qualities more endearing.

It is this profound pathos of his nature which I am fain to lay greater stress upon in this article, not so much as it existed in himself, but as it affected one, and as it must affect all readers acquainted more or less with the incidents of his life. I may be pardoned, therefore, for the narration of the following simple episode, whose only merit is its unconscious tribute to the memory of Charles Lamb:

In the spring of '92 an old bookstore was opened in a certain block on Market Street, commonly designated by the residents of that vicinity as Poverty Row. It was an unpretentious little affair, occupying but half of the store proper, and half of that again curtained off by heavy purple portieres, forming a fitting portal to the empty shrine of prosperity within, and which the god never deigned to enter. The stock in trade consisted of about one thousand volumes, of miscellaneous character, besides a large accumulation of magazines, and sundry pamphlets of questionable value. A few works of art, some rare plates and etchings, and a pile of sheet music, completed the inventory.

Ah, but what a history they had! They were the fruits of one man's passionate devotion to his art; the mute witnesses to the light that burned within him with unquenchable ardor. The love of books is not always a well-spring of joy; it is often a fountain of sorrow; and in the sunless crypt of one aching heart are preserved the records of the years spent in the gradual acquisition of each precious volume.

How many sacrifices, how much abnegation; how many years of bitter toil, how much perseverance of spirit, were represented by these books, which had once formed the private library of the owner of the store, and were now offered for sale as an appeasement to the goddess of necessity. Scarcely any works sought for and cherished by the bibliophile were in evidence. Two or three early Bohns; an early Keats by Moxon, bound in old calf; sets of Shelley and Keats by Buxton Forman, in the large editions; a Moliere in six volumes, with perfect plates; the English Dramatists, bound in tree calf, and hand-tooled; some first volumes of California writers: Joaquin Miller, Ina D. Coolbrith, O'Connell, Stoddard; a set of the Aldine Poets in faded green covers, constituted more or less the most precious possessions in the place. The most precious possessions, did I say? *O vanitas vanitatem!* There was a ragged octavo hidden away in a certain corner on the shelf, supported on one side by the worldly philosophy of Bacon in his Essays, cheered on the other side by the skeptical urbanity of Montaigne, and bearing the modest title on its cover, Charles Lamb's Works, Routledge: more precious in many ways than all of its compeers in this goodliest fellowship of all the world put together.

I can not say that this pitiable venture ever prospered. In the latter days of its existence the store became patronized by a few book lovers now more widely known among us. Edwin Markham carried away its richer treasures to his home in the hills. David Lesser Lezinsky added a few volumes to his slender possessions; Rabbi Nieto departed with its Riverside Emerson; John Vance Cheney, W. H. Anderson, the genial Dr. Steele, Robert Tolmey and others unknown by name gleaned a few ears of corn in its field of fame until but little was left, and of a necessity the enterprise was eventually abandoned.

Those who climb to the supremest heights of sorrow find its table-lands bathed in the sunshine of hope and immortality. It is often the first visitation of grief that makes life seem inconsolable to us; ere the heart is hardened to endurance.

One early day, as the proprietor was sitting at his desk, a visitor entered, who politely requested the privilege of inspecting the books in the store before purchasing. The request being granted, it was not long before he returned with a volume in his hand, asking casually, "How much do you want for this book?" A glance at the cover, with its inscription, Charles Lamb's Works, an almost mechanical survey of its contents, an imperceptible hesitancy in answering, followed by the reply, "One dollar, sir," certainly conveyed no intimation to the purchaser of the thoughts surging through the mind of the quondam owner of the book. Even after the purchaser had departed, it was a few moments before the enormity of his loss became apparent. During these few moments his mind with wonderful rapidity reviewed again every incident connected with his own purchase of the book: his constant search for it, his delight when rewarded for his perseverance, the many happy hours he had spent in the perusal of its pages, the many tears he had shed over its many pathetic passages, the many smiles at its quips and quiddities; and at such fond recollections the veil was torn away by the hand of memory, and, as the barriers broke, as the flood-gates of his heart were opened, the overwhelming consciousness of it all came upon him. There was a sudden retreat made to the rear of the store, behind the portieres, and as he clutched them convulsively, between the passionate sobs that shook him like a leaf, and in a voice choked by the bitter tears of his emotions, could be heard the words, "O my God! O my poor Lamb! O my Charles Lamb is gone! Is this what I've got to do for a living? O my poor Lamb! I sold it! I sold it! and for a miserable dollar! My God, my own Lamb! poor Lamb!"

Let this brief recital remain as a fitting summary of the life of Charles Lamb. For it is the pathos of such a life which approaches us so intimately, however remote any allusions to the same may be found in his simpler or sadder communications. And this constitutes so stable and so permanent a part of our deepest affection for him, exclusive of the merit of his writings.

We seem to be listening, as in a dream, to the sorrows of one of our own household, until the grief becomes almost too poignant for restraint, in such revelations of the spirit as "Dream Children" and the "Child Angel."

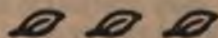
The life of Hood was tragic, and underlying the loftier benignity of Thackeray's nature we now know was a mood attempered to the deep solemnities of life. In the case of Lamb we can but echo the words of Othello: "Oh, the pity of it!"

"Since all the wanderings and all the weakness
Will be a saddest comment on the song."

A song whose intensity, however attenuated to prose, was correspondent with the author's most tremulous sensibilities; so exquisitely modulated in its severer qualities, so lyrical in its lighter passages and its humorous effervescences, that it has become the despair of all subsequent essayists to imitate. And so,

Since we have among great men
Rare old Ben,
Let us say (for epigram)
Dear Charles Lamb!

LORENZO SOSSO.



To a Young Collector: San Francisco.

MY DEAR SIR,—Without the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I yet venture to address you on the subject of the formation of your library. And in using the word library, I exclude everything that may compendiously be termed current literature. For my ideal collector should not build his library on the shifting sands of contemporary judgment; he should not follow the commercial vicissitudes of first editions of living authors, but rather plant a firm foot on the rock of literature that has been braced by the criticism of generations. Do not misunderstand me. That a man should deliberately place himself apart from current thought—not only from what is best, but even from what is merely trivial and of passing interest—were absurd. The light froth that bubbles from the printing presses of two continents plays very pleasantly round the solid mainland of a fine collection.

Further, I would draw a distinction between all the books in your possession and such of them as form part of your library. To say of these last that they should never be lent were to spoil fair paper with the printing of a truism. And the former you may regard—I speak now of new books—as probationers. They are bought—perhaps you are of a frugal habit—they may be borrowed, read, cast aside. A book may make a stir, may achieve notoriety, “appreciations” of it may whiten the land. Let me even suppose that, independently of the minds of others, it has in itself the quality of retaining your interest, of compelling you to return to it. You measure it by the standard of comparison you have in your mind. How does the weakling look alongside the literary giants of your acquaintance? Not so short after all, it may be. To your mind, you resume, and that is to you the final test, worthy a place beside them. Here, then, is a recruit for the band of veterans that is gradually filling your shelves; and so your library grows.

Yet, for a man who has not a limitless purse, the entry to the circle is of necessity small. The book that charms at one time of life is a dull companion at another; whence it follows that the narrower your means—you understand that I use the pronoun impersonally—the more rigid your standard. Yet, when once the book is admitted to your library, let it be represented by as worthy a specimen of production as your means may compass. Perhaps there is a flaw in my chain of reasoning. I have presupposed the existence of a standard of comparison. Well, it is perhaps permissible to assume that you, bearing still the title that heads this letter, are somewhat mistrustful of your own palate, and allow bygone generations to taste for you. You have, that is, already furnished forth your bookcases with editions of the great writers, of men whose position is beyond assault, whom the boldest iconoclast reverences. And, too, before you arrived at man’s estate your mind has been carefully cultivated by your pastors and masters. Thus you have, at any rate, the faculty of taking observations in the difficult sea of letters, and that you will go far astray I can not believe.

Tolerance is a virtue that sits gracefully on a collector beyond all men. “Scott, Dickens, Thackeray,” you may say; “these are well enough; every one bows the knee to them. But to me there is no one like George Eliot.” Or it may be Hawthorne or the older romancers—Fielding, Smollett, Richardson. Or again, the minds of the great continental masters may be nearest akin to your own. The point is immaterial. The true collector recognizes that it is beyond the power of any mind to draw the very uttermost from these mighty intellects. It is, indeed, a question of temperament. It may be that I who write am happiest when I read Thackeray. Yet my mood changes, and I dare swear that Dickens is the master of them all. Or, my wife being gone to bed, I take up *Tom Jones* to companion me over my last pipe, and Fielding’s vigor and freshness affect me as if I had been facing an east wind over a Yorkshire moor. My friend calls in on me, and I find him enthusiastic over Cervantes and Rabelais. To me, it may be, these are dull, overrated scribes; yet I have the grace to pretend that Philistia is an unknown land to me, and I resolve mentally to blow the dust from my examples of these masters, and try to discover the secret of my friend’s madness.

Yet, as I said before, my own mind is, to me, the final test, and I would be chary of following the guidance of even my dearest friend. A man’s bent shows itself nowhere so

clearly as in his books. And, for my own part, I am resolved to give shelf room to nothing I can not read and enjoy. To put the point somewhat differently, while all libraries have certain features in common, each should have the reflection of its owner's individuality. Is the bend of your mind toward science in any of its innumerable branches—toward history, poetry, fiction? Whatever it be, the main stream of your library is clearly marked out. Perhaps I should not have included science; a man rarely buys scientific books unless it be to use them as tools in his profession or trade. And it follows, too, that my advice to restrict carefully the entry of new books does not apply to technical works; of these the specialist in any line of activity is a competent judge. Yet, even with science, it is interesting for the specialist to read what passed with his forbears for gospel. To the physician, what more interesting than the medical books of a bygone age? To gaze, from his lofty pinnacle on the shoulders of dead generations, at the gropings of Ambroise Paré and Thomas Sydenham? To the engineer, to read of the rude conceptions of a century ago? To the chemist, to study the vain search for the elixir vitæ and the philosopher's stone? To the priest, to wonder over the various methods in which man has striven to create the Almighty in his own image?

Let me assume that my platitudinous suggestions have found favor with you, and that our ideas are the same—a solid substratum of books that the world has agreed to call great, and, logically springing from it, branches of literature that harmonize with your, the owner's, mind. Here comes the delicate point: what outside seeming should your collection assume? Costly should your books be; as costly, that is, as your purse can buy. Except in the case of great collectors of historic repute—and they are so busy buying books they have no time to read them—the substratum will not cover much space; a few hundred volumes, it may be. The world has read these books for generations; in some instances, for centuries. The choice of editions is therefore illimitable. Let us speak worthily of worthy things; have you a Shakespeare? I dare not suppose that you are a financial king or commercial baron of sorts; and so, alas, a first folio is beyond you. But, if I may advise, not a very old, with a carelessly printed text; but, if I may use the word, an elderly edition. Are you acquainted with Pickering's? Another might serve your turn as well; I say Pickering, as an example of beautiful typography and an edition free from the careless printing of our ancestors, and innocent of the bothersome erudition of modern Teutonic commentators. As the years go by fortune may smile upon you; on a good collector, she certainly ought. Then take your courage in both hands and buy a first folio. To stray from my province and speak of commerce, it is an excellent investment. In the language of the city, you can not go wrong on it. It is safe for a rise. The facts of one of the sales through which the very fine example now in the possession of the Baroness Burdett Coutts has passed, are possibly worthy of repetition. The famous collector, George Daniel, was a man of relatively moderate means. To him came one day an invitation to dinner from Mr. Pickering, the bookseller. Halfway through the meal was placed upon the table a large covered dish. Removing the cover, Daniel found under it three first folio Shakespeares. He had his choice and took the best, paying therefor £150. When he reached home, Mrs. Daniel was waiting for him in the hall. "What's that brown paper parcel under your arm? Another book, of course. We shall all starve." "Yes, my dear, another book." "I suppose you gave fifty pounds for that wretched thing?" "Well, yes, my love, I fancy I did." The rest of the scene is too painfully reminiscent of Mrs. Caudle to bear transcription. Yet mark the sequel. At the sale of the Daniel library—still a bibliophile's landmark—it was sold to the Baroness Burdett Coutts for £650, and its value now is estimated to be about £2000. And—forgive me if I stray again into the city—we have not yet reached the top of the market. Millionaires flourish and multiply, but the supply of first folio Shakespeares is strictly limited. With an ever-growing demand and a short supply, the conclusion is obvious. Neither you nor I are lucky enough to have lived when George Daniel lived, and booksellers who dish up first folios for the dinner-table are an extinct race. But it seems to me that the courage displayed in the purchase I have just described is only comparable to that of the first navigator.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said somewhere that he could only read Addison in the quarto Baskerville edition. Here at least is a book that is within the reach of the poor man. A fine example, in rich, full, sound Russia or morocco—how difficult to find, even now!—with dignified marbled end-papers. Such a book lends dignity to any collection; and another delightful book—Lamb in the pretty 12mo edition of Moxon. Easy to hold—I take it, you read Elia in an armchair—and of a type that rests the eyes. A set of this, in contemporary full binding, creates an atmosphere proper to the author. Not an old book—Lamb's serenity and humanity are beyond decay; but, it may be, just middle-aged, corresponding with his gentleness and temperate outlook—and, above all, free from illustrations and irrelevant apologies for Lamb's social lapses. And Boswell's Johnson; could mortal man desire a better edition than that of Murray, issued first in 1835, with steel frontispieces and vignettes? The 17-volume Byron; Moxon's Shelley; the 12mo Moxon and Pickering Coleridge; the Cunningham Burns and Wordsworth with the steel plates—the list is endless. These are but a few favorite books of my own—you see, an esoteric pose has no charms for me—that come uppermost in my mind as I write. Were this a bibliographical treatise, I could take each author separately and panegyrize a particular edition. That is not my present purpose. I but quote concrete instances to give point to my argument that the older editions remain the best. It may well be that, even now, a publisher is issuing an edition of Lamb that is superior in every respect to that of Moxon. But, I maintain, the possessor of the older book has an edition with qualities which a newer issue can not hope to achieve. There is its rarity. I do not mean by that that it is absolutely unique, but that it is sufficiently scarce to have acquired an individuality of its own. You show it to your friend and rival collector; this is a pure unsullied joy which the collection of books brings in its train. Try as he may, he can not reproduce it exactly. Another example of the edition he may get; but his is, and must be, different in some respects. Its very faults may endear your own to you. A collector of books is very like a woman with a nursery, except that the larger it grows the fonder he becomes of each member.

Buy, then, as opportunity offers, fine library editions of the great classic writers. From a purely commercial point of view you will do well, for the demand for such books has long since overtaken the supply. Curiosities, luxuries, examples of the work of famous binders, these may come later. The foundations of the collection must be firmly laid. In entering a strange house, there is, to my mind, nothing pleasanter than the sight of a number of handsome interesting books. You may know nothing of your host but his name; yet the outward and visible signs of an inward spiritual community greet you from the walls. If the owner be a wise man, they will greet you from every wall; for, again to quote Holmes, "there is no furniture like books." Even if he do not read his books—if, that is, he merely regards his books as the appendages of his state—it is impossible for him to live in an atmosphere of Russia leather and morocco bindings and remain uninfluenced by the treasures they contain. As you glance round the shelves, you can form some notion of the personality of your host. A set of Dickens catches your eye; at the foot of each volume is the date 1874. Clearly, not an extravagant man, who will have nothing but the very first issue; but a reasonable man, who has paid a good price for a set of the first complete library edition, with clear impressions of the work of the original illustrators. A little further along is a knot of books which you feel at once are illustrated by George Cruikshank. Interest overcomes you; a closer examination proves that they are veritable first issues, with the plates in all their pristine freshness. His Fielding, his Smollett, his Rabelais—all old editions in contemporary bindings, with quaint cuts. As you reach his sanctum, you find his treasures near his hand. Perchance a Mosher Omar Khayyam for his ordinary reading; if he be lucky, there may even be a first edition of FitzGerald's masterpiece, carefully bestowed where inaccessibility may defeat temptation, and resting quietly after its Odyssey, which began in Mr. Quaritch's six-penny box. And so your conversation is cheered and brightened by the consciousness of the great interests you have in common.

In the path you have chosen, you must meet with difficulty and disappointment. If I can do anything to help you to grapple with the one and remedy the other, you have only to command me. Meantime, with all good wishes for your success,

C. F. CAZENOVE.

The Influence of the Orient Upon California.

"I chant the world on my Western sea."

SO sang the inspired American poet and seer, the master-spirit of the age—Walt Whitman. In the "flashing and golden pageant of California," he beheld, not only a vision of material prosperity—

"Wool and wheat and the grape, and diggings of yellow gold ;
These but the means, the implements, the standing ground,"

but with the inner eye of prophecy he saw—

"The Genius of the Modern, child of the real and ideal."

Taking courage from Whitman's prophetic utterances, California should exult in her "newness"—the term so often opprobriously cast in her teeth.

Did not Ruskin nearly half a century ago, declare to England—"We don't want either the life or the decorations of the thirteenth century back again. The gorgeousness of the Middle Ages had for foundation and end nothing but the pride of life, the pride of the so-called superior classes." Elsewhere, he said—"The names of great painters are like passing bells ; in the name of Velasquez, you hear sounded the fall of Spain ; in the name of Titian, that of Venice ; in the name of Leonardo, that of Milan ; in the name of Raphael, that of Rome."

To avert a like fate, California must learn to eschew what is false, and to assimilate what is true in old-world methods and traditions ; in art, as in religion.

At the present moment, whether from increasing intercourse with the East, or owing to causes more occult, a wave of Oriental thought is sweeping over the Western world, and California is caught in its crest.

The promontory of Point Loma, where a school has been founded for the revival of ancient mysteries, is to become the Mecca of the Theosophical pilgrim. As a rule Californians are peculiarly susceptible to psychic impressions ; no longer trammelled by man-made creeds and philosophies and "the stupid oppression of Philistia," they are ready to perceive the vital truths which are embodied in the ancient religious writings ; and the Orient in return—grateful to these children of light—reveals to them her genius and the wonders of her art.

What matter of pride it would be, if the *Wild and Woolly West* should stem the modern flood of florid rococo decoration—if California should lend Japan her aid to bring about a renaissance in Oriental art.

In England—when a few years ago an effort was made to form a society for the furtherance and study of Japanese art—not fifty members could be enrolled. In Berlin there is an Oriental college, where not only the Japanese language is taught, but every Saturday night, public lectures are given on subjects of general interest, as Japanese art and poetry. Yet surely the German has not the Californian's instinctive appreciation of Oriental fine art. A circumstance tending to confirm this belief, recurs to me. A lady living in Yokohama, sent to a friend in Germany, a gold lacquer-box—one of those priceless heirlooms the fortunate foreigner could so readily acquire in the early days after the Revolution. It was filled with tea as an afterthought. On visiting her friend in Germany, she inquired after the gift. "Oh ! the box of tea you sent?—it was delicious." "The tea !—but where is the box?" my friend asked breathlessly, recalling the painful mental struggle before offering it on the altar of friendship. "Oh, the box ! Let me see ; I think it was put in the lumber room !"

I venture to assert that no native educated Californian would be so artistically blind. His innate æsthetic sense would enable him to appreciate instinctively, the beauty of the lacquer, although only to the initiated is known the secret of its intricate workmanship. The manipulation of the layers of wood, no thicker than sheets of paper, and seasoned with such skill and care that boxes made two hundred years ago have never shrunk, whilst so perfectly do they fit that the interior trays may often be seen resting on compressed air, which can not escape. The laying on, polishing and drying of the different layers of lac, and the infinite variety of metallic dusts and powders, used for the final decoration, only the connoisseur could fully recognize.

Alas! unless a concerted effort is made by the lovers of art, the secrets of the master *Makiye-shi* (worker in lacquer) may be lost to the world. With the revolution of 1868, ended the still, absorbed life of the master craftsman, perfecting his marvelous creations, under the fostering care of the feudal lord. From that time the gorgeous brocades, *inros*, swords, *netsukis* and services of lacquer, were scattered and have never been replaced.

Oh! the glory of the finely tempered *katana* (sword) — the "soul of the *Samurai*" — the mystic weapon, said to be at times occultly imbued with such a thirst for blood that the owner was forbidden to wear it. The handle of this remorseless blade was covered with minute ornaments, so marvelously wrought that London and Paris jewelers admit they could not copy the workmanship at any price. Must our cry be "Ichabod?" Must the art that produced such gems of beauty sink into oblivion?

The instinctive appreciation of the average Californian for what is best in Oriental art is undeniable, and not to be attributed to familiarity with the masterpieces, always to be seen here. There is no doubt, however, that a mere languid liking may be fanned by the enthusiasm of an intelligent collector into a veritable passion.

The genius of Hokusai — taking an example — is seldom obvious to the casual observer, yet his foreign admirers have placed him on a pedestal, with, as companions, Rembrandt and Botticelli! Theodore Child remarks of Whistler: "In 'The Balcony' the Japanese influence is conscious and avowed. This is a vision of form and color in luminous air — a Japanese fancy realized on the banks of the gray Thames." "There is one nocturne in particular by Hiroshighe, representing an episode in the history of the Ronins — a night *fete* on a river, with, in the distance, fireworks, and on the bamboo bridge, people leaning over — which is treated in the same spirit and with the same sensitiveness to the fascination of evanescent effects of light and gloom, that Mr. Whistler has shown in his nocturne of Battersea Bridge." Almost any student of art in California, possesses one or more of these prints, which to the uninitiated seem so fantastic and bizarre.

Space will not permit me to allude to the art of the other great countries of the Orient, each of which exerts a special influence, that of India and China perhaps predominating. In his preface to the *Mang-wa*, published for the benefit of industrial workmen, Hokusai prophetically alluded to this influence which his country should exercise; revealing the spirit of Ruskin, with whom he was contemporaneous.

"Let us hand down" he said, "to future ages, and bring within the knowledge of our fellow men, beyond a thousand leagues, the spirit and form of all the joy and happiness we see filling the universe."

"The Golden Age is not yesterday or to-morrow, but to-day," said George William Curtis. California should then rejoice in her *modernity*, and that in this fair realm, the representatives of the modern spirit from every sphere, may clasp hands with her, hastening the fulfilment of Whitman's prophecy:

"The new society at last; proportionate to nature,
Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand —
To build a grander future."

DORA AMSDEN.



Christmas—California and the Joy of a Child.

SURELY no children in other parts of the world can feel as I do about the coming of Christmas Day, for no other place is so wonderful or beautiful. Surely nowhere is every living thing growing out of the earth full of held-back words, waiting for the Day of song and of rejoicing and of clamoring happiness.

At this time I, a little girl, find the spirit of joy surging, laughing, and jumping in me. Joy, joy is buried thinly in the earth; it is covered just out of sight in the trunks of trees; it bubbles beneath the running waters; it is held as a precious secret hard to keep, but proudly locked in the hearts of all things living, until the Sun rises on the Great Day. Truly, I can say that the receiving of dear gifts from those who love me, and the merriment of the season is not what brings to me the trembling joy of this time—that part of Christmas is over the border of my growing happiness, which begins to fill me at no set time but comes all unexpected.

How it came this time I will tell. This is how I felt the first budding of the season's joy. A Whisper I heard in the ears of my heart; it sounded like a little running water and a gentle wind in wet leaves. The Whisper used no words, but I knew I should go happily to the woods and grassy places by the Sea. Of my journey there I remember little; my heart and body seemed strung tight with quivering hopes, and a wonderful newness took hold of me. As I went along my way the Pictures in my mind were only hazy, fleeting colors, floating fast in soft blurs in and out among the real things I saw with my eyes, but shapeless as they were, they fitted me for a coming time of picture-making. Soon I came to the Place. I knew it at once, the Voice did not need to tell me. I sat down with my back pressed deep into the white sand and tickling grasses, waiting in happy fear. The noise of the Sea pushed softly through the trees and over the sandhills, strong but gentle, floating about and lingering in everything. The Sun sent down a kind heat which filled all living things; the earth and trees and sand and all green growth gave forth a sweet smell that came and went with the playful wind. The leaves of every tree were bright and glistening clean. Song and a babel of happy words lay hidden everywhere and in all things waiting with joyous impatience to burst forth. The world was full of a beautiful roundness and seemed like the cheeks of a child who holds back laughter. This great joy so filled all about me that I almost feared the coming flood of happiness. I sat trembling with the great joy that was growing in me. I knew it was not yet full-grown, and all the world and I must wait for the Day to come—so was the Secret told me by the Sea, the trees, and the green fresh water, and the light of the Sun. A time of waiting was given, but I could whisper of what was in me to them and tell of happiness in my waiting. Sweet was the budding joy, dear was the knowledge of it in my heart. Surely, when the People looked into my eyes they must have seen a dancing sparkle there. It may be they felt, too, something of my great happiness, for often I saw an answer in theirs. Did I bring the light to them, or had *they* heard the Whisper? Each of the long days that followed had names and places; after the Day of the Whisper came the Days of Rain and Slow-Going Clocks, the Days of unnamed Sadness and Doubt, the Sunny Days of Laughter and Song and Secret Running, the Cloudy Days of Mystery, Caves and Dreams, the Days of a Hundred Plans, the Days of Tearful Tenderness and Love, the Days of Naughtiness and Regret, and greatest of all, the Days just before the *Time*, of wonderful Wisdom. In this way came the Great Day. The Sun thrust his face up over the misty hills and drove laughing away all things of the Night. He chased them into cañons and corners of the wood, but it was a merry flight with no rebuke from the Sun, so some of the things turned around and faced him, saying, "We will be part of the Day and the joy of it." "Patience, patience," said the Sun, "till I have blessed you; then, oh! World sing and play and shout and laugh and make the Day." The Sun smiled and gave to all the blessing of his light; he gave to every living thing the gift of joyful song; he spread softness and a veil of happiness over all things, even to the cold, running Night. Then, oh! then, when his heat had mingled into the foggy greenness of the hillsides and quivered merrily through the damp sweetness of the trees, he stopped his

journey for an instant and shouted, "This is the *Day*, be joyful." Then the silence kept since the Day of Whispering was broken, laughter burst forth from the cheeks of the World, the song rose from the Earth which had long been hummed in secret. Every living thing gleamed with glowing, trembling joy. The Sea sent out a new soft sound with no note of cruelty in it. Light and heat and sweet smells and gentle noises hurried to and fro, touching, kissing, and embracing all the joyful company, and going on their way left a great goodness where they had passed. The misty blur of the Earth's colors flashed into a brilliant fulness of their own, each sending out a smile of light which mingled with the smiles of other colors making new beauties. I could see the young green of all the Hills turning into a shining strength of completed coloring, the full green spread and grew and melted into the dimness of distance, bringing to my mind the bending of tall grain beneath the touch of the wind. That Day was the beginning of new good and new growing, so the living things go on their way, and many are their words of help and sweetness as they move towards greatness and ever increasing beauty. The Sun gave the signal of new joy to the World, and the fulness of it has hushed me, a child, to a strange and beautiful silence. The Season has brought to me a Treasure of Joy and Love, and the Voice whispered that it will mingle with the days of my going and growing, so great is the store of Good, that sadness will not linger long, disappointment will be cleansed of its bitterness, Love will spring up in new places, laughter will be near by, and working times will be hours of happiness. Before the Treasure of this Time is gone I shall hear the Voice and I will go to grassy places by the Sea, there will I again be told the Secret of the coming Day; so will joy be carried on through all coming days. In this way comes and passes the Day of Christmas in our beautiful land.

MORGAN SHEPARD.

"Traveling."

In dreams I'm sometimes ten feet tall, and I can fly,
And I've a ship in easy call to sail the sky.

It's moored beside the cypress hedge up in the air,
I drop down from the window-ledge and meet it there.

A grim-lipped, gloomy oarsman stands well in the stern,
To take me off to foreign lands is his concern.

He steers my ship up through the night into the sky,
And poles the clouds to left and right as we sail by.

And holding on, I can look down on land and sea;
And island, mountain, church and town are plain to me.

No matter — strange though it may seem — I really know
It's nothing, only just a dream, to travel so.

And so I bid the oarsman take a deal of care,
And get me home before I wake up in the air.

A. ROBINSON.



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February Number, 1901

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The Value of a Friend

SO long as we love we
serve; so long as we
are loved by others I would
almost say that we are
indispensable; and no man
is useless while he has a
friend.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Bernard Shaw.

TO PEOPLE who like his kind, Mr. Shaw is just the kind they will like! He is almost, if not quite, *sui generis*, and can only be truly described as just — Shaw.

In regard to his attitude as cynic-socialist—the normal in a world of aberrants—who may pronounce, except to say that it is too good to be true. One wonders if, after all, to be Shaw is not a delicate *pose* in itself, with its author laughing in his own sleeve at himself and us.

Among Hans Christian Anderson's tales there is one of a stupid emperor who gave up his royal robes at the offer of richer, and, upon being assured by all his servile following that he was wholly dressed, went shivering in naked pretence until a little child, seeing, cries out, "The king has nothing on!" So with our favorite robes of fancy, so dear and indispensable to novelist, dramatist, and preacher. Love, faith, heroism, piety, friendship, self-sacrifice—all our pretty deeds and all our pretty reasons for them. While we are admiring and congratulating and hugging ourselves, here is Mr. Shaw suddenly crying out with such a terribly cynical innocence, "But, dear people, there really are no such things!" And secretly we are scared and afraid he is right.

The writer well remembers the indignant amaze with which the upper middle-class intelligence of New York received *Arms and the Man*, played as it was, by the only person who was at all "up to it"—Mr. Richard Mansfield. The heroine—plainly so designated—told little lies with all the fluency of long habit, the hero was only a chocolate cream soldier after all, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* blustered, whined, and played the fool generally—and yet—confusion, how like life it was! The play began when it was ready and ended when it got through, absolutely and brutally disregarding the dramatic conveniences. It was, nevertheless, much too smart to be ignored, and so people talked and scolded over it and came to no conclusion more than the play. Since then—in '98—Mr. Shaw has published two volumes of *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant*, accompanied with a delightfully ugly portrait and a preface which must ever be the despair and the test of the Philistine.

Not very many people seem to have read these plays. No one cares much for the cheek of the Young Person any more, so it certainly isn't that. By their inwardness and outwardness both they could only be acted by a company of simply fiendish ability, if at all. Mr. Shaw intends them for reading, though he hardly expects it. One can only say that, not to have read them all, is to have missed one of the not necessarily most pleasureable, but most subtle, experiences of the times. They are a sort of reversed Ibsen.

As for Mr. Shaw's novel, *Love Among the Artists*, he tells the readers in a purely intimate preface that as it is one of his first—a relic of his immaturity of twenty-four—that it is likely to be the last. The novel does not classify more easily than its author. Naturalistic in method and neutral in tone, it depends for its charm upon its *naïve* presentation of a small group of people, and for the wit and acuteness of its comment upon literary and artistic shop. Relieved of heroics as sternly as Mr. Howells could do it, it has a perfectly different tone. There is something sturdier, something duller—one is tempted to say, something more English.

The ending is to be commended. "As much is told as is germane," says the author, and then stops. No deaths nor divorces are in sight, and no catastrophes other than those created by common character in a common world. And this does not mean that the book is dull. In fact, it is so clever for a young fellow that it simply creates a great yearning to have Mr. Shaw "do his d—nest" at his maturity.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

"My New Curate," by Rev. Father Sheehan.

AFTER the Jesuitical problems given to us the last few years, when books, such as *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, Merriman's *Christian Vellacott* and Emile Zola's *Rome*, all so strong, have wrought strenuously upon us, it is a quietly restful charm to take up such a really, broadly Catholic book as *My New Curate*, by Rev. Father Sheehan. Catholics, I believe, say it is *too* broad, because it has humor and no dogma. It is like the stories of François Coppée in its delicate wording and blending of philosophy and quaintness, wisdom and unworldliness.

Probably most minds and weary brains in this "nation in a hurry" of ours have their rather creased and puckered-up conditions, when the routine of every day begins to show wear and tear upon the nerves, and the query comes, "What is worth while! *Cui bono?*" Then is a good moment to dispose one's self to the charm of this book, — its humor and drolleries of an Irish country parish, its wistful seriousness, and strong portrayal of two men. The story of the Irish people is always a kernel of absolutely original flavor, this one most particularly so, if you have the spirit and buoyancy or the "bloss" of the Irish on your tongue.

Our heart and sympathies are with the gentle old priest in his parish of Irish hovels, among his classics. Immortal friends from all the centuries, who have taught him their philosophy and their sweetness, but the tolerant, kindly benevolence is the priest's own heart, and a religion that is other than creeds, — for a religion is not a method, it is a life. His time of action is over, while that of reminiscence has come; realization, too, perhaps, that one is pregnant of greater pleasures and sympathies than the other; that action, indeed, is only a means to an end of reflection and appreciation. And it is his reminiscences and reflections that one finds so singularly delightful.

It occurs to us, moreover, as we read this book, that perhaps we know as little of the real Ireland and Irish people as the vivacious Mme. Roland knew of us when she wrote with French lightness: "I am continually in doubt, and I sleep there as peacefully as the Americans in their hammocks!" It may be that, as a nation, we do not sleep in hammocks; and it may be that, to occasionally study the characteristics and local color of an alien race, is a good thing, and gives a pleasant tonic of enlightenment to our industry in reading. At all events, the Celtic imagination, its fervor, its feelings — or should we pronounce it failings — are drawn with clear, clever insight by this sympathetic, gentlest of priests.

The slower pulsation of age and the untroubled twilight of life have come to Father Dan, or "Daddy Dan," as the children affectionately call him, and the years have slowly drifted past, while he has been "passed by" in life — forgotten — till the efforts of his new young coadjutor waken and fairly startle him again in the bitter-sweet, old-young dreams of the promise of his own youth, "it has been a singular intellectual revival to feel all my old principles and thoughts shadowing themselves clearer and clearer on the negatives of memory where the sunflames of youth imprinted them."

"It was all my own fault; I was too free with my tongue," he begins regretfully. "I said in a moment of bitterness, 'What can a bishop do with a parish priest? He's independent of him.' It was not grammatical, and it was not respectful. But the bad grammar and the impertinence were carried to his lordship, and he answered, 'What can I do? I can send him a curate who will break his heart in six weeks!'"

It would seem a misfit that sends this clean, alert, young sociologist, — one who, though a priest, does not forget manhood and citizenship, — with his self-reliant poise, and clear, strong mouth that, in repose, seemed too quiet even for breathing, and "wid his portmanty all brass knobs, and his rug that soft and fine it would do to wrap up the queen," and his refinement, to this rugged corner of Irish Coast to wake the inertia of a parish of hovels and mountain cabins, the only access to which is through a bog, or the bed of a stream, or the filthy, unpaved mud of the village street. But youth's glorifying enthusiasm, hope and strength, make infinitely picturesque and beautiful to him the childlike faith and fervor of the poor, and his interest is so human and so vital. Great movements in the affairs of

men are like tides of the seas which reach and affect the remotest and quietest nooks and inlets, imparting a thrill and swell of the general motion ; but one wonders what tide has sent young Father Letheby to spend his splendid energies in this forlorn inlet ; but the easier highroads of life, — these for the weaker brethren ; but for him who is conscious of the Gift the way is plain.

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush a-fire with God
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

Tenderness, enthusiasm, idealism, form a trebly strong Gift, to one "on the mission" in Irish phrase.

The people of the Great House bring a note of fiction into the book, and Bittra, the fair, sweet Papist, is like some sweet and fragrant flower. There is rue for our most lovable old priest, Father Dan, in seeing come before his eyes in the younger man his own ambitions that he had thrown aside, to try and wipe the dust of thirty years from their remaining pieces, and himself to keep step and lay an encouraging, or a cheering, or a restraining hand upon this second self's enthusiasm. With unbitter clearness he has seen that himself, the dreamer, the idealist, with his love for little children and his Homer and the Greeks, has fallen out of time with the quickstep of the world, its dignities, its successes, its achievements. The practical hand of modern time presses hard. Is it "*cui bono*?"

Aside from its charm, the book is well worth reading for the suggestiveness it calls up, is warm with delightful aphorisms, and the humor is keen, but delicate. Very quaintly and gently does it suggest charity, and a good recipe for charity is, "Meditation : — Apart from the spiritual advantages it affords, that closing of our eyes daily and looking steadily at ourselves is a wonderfully soothing process. It is solitude, and solitude is the mother country of the strong. It is astonishing what an amount of irritation is poured from external objects through the windows of the soul, on the retina, where they appear to be focussed, and then turned like a burning glass on the naked nerves of the soul. To shut one's eyes and turn the thoughts inward is like sleep, and, like sleep, gives strength and peace." Rugged old George Herbert voices the same doctrine in a more fighting spirit:

"By all means use some times to be alone,
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear;
Dare look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there."

A. L. E. H.

"Rodari, Sculptor."

THE charm of this little story is both in plot and style. The former is fresh ; the latter graceful and wholly original. The writer shows ability to arouse genuine emotions of wonder, suspense, pathos and indignation. When Rodari finds Corrona dancing with the goat and curses her, the effect is realistic — for the time being this reader completely forgot himself. The sweetness and simplicity of the style show in many passages. None is, perhaps, more distinctive than that which describes the Golden Lady "turning the musty brownish leaves" of the *Dante* "from which she had read hesitatingly, from time to time, a line or phrase, dipping into the noble rhythm of the words as a bird would skim a mighty river, touching with wing tip the upper current of the strong tide." It is to be hoped that the writer may be encouraged to attempt a series of such stories. If she holds by her unaffected manner of narrative, they will be well worth reading. Let us also hope that the publishers will remove from the second edition of this story the typographical errors which have somehow crept into it. So artistic a little book should not be marred by the carelessness of typesetters.

CHARLES MILLS GAVLEY.

"The Sphinx, and Other Poems," by William Henry Hudson.

IT IS probable that all thought suggested by the Sphinx would be full of questioning, would concern itself with deep things, and then admit its inability to answer; for this great watcher of the desert is supposed to have expressed to the Egyptians the sun in its resting place. Another accompaniment of thought so created would be shadow, and the danger of shadow is, that the mind into which it falls will forget that it can be only the attendant on light, can be really nothing of, and by itself. Forgetfulness of this brings forth pessimism as naturally as the darkened crevice begets the pale leaf. Love, light, and warmth form the magical key which unlocks the secret door of existence.

In the little volume before us it can not be said that Mr. Hudson—or Professor Hudson, as he is more generally known—entirely overlooks this truth, but it must be conceded that he is greatly enamored of shadow and doubt. The result is unfortunate: it does away with the belief that there must be sunny depths to so richly freighted and scholarly a mind. Every thought put forth is rent between a dream-world, of which he shows us no more than the outside, and that very different place,—the sphere of striving men and women. A union of the two must necessarily have added spiritual force to his work. All poetry, no matter how simple, should be possessed of a certain divine force potent to uplift the thought, and to enlarge the view of man. The faintest trill of the tiniest bird has at least one note that carries us heavenward. Our American public is, perhaps, somewhat favorable to didactic verse, a trifle indifferent toward that which pictures only the beautiful, and very much inclined to make all poets tread thorny paths. The reason of this is, that exact statement and definite conclusion appeal with more force than can be brought to bear by idle guess and aimless question.

The man who asks, in a right manner, is wise; the man who answers even one vital question by the presentation of a beautiful thought satisfies many hungry souls. When the poet allows a troubled ego to speak, he but adds to the burden of care already in the world. Professor Hudson's ego is a troubled one: its poetic flight is lessened by backward glance and constant appeal to memories of other days. The poem entitled "In the Plaza, Santa Barbara" is absolutely done to nothingness from this cause. Full of expectation from the pictured beauty of the scene, we stand with hands outstretched awaiting a pomegranate from the divine garden, but are given an apple of Sodom instead.

If Professor Hudson were ill at ease because of difficulty in handling his thought, excuse would be easier to find. But the reverse is true; in working out whatever form he chooses, he is perfectly at ease: his lines are, on the whole, well balanced and musical. Occasionally there occurs a certain whimsical repetition of the same word, but, since this has been the custom of greater poets, he may be forgiven an adoption of it.

In the fitting of subject and form together he is not so happy; one does not seem to naturally suggest the other. This is very noticeable in the initial poem. The Sphinx, regarded simply as a stone monument, is a mighty thing; and mighty things require large treatment. But the form chosen here is one suited rather to dainty images; there is nothing massive and simple about it; nothing that suggests what is strong and abiding. The whole composition would be improved by beginning with the lines,

"I know not how or why,
But I walked in the desert alone,"

And concluding with,

"And behold—no sphinx—no world—
Nothing—not even I!"

"By the Shore" is a fair test of what Professor Hudson might do in poetry, could he manage the force of his ego as Phœbus guided the coursers of the sun. In this poem, form, fact, and sound suit one another so well that we find ourselves listening for the faint voice of ocean waves on a distant shore; and, by a word, our thoughts are turned from the sands of life to the echoing shore of a land unknown. Apt and clear, too, is the note that sounds through the "Methuselah," where an old Talmudic legend is made to do duty as a

parable inciting men to immediate action. It would be pleasant to say that the virtue of immediate action is Professor Hudson's chief thought; but, while some poems clearly favor such a view, others as manifestly contradict it. This is perceptible even in the quatrains which close the volume, where there was every opportunity for clear expression of a leading thought. The chief idea gained from these, however, is that strength and intensity are of less value than the sensuous enjoyment which accompanies soft breezes, and the music of the summer morn. Yet, there are the exceptional three or four that set this view aside, noticeably the "Carpe Diem," which speaks last:

"Live while you live. Life calls for all your powers;
This instant day your utmost strength demands.
He wastes himself who stops to watch the sands,
And, miser-like, hoard up the golden hours."

It is well to accept this as Professor Hudson's summing up of his own views, and as an earnest promise of future endeavor.

REGINA E. WILSON.

"Fact and Fable in Psychology," by Joseph Jastrow.

THIS book is a protest against a too ready belief in the reality of those miracles of mind which are everywhere so commonly accepted today. The collection contains essays upon The Modern Occult, The Problems of Psychical Research, The Logic of Mental Telegraphy, The Psychology of Deception, The Psychology of Spiritualism, Hypnotism and Its Antecedents, The Mind's Eye, the Dreams of the Blind, etc. By using the category of alternative interpretation, Professor Jastrow endeavors to show that the mysteries of the "New Metaphysics" are commonplace happenings erected into miracles by the zeal of too credulous believers. Such an effort is to be commended. These bogs and fens and stagnant pools of false faith must be drained, but he who performs this new labor of Hercules effectively must have a more catholic interest in men, and a readier pen than the author of this book has here exhibited. In the first place, to undertake so important a task in the name of so uninspiring a cause as that of the special science of psychology is rather disappointing to him who reads. Not that men are not interested in psychology, but that they who are most interested in it know well its natural-history character and want of well-established principles by which to sort the true from the false, among reported happenings. Psychology has no patent upon the Greek word for soul, which forms half its name. Indeed, so far as adherence to its original meaning gives title to its use, Psychical Research has undoubtedly a far more rightful claim to it than has present day psychology. In matters of spiritualism, there seem to be white crows as well as black ones; and the introduction to M. Flammarion's last book will give one pause as to the capacity of any form of a priori logic to satisfactorily explain that mass of happenings, which the suspended judgment forces one to classify under the X of telepathy. The scientist, whose mission it is to be more careful than other men, proverbially runs to seed in over careful adherence to his own forms of explanation. Professor Jastrow seems to have overlooked the uses of these "ugly ducklings" of science.

One can not but regret that when the need for such a book is so great this one should be so juiceless that it will not readily command the attention of laymen. But, in spite of these defects, because the book endeavors to combat certain forms of error which are both common and vicious, it should be generally read. The number of borderland problems which are treated is of itself sufficient to call attention to the work.

E. C. MOORE.



"Herod" a Tragedy.

WHEN *Paolo and Francesca* appeared sundry of the critics were moved to much curious speculation concerning the particular kind and quality of Mr. Stephen Phillips' imaginative faculty. To such as were disinclined to accede to him any great dramatic power he has, it would seem, afforded substantial evidence in his new drama, *Herod*, that this power is signally his. It remains, therefore, to be seen to what new fineness of classification the modern passion for withholding will lead the critical genius.

One may have moments of regret for the absence of a lighter note that would relieve the stern tragedy of *Herod*, but concerning the tragedy itself there can be but one opinion: nothing loftier or of purer dramatic quality has been done in English since Browning wrote for us. As a drama it is deeply impressive. Its sure upward sweep carries one along on a strong tide of feeling for its beauty, its passion, its sorrow, until the highest chords of human pity vibrate in sympathy with this consummate human tragedy. The action is swift and real, full of dramatic certainty and imaginative versimilitude the play meets all the requirements of an acting play, while at the same time it has great poetic charm.

The characterization is of a high order; Herod himself is magnificent. In his love as in his tyranny, in his black crime, in his successful statesmanship, and in the dishevelment of tragic woe, when reason is tottering and his foes rage openly against him, he is still regal, the great, splendid, convincing King. Convincing, too, is the queen, Mariamne. The dramatist has drawn her with the same delicacy and firmness, the certain insight and sense of proportion that made his characterization of Lucrezia, in *Paolo and Francesca*, so perfect a bit of art.

But Stephen Phillips' work has won for itself title to be measured as literature. It may be judged only in comparison with the best, and the contemporary best of its kind is Mr. Phillips' own. In "Marpessa" he gave us a poem which halted expectant the English reading world. *Paolo and Francesca* confirmed and strengthened the promise of the earlier work; nevertheless, while along the broad, visualizing lines of dramatic structure *Herod* surpasses both these, it does not, as they did, bear the closet test, the quiet reading, away from the spell of its splendid action, its fine dramatic technique.

There are lines in the poem that are pure gold, as where the great king repeats the predictions regarding that wondrous child who, rumor whispers, shall one day reign in his stead:

"And he shall still that old sob of the sea,
And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,
And turn the moon from all that hopeless quest;"

There are passages of high, translucent beauty, that charm the ear and thrill the imagination, but there are, as well, lines that sink to a level so commonplace that the reader halts in amaze, as when Mariamne ends that exquisite outburst, beginning:

"Oh, then —
You'd stoop and lift a dead face up to you —"

With an anti-climax so futile, so utterly *banal* as:

"Do nothing, Herod, that can hurt my soul."

Or when Herod winds up a right kingly summary of kingly deeds by promising:

"A harbour for all nations
Whereon shall ride the navies of the world."

Surely Mr. Phillips' poetic imagination could have given us something less hackneyed, something less suggestive of the usual Board-of-Trade attitude!

This "note in passing" were but captiousness, but for the fact that Mr. Phillips has already set his own mark of achievement. This we look for him to maintain — to maintain the sincere literary art which we loved in *Paolo and Francesca*. That in *Herod* he has not entirely done this will not materially lessen our expectation that he will yet do great things for the dramatic art of this era.

ADELINE KNAPP.

Provincialism in Literature.

IT IS recorded in one of those anecdotes that illuminate the pages of literature, like the shining figure of a saint on the margin of some ancient missal, that Coleridge once asked of Charles Lamb if he had ever heard him preach. "I n-e-v-e-r knew you to do anything else," answered the irrepressible humorist. This anecdote vividly illustrates the fatal propensity in the natures of some men who are continually discovering the mote in the eyes of others, while disregarding the beam in their own.

Such paternal preachment is but too easily discernible in the attitude of certain Eastern critics toward California literature, continually inclined as they are to annunciate their belief in its provincialism.

Now, a literature which has been ennobled by such men as Richard Realf, Joaquin Miller, Edward Rowland Sill, John Vance Cheney, Edwin Markham, not to mention many others, is certainly not deserving of any such derogatory denunciations. And the accusation that California literature is, or the audacious advice that it should be, provincial in its nature; that it should be native and to the manner born; that it should smack of the soil; that it should be dedicated to the *genus loci*, is one of those ludicrous assumptions most fittingly answered as Coleridge was answered by Lamb.

In a recent issue of one of our evening journals, it was most convincingly proven, by a notable array of illustrious names in every province of Art, Literature, and Science, that California, especially in its literature, had been largely and splendidly contributory to the mighty stream of modern civilization.

I earnestly desire to emphasize my belief that our claim to such distinction is founded entirely on the broad humanity underlying every phase of such productivity in our literature. And I further claim that such a poem as "The Man with the Hoe" could not have been written anywhere but in California and by a California writer.

It is unnecessary to call attention to the hospitality of Californians in general, for that has become proverbial; but attention should certainly be called to the fact that, by opening our hearts and bringing into the fold the aliens of every clime, we have deepened our sympathies, broadened our humanity, correspondingly intensified every noble impulse of our natures, and laid the foundation sure for the great commonwealth of the future, the Commonwealth of the Brotherhood of Man!

Is this provincialism or cosmopolitanism? There can be but one answer. And may the cosmopolitanism of our population forever prevail against any cohesion of character, such as has assisted in the development of the New England and the Southern type of individualities.

For if the law of evolution, both in the polity of nations and in the everlasting processes of nature, be from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, so must the law of literary evolution be from the simple to the complex, from the particular to the universal, from the immaterial and transitory to the permanent and the sublime.

With the dawning of the new century a new era is to commence in the history of California; the recently acquired colonies of alien lands have been almost entrusted to her keeping; within her great harbor ride the ships of every nation, laden with the commerce of all the world.

Shall not her literature partake of the greatness of her future? Shall it not correspondingly develop with her resources, and, coheritor with the splendors of her vast enterprises, go ringing down the groove of the centuries as the most glorious exponent of the wonderful beauty of humanity and brotherhood?

Such is truly the path to greatness. Let us not be cabined and confined in our art. Under the southern equinox of the stars, upon the summit of the loftiest mountain of Apia, lie buried the mortal remains of Robert Louis Stevenson. If only the heather waving on the hills of Scotland were to be found in those immortal pages which he has left to all posterity, the world of letters would not consecrate his memory so reverently in its shrine of fame.

Provincialism never leads to greatness in literature. And dwelling as we are within sight and sound of the surge of the sea, whose waters lave the shores of the Paradise Islands of the Pacific, and then sweep onward to the myriad-million peopled continents of the mystic East, let us remember the words of the great master, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!"

LORENZO SOSSO.

THE ART ROOM.

The Contented Man.

HE SAT in the light of his open wood fire. A small, throbbing flame shed spots of shifting glow upon the brass guardsmen of his hearth. He had settled deep into a seat of Contentment and Self-Approval. His room was perfect; not one irritating or disturbing object was there; all was in good taste, bordering upon the "precious." His one-sided development had made him sensitive, like the wind-harp, to the least breath of the commonplace. He lived and grew in a conservatory of taste. He breathed and budded anew in a rare world. A deep calm and superior pity went into his mind and out again for the *other* world, leaving but a shadowy trail behind. He drew himself together, with a sensation of all-over peace, upon his seat of Content. The glow of the wood fire sank deep into his eyes, and he closed them to take the happiness of summoning pictures against the purple blackness of closed eyelids. He waited, expectant, but nothing was shaped for him save whirling chaos and colored elegance which swept across the purple.

Content had steeped him through and through; the weight and strength of it held him bound, at the mercy of richness. The whirling chaos made him feel as though he was falling into a bottomless pit of Nile green. He opened his eyes with a wrench. Everlasting gas-logs were burning blue and cheerfully upon his hearth; he wondered how the right-hand knot could look so healthy amid so many four-inch flames. The horrible unreality of it all he quickly realized. The gas-logs were warm enough, but somehow he was chilled to the very center of his sensitive, refined marrow. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. A withering dread took hold of him and held him as in a grip of a French bronze. Speechless, powerless, he cast his eyes desperately about him, with the dread thought in his mind that there was more to come. The seat of Content and Self-Approval! *The rack of tortured refinement.* The pictures of beauty against the purple-black! *The sudden, confused conglomeration of many weird things.* On his table blazed a lamp, tower-high, lacquered brass, with a white of egg and fleur-de-lis shade; his own tottered on the brink in trembling fear, burning low and fitfully. The table was geometrically arranged with four or five table books—*Doré* most prominent, a padded copy of *Lucile*, two Venetian gilt paper-knives, a Royal Worcester card-tray with generous handles, well decorated, a china and gold jewel-casket, having eight panels painted with ladies in swings, ladies in sedan chairs, ladies with fans, ladies with running dogs, in fact, ladies *in* everything and *with* everything. The poor, contented Captive looked at the box and thought, "That would furnish a room completely."

The table held many other things which his bewildered vision could not grasp. The mantle-shelf, a center around which his artistic soul revolved, the abiding-place of his most loved treasures, was captured by the enemy. His dear old Koro held a Turkish scarf in place at one corner; directly beneath it on the hearth contentedly reposed a flesh pink cuspidor painted with marguerites and other tender flowers. The cuspidor edged slyly towards the gas-logs, being somewhat delicate and not yet acclimated.

The mantel was further invaded by a mighty host, who drove into trembling retreat the Captive's treasures. One prisoner was taken, a poor, retiring jade bowl, which lay on its side beneath the foot of a bronze Mercury, who spent all his spare time buckling on his

foot-wings. "Quite a nuisance to have to keep buckling all day," whispered the Captive through dry lips. "Not half so bad as that boy's splinter," replied Mercury. The boy referred to sat on a stump near by arranging his toe. "It doesn't pay to take a gloomy view of things," said a French gilt clock, another occupant of the mantel. The clock was a second cousin of Mercury, having just thirteen ounces of mercury in his pendulum. "Oh," said the man, "these objects bewilder me; life is not long enough to fathom them; but there *must* be a *mind* back of it all. Do they all find homes, poor things, or do they always *invade*?" His current of thought was broken by the wraith-like approach of three bronze ladies holding bunches of electric lights in their hands or about their persons; each lady carried a Haviland plate under her arm (the best was none too good for the Electric Ladies). "Beastly cold," said Lady Four Lights. "My head's warm, but my feet are cold," said Lady Big Globe. "Don't worry; it will soon warm up," cheerily said the French clock. "It *is* warm," said the man. "Bosh!" cried the ladies in chorus; then they all jumped to the hearth, turning more gas into the logs. "This is something like." "Don't mind me," said the pink cuspidor. They didn't, nor did they excuse their backs to the man who sighed and thought. He could not move nor scream, so he *had* to think.

The new atmosphere of warmth and elegance somewhat thawed out the man, so he could turn his head all the way around without turning back to look the other way; such is the mellowing effect of elegance and luxury.

The man turned his head slowly; a panorama of richness smote his now receptive soul. A dear, dark landscape was framed in gilt of many writhings. Girls washing clothes, selling vegetables, flirting with longshoremen, hid his precious Simonetta from view. Roosters, hens and shiny ducks framed in gilt and *labeled*, peacefully reposed over his red embroidery—that dear, exacting bit of brilliance, that stirrer of his placid imaginings. "'Tis strange, but like attracts like; I might have expected it," he articulated, dryly. On his mahogany "low-boy," exactly in the middle, placidly stood an inlaid bevel-glassed, gilt-knobbed cabinet, which had devoured a thousand pretty things; the man could watch the progress of digestion.

"How scientific, and my things, too," he groaned. The window-seat overlooking the fair, green hills and real, true water, was luxuriously padded with foot-deep cushions petticoated, and the window-ledge bore glass vases with La France roses mixed together. Glass bowls, glass candlesticks, and glass—Bohemian!—of every kind of glass generously plentiful; to lend dignity and repose and balance to the array, was a bronze man expending every physical effort to hold up a glass lamp. The Captive trembled with sympathy for the over-taxed man, but nothing broke. "I might get used to it in time, and how independent of nature I would be—I will try," murmured the Captive, vaguely hoping. He continued to turn his head. Royal Worcester, Rookwood, Haviland, Sevres, were all piled ceiling high upon his groaning piano. The bookcases cracked beneath the weight of three pensive bronze ladies dressed in string wrapped once around them. "At least they are comfortable, and are not bothered with splinters. I congratulate you, ladies," he said. They smiled up at him, then cast down their lashless lids. The man was touched by their *naïveté*.

The Captive's head had gone all the way around to the gas-logs; he was conscious of no great discomfort, for his vertebrae had adapted itself to his environment.

From all corners and on the floor he heard low mutterings of suppressed revolt.

"The place is cold, cold." "Why are we here?" "The man is bound; let's make things warm and *artistic*." There was a concentrated purpose and deadly earnestness in those murmurings, and the Captive set his teeth to endure the worst—wishing, only, that he might have the relief of beads of cold perspiration upon his brow. "It would be quite proper to perspire; *they* would not mind," he thought. A chill ran spirally from his head to his boots, which was a slight comfort and he hoped for more.

"Forward, double-quick, *march!*" shouted Mercury, busy buckling, earnestly.

The Electric Ladies led the procession, and all the men followed behind; the muscular lamp man waved his light, spilling oil on Persian rugs, but he had the decency to run back and put an orange green long-haired thing over the spot. "Double-quick," shrieked one of the ladies. Then began a wild, warming whirl; the atmosphere was thick with sofa pillows,

drapes, puffy cushions, spindle-legged gilt chairs, onyx tables, vases, cut glass, upholstered chairs, hair rugs, and mirrors. The inlaid cabinet disgorged and joined the throng—whirling, eddying, billowing elegance and richness—pulsing, heaving, throbbing artisticness. *The room was warmed.*

"Halt," shouted the flesh pink cupid. The Captive's head flew back to its place with a whiz—the shock—the shock of a quickly turning head. A sun-red ember gleamed amid gray ashes. The brass guardsmen smiled broadly.

"How bare and cold—how unfurnished; I will reform," said the Contented man, straightening his necktie.

MORGAN SHEPARD.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM

The Story of a Valentine.

ALITTLE elf sat on the stamens of a wild rose, painting himself a perfectly beautiful valentine. He had stolen the gold from the wing of a butterfly, helped himself to the blue petals of the forget-me-not, filched the crimson from the tulip's cup, and chipped a wee bit from the wonderful rainbow bridge when the sun god was n't looking. He had arranged all his colors neatly on a palette made of a tiny nasturtium shield, and, with a scarlet feather from the breast of a robin, he was drawing a wonderful design on a large heart-shaped leaf. The wind loitered over the hedge, swayed the rose lightly, and called, "Come, fly away with me!" The sun shone down warmly on the garden, and the violets and pansies lifted their little faces, whispering, "Come, listen to us! Come, play with us!" But the elf just hunched his shoulders up and painted away harder than ever, putting in the blue and red in just the right places. He would never have looked up in the world, if the bumblebee had n't blundered against his palette, when he raised his head and shoved the bee with his sharp little elbow. And after he had shoved the bee, bumblebees, you know, have no stings, and *when* he looked up, whom should he see but Saint Valentine himself leaning over the hedge. He wore a great, green cloak that blew out in the wind, and over his shoulders was slung a bag like a postman's, bursting full of valentines. "Halloo, little one," he said, "what are you doing?" "Making a valentine," answered the elf, tying his forehead into forty knots, first, because he hated interruptions, and again, he disliked being called "little." "Well, tell me where it's going, and I'll take it right along," said the Saint, who was a good-natured fellow, reaching his hand over the hedge toward the rose. "It's not going anywhere," said the elf, putting a large splash of green in the lower left-hand corner. "It's going to stay right here." "What do you mean?" asked the Saint, with a puzzled expression. "Just what I said," answered the elf. "But people make valentines to send away," said the Saint. "I'm making one to stay at home," answered the elf. "But people make valentines to give to some one that is very dear to them," urged the Saint, anxiously. "That's just what I'm doing," answered the elf. "I'm going to give it to the most charming person I know, the one I like best; that is, I am going to give it to myself." "To what!" said the Saint. "Myself," said the elf, and went on putting a gilt border around the heart-shaped leaf. Saint Valentine was so shocked that he could n't speak for several minutes. "But that would n't be a valentine at all," he declared. "Would n't be a valentine! Why, of course it's a valentine!" retorted the elf indignantly, holding it up for the Saint's inspection. "And what's more, it's the handsomest one in the garden," he added, with pride. "You don't understand," said the Saint, rather sadly, shaking his head. "A valentine is something you make to *give away*, with your heart's dearest love to the one you love best of all. Why won't you let me take that to the Primrose Fairy? Then it would be a valentine indeed." "Rubbish!" returned the elf. "I can't bear her! A faded little weed like that! Besides,

this 'giving away' is all nonsense. This is for me, I tell you, and it don't budge out of my hands." "Then it's not a valentine," said the Saint. "It is, too," retorted the elf. "You don't know your own wares when you see 'em!" "Mine!" echoed Saint Valentine, with a laugh. "That is n't mine. It's a very handsome picture card, but I have nothing to do with it. I would n't touch it with a ten-foot pole." "What do you mean?" snapped the elf, angrily. "Just what I said before," answered the Saint, pleasantly; "and if you think you can write my name across that thing, you will be disappointed." "That's what I'm going to do this very minute!" screamed the elf. "Well, I'd like to see you do it," said the Saint, with a chuckle, and away he swung down the hill, his green cloak flowing out in the wind, and his yellow hair flying about his shoulders. "Impudence!" muttered the elf, reseating himself on the stamens of the rose. "Like to know how he is going to stop me! Not a valentine? I'll show him; so here goes!" He dipped his brush deep in the butterfly's gold, and wrote with a great flourish, "Valentine"—at least that was what he meant to write, but when he looked at it it was n't "Valentine" at all, but P-I-G, in great, staring letters all across the top of the picture. "My pen is bewitched," cried the elf, "or the Thyme Fairy, the witch, has cast a spell on me. We must try again." So he started to rub it out, but the more he rubbed the brighter grew the gold, until its sparkle dazzled his eyes. What was to be done! Here was his intended valentine with its red roses, its blue forget-me-nots, its white doves, its bleeding hearts, and gorgeous gilt border with P-I-G staring across the top. He painted over it, but the gold shone through the paint. He was sure that there was n't a flower in the garden that could n't read it, even as far off as the hot-house. As for hanging it up in his room among the columbine leaves, that was out of the question. He sat down and howled with mortification and anger. But howling would n't rub out the hateful word, and meanwhile the sun had set and the evening breeze was blowing. Night was coming on, and the following day was Saint Valentine's own. He felt that something must be done quickly. The dreadful thing must be hidden. But where? Not in the grass where that pest, the grasshopper, would certainly find it; nor could he bury it, for the mole, the blundering idiot, would surely unearth it; nor under the eaves of the house where the swallow would see it; nor in the hedge, for the sparrows, the worst gossips in the garden, would ferret it out. And if it were found with that word across it, he felt sure, sooner or later, the garden would find out the secret. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. He slapped his knees, and laughed until the wild-rose trembled. Why, in the garden, had n't he thought of that before! He tucked the valentine, that was n't a valentine, under his arm, and flew softly down to Primrose Lane where the fairy of the primrose lived. Now the Primrose Fairy was as sweet and good as the elf was malicious and naughty, but the strange part of it all was that she thought the elf the best and most beautiful elf in all the garden. And so he was beautiful outwardly, but inside he was a great deal uglier than the wasp, as the wise old Thyme Fairy could have told you. Now the elf knew just exactly how much the Primrose Fairy thought of him, so he chuckled wickedly as he stood on tiptoe, tying the horrid valentine to her doorknob with a piece of spiderweb, and as he flew off to his bed in the columbine, he chuckled all the way under cover of his wings. So pleased he was with his wonderful cleverness that he chuckled all night long through his dreams. But the next morning, very early, while the grass was yet white with dew, and the cobwebs on the lawn looked like nets of jewels, he woke to see the Primrose Fairy standing in the door of his house; that is to say, in the mouth of a blossom of the columbine, with her face as radiant as the morning. "You dear, dear Spinnikin!" she cried. "How kind you were to send me such a beautiful valentine." The elf felt himself growing pale. How had she found out? and was it possible that she could n't read? "Valentine?" he said, trying to speak carelessly, "why, I did n't send any valentine." "How like you to deny it; you are always so modest," laughed the fairy; "but the bat told me he saw you fastening something to my door last night. He said he recognized you by your fly. So I came up the first thing this morning to thank you for the prettiest valentine in the garden," and she held the heart-shaped leaf up for him to see. It took all his courage to look; but behold, the word that had made so much trouble had vanished! Instead of P-I-G, there was Valentine in big, sparkling letters. It quite took his breath away.

"Did—did you rub it out?" he stammered. "Rub what out?" inquired Primrose. "The word at the top of the page?" "I do n't understand," she answered. "This is the only word I saw. What else should there be?" "Nothing, nothing," said the elf, hastily. "Yes, I made it; glad you like it; good afternoon—morning, I mean," and away he flew, right past poor little Primrose, away across the garden to his favorite seat on the wild-rose. "Now, how, in the garden, did that word get changed?" he muttered. A laugh answered him, and there was Saint Valentine leaning over the hedge, just as he had leaned the day before. But now his mail-bag was lean and flabby, and, as there was no wind, his long, green cloak fell down and covered him, and his long, yellow hair hung about his face. The elf shook his fist at him. "Come, come," said the Saint, good-naturedly, "You must n't take it like that." "What do you know about it?" growled the elf. "Oh, the skylark told me, who had heard it from the crow, who got it from the bat, who saw you tying your valentine to the little lady's door. You surely don't expect to keep things quiet in this garden, do you?" "You said it was n't a valentine," snapped the elf. "It was n't while you had it; but the Primrose Fairy is so sweet and good that your ugly picture with your name on it (here he chuckled) became a valentine in her hands. Her goodness outweighed your badness, you see. But I must be going," he added, "for here come some people who seem to be in a hurry to see you," and away he went down the green hill, singing, and swinging his bag by one strap. The elf looked about, and saw two bees with stings like swords had alighted on the petals of the rose, one on either side. They were marshals for her serene highness Mab, and they informed him that he was wanted to be tried before the high tribunal for embezzlement, the butterfly being plaintiff. In vain he begged and cried. The bees looked significantly at their stings, and were silent. With them he had to go, and tried he was, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the largest crack of the ivy stump. And when the owl, who is warden of the prison, releases him two years from today, there won't be a better elf in all the garden. If you don't believe *me*, why ask Saint Valentine.

LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN.

An Apology.

The December number of *IMPRESSIONS* contained some charming verses entitled "Traveling" attributed to one *A. Robinson*. Now, doubtless, there may be *A. Robinson* in the world who writes verses, but *A. Robinson* should not have the credit of "Traveling," which was written by *A. Bancroft*. The editor made an unexplainable blunder. He apologizes to *A. Bancroft* for his stupidity and to *A. Robinson* for a liberty.



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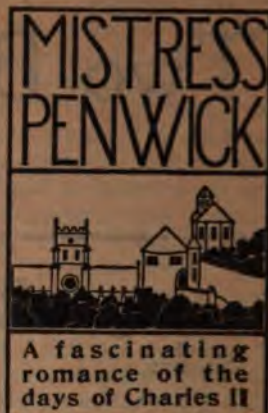
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For those who did not observe, we repeat:

Owing to the unusual pressure of the holiday business, the publishers found it impossible to give the necessary time to their editorial duties during the month of December. The January issue of *IMPRESSIONS*, therefore, was omitted: to equalize this all subscriptions will be carried forward one number.

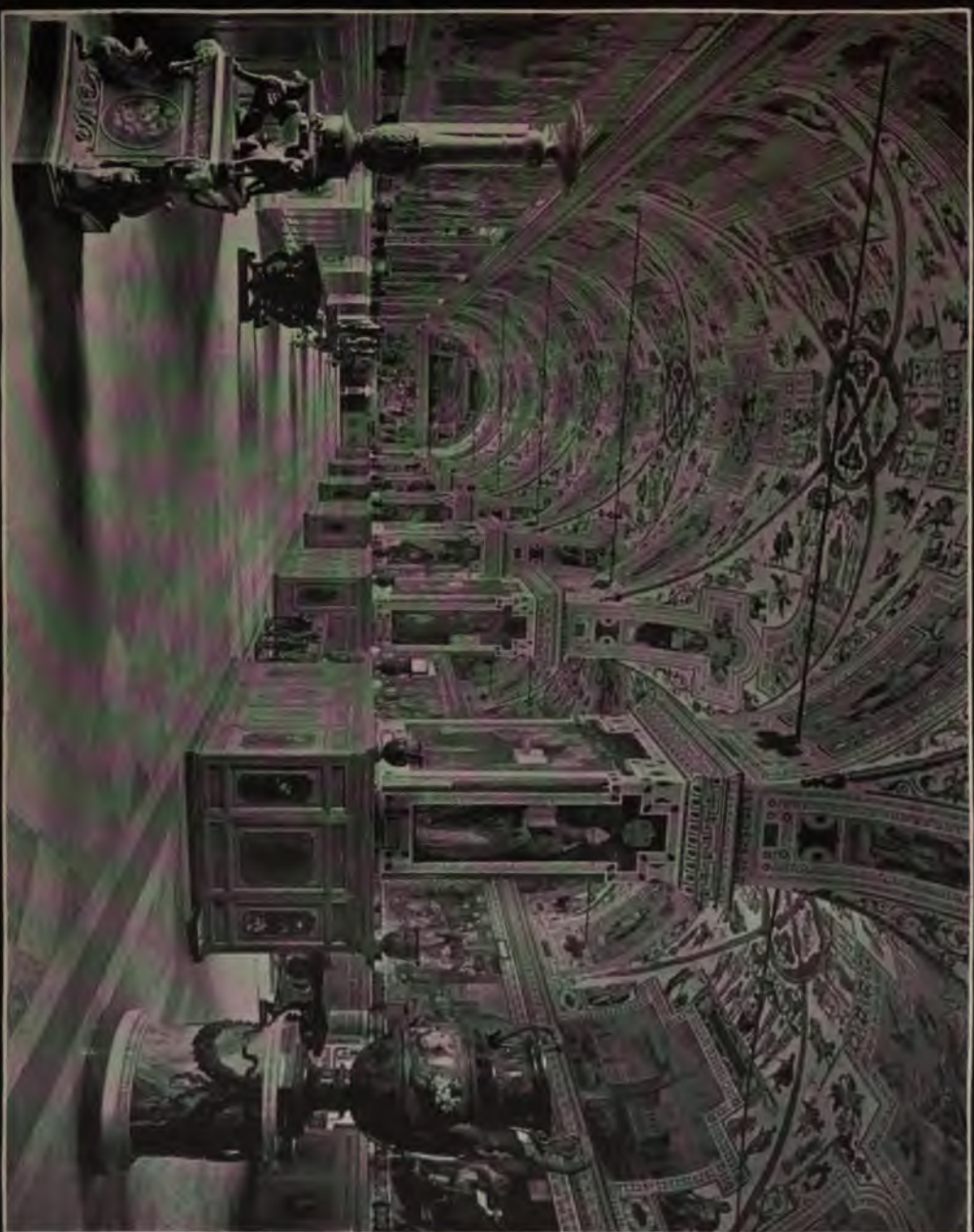
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Two More Olivers.

THE publication by Carlyle in 1845 of *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* has resulted in a complete reversal of the popular verdict concerning the Protector. The careful historical work of others, notably of Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, has helped to confirm this later judgment. It was nothing that Carlyle said about Cromwell that had this effect—it was what he permitted Cromwell to say for himself. No one longer regards him as a fool and a hypocrite. On the contrary, he is seen to be a man of profound sincerity, extraordinary ability, and lofty aims. Yet men differ in their opinions, and will continue to differ. With the same facts before them, the aspect of the facts will be determined by the point of view. The interest of two new lives of Oliver lies not in new facts concerning him which have been discovered; it lies in the impression which his portentous personality makes upon Mr. Morley and Mr. Roosevelt.

There are points of resemblance between Mr. John Morley and Colonel Theodore, which serve to emphasize the points of difference. Morley may be described as a man of letters who has tumbled into politics; Roosevelt as a politician who sometimes drops into literature. Both of them are in deadly earnest, and both of them are persons of appalling energy. Both believe in "the strenuous life," but their notions of desirable strenuousness vary greatly. For Mr. Morley is a man of peace, while our Colonel is known to be a man of war. Mr. Morley's philosophy does not leave much room for bubbling emotion, and has no great respect for tradition. The emotion of patriotism seems to him a rather dangerous and unreasonable thing. It is otherwise with Mr. Roosevelt. Furthermore, neither friend nor foe would ever think of referring to the earnest, agnostic radical as "Johnny."

Both books are attractive in appearance. Mr. Morley's has the more valuable illustrations, but it is surprising that a book from the De Vinne press should contain so many and such flagrant typographical errors.

Both the authors have a great admiration for Oliver Cromwell. This is necessarily the case with Mr. Roosevelt. Oliver was a man after his own heart. He hustled about, and did things. But that Oliver should compel the admiration, however reluctant, of Mr. Morley may excite some wonder with those who know the writer only by his statements of personal belief. Cromwell did everything that Mr. Morley considers undesirable. He was warlike, he was very religious, he expressed himself in a jargon which is offensive to the modern ear, he believed in national glory, and by his policy put England in the front rank of warring nations. He was a "Jingo." But those who have been careful readers of Mr. Morley's works are prepared for this admiration. Long ago Mr. Morley betrayed a strong admiration and affection for John Calvin, that "stern and austere stepson of the Christian God," as he calls him. Any one can admire John Calvin, but it takes a very strenuous soul indeed to love him. But any one who looks into the matter can see that agnosticism and Augustinianism have a certain kinship.

The days when Morley revealed his affection for Calvin were the days when he used to spell God with a small "g." His present use of the upper-case letter is indicative of more than a change of style. He has enlarged his horizon. The set of neat formulas with which he started out in life, and into which he jauntily proposed to pack the universe, have proved too narrow for the purpose. His intention to ignore the mysteries could not be carried out. He has found the unknown a powerful factor in the determinations of life, a factor which must be taken into account, even though its precise value can not be determined. The universe is not so simple as he thought it, and he can now have patience, not only with the logical Calvin, but with the wholly illogical Cromwell.

As a popular setting forth of the present condition of our knowledge of Cromwell, Mr. Morley's is far the better of the two books. This was to be expected. Before his absorption in a somewhat unfortunate political career, he was one of the first of historical biographers. We are all glad to see him emerge once more into literature, and to show the same power as of old. He still has that critical faculty unimpaired which makes his historical judgments generally sound, and always worth attention. Beside his finished work that of Mr. Roosevelt seems like the effort of an amateur. At times he seems like "a segment of the judgment day," but human infirmity creeps in and biases his verdicts. He can not get away from his point of view.

Naturally, the difference of view between these authors is best illustrated by what they think of Cromwell's foreign policy. It is part of Mr. Morley's mental make-up that he does not believe in a foreign policy at all. It is in evidence that Mr. Roosevelt does believe in a foreign policy of a very spirited character. Cromwell could not carry out his ideal in this regard, so he did the best he could. Mr. Harrison has said of it: "In result, it placed England by one bound at the head of the powers of Europe; it laid the foundations of the naval supremacy of England, and also of her transmarine empire." Such results seem good to Mr. Roosevelt; they seem bad to Mr. Morley. In this case the popular verdict will agree with Mr. Roosevelt's judgment.

Morley regards the career of Cromwell as the end of the old political order; Roosevelt regards it as the beginning of the new. Both are undoubtedly right to some degree; but Mr. Roosevelt is "righter." The revolution of 1688 was made easy by the hard revolution of 1640, and the Cromwellian despotism which followed it. That despotism left upon the minds of the English people a dread of military rule, which has shaped events ever since, and determined the course which the final revolution took. This is not to say that military despotism belongs characteristically either to the old or the new order. It is a medicinal plant, which springs perennially. It has its uses as a corrective for the body politic.

Of course, both authors condemn Cromwell's Irish policy in unmeasured terms. Mr. Morley's principles compel him to do so; perhaps Mr. Roosevelt's reasons are quite as obvious. Neither of them even apologizes for it. Neither could do so. The only thing that could be said in favor of it was what Cromwell himself said, in writing of the massacre at Drogheda: "And truly I believe that this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God." That he was mistaken in his belief succeeding centuries of Irish history have proved; that it was sincere, it is hardly possible to doubt. Certainly he was the only English advocate of a coercive policy for Ireland who has had the courage of his convictions.

It seems to me that neither of our authors does justice to Cromwell's earnest attempts to get rid of his own despotism and to divide the responsibility of government. He did not succeed and finally gave it up. He continued to live and rule in loneliness, with a knowledge that with his death the whole structure would fall to pieces. There was nothing for him but to hold on as long as he could. There is a tremendous pathos about the last years of Cromwell's life, which neither of these writers has quite appreciated.

As I have said, the value of these books lies altogether in the effect which the tremendous personality of Oliver has made upon the authors. Otherwise, neither of them is so good as the little book on the same subject, written a dozen years ago by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

THOMAS R. BACON.



"Songs and Song-Writers."

NOTHING more luminous and suggestive has been given to musicians and amateurs in search of authoritative aid towards a knowledge of song literature than Henry Finck's able little book, *Songs and Song-Writers*. Indeed, no other writer has occupied just this field, which is not so much a history or compendium of song as a far-seeing selection of what is destined to survive.

It is conceived in a spirit admirably balanced between the critical and the generous, and instinct with enthusiasm. Personal preference, when backed by culture and broad knowledge, has an authority of its own, and Finck's fearless partisanship sets the warm blood flowing through the cold channels of criticism. Whether one agrees with his estimates or not, one is grateful, if only for the fillip to one's own hobby. The pleasures of championship lustily combated and upheld are still as ardent in our breasts as in the tourney days.

No part of the book is more sympathetically written than the section devoted to Schubert, the great creator of the "Lied." All through these charming pages we are in touch with a warm, living, human spirit; we throb with his turbulence of invention; we are swept along in the elemental abundance of his inspiration. No one will read this book and not eagerly seek the chosen Schubert songs heretofore unknown to him, nor sing without new feeling those already loved. In spite of the pathetic incompleteness of Schubert's life, so short, so wanting in honor that was his due, one's feeling in regard to it is more akin to envy than to pity, for perhaps the greatest joy in existence was his in fullest measure, the joy of flooding and spontaneous creativeness. "He composed as a well gushes from the mountain-side, simply because he could not help it. Spaun relates that Schubert often kept his spectacles on his nose all night, and as soon as he woke up, without waiting to dress, sat down and wrote the loveliest songs. * * * Six of the fine Winterreise songs were written in one morning, and he is known to have set to music as many as eight poems in one day." And Finck, with his passionate regret for Schubert's unfinished life, says: "Has the reader ever asked himself whom he would choose to be, if a fairy permitted him to change his own brain for that of any person of the past? I have often asked myself that question, and have invariably answered: Franz Schubert."

I think it unquestionable that Finck by no means does justice to that Titan of song-writers, Robert Schumann. What music-lover will agree with him that "only twenty of Schumann's two hundred and forty-five songs are of the highest order of merit"? Incredible, too, is his saying that in a certain volume "there is but one song, 'Er ist's,' that rises above mediocrity," when this volume contains "Belshazzar," certainly among the two or three supreme "ballades" of the world. Indeed, I shall take the field against Finck and boldly say that the deeper notes of love are more fully sounded by Schumann and Franz than by Schubert, perhaps because the two former both had deep love experience in their lives, while Schubert did not. A large number of Schubert's most famous songs—as the "Erl King," the "Wanderer," "Death and the Maiden," many of the Winterreise cycle—are not love songs. The inspiration of Schumann and Franz is more tinged by their own personality than was Schubert's, who seems a pure medium of direct revelation, and who, indeed, by that right, has an element of unique delight in his songs.

If Finck writes of Schubert with a sort of spring love enthusiasm, nothing could be more vividly convincing than his admirable exposition of Franz's songs. Can any one sing them without for the moment believing Franz to be the supreme song-writer, so richly satisfying are they to all the emotional and intellectual capacities? "A psychic colorist," Liszt calls him; and Finck says he "paints moods," which is, perhaps, why his almost every song answers some want of our soul.

Those who are not of the Brahms cult will enjoy Finck's frank heathenism, although even to them it may seem that insufficient justice is done to the composer of many beautiful songs. But he hesitates not: "Genius might be defined as the faculty for originating ideas. Form is only the dress for ideas. Brahms was a great dressmaker—a musical Worth. But his faculty for originating ideas was weak."

In other mood he talks of Grieg, one of his four favorite song-writers, and all who love the wild and poignant flavor of Grieg's truly inspired songs will echo Mr. Finck's unlimited enthusiasm. Another one of his four is MacDowell. Well, "every taste is a taste," as the Italians courteously and impersonally express our brusquer proverb. I question whether the general public will discover the charm that Mr. Finck does in the somewhat inflexible and ultra-serious music of MacDowell's songs; it will more probably turn with unhesitating enjoyment to his masterly instrumental compositions.

A few omissions in Mr. Finck's list one wonders at. Lassen's name is not once mentioned, an incomprehensible hiatus. And has not Francis Korbay's wonderful musical development of the Hungarian folk-songs converted them into real "art songs"? Hans Sommer, too, I wish Mr. Finck had introduced to a public in need of enlightenment; he has written many beautiful and two or three heavenly "Lieder," and certainly has Mr. Finck's required imprint of superiority in being little known.

But let us not look a gift-horse in the mouth! One is too grateful for the real treasure conveyed to all music-lovers in Mr. Finck's delightful volume.

ELIZABETH W. PUTNAM.

"Samuel Sawbones, M. D. On the Klondyke."

OF books on the Klondyke there appears to be no end. Like the poor, they will always be with us, and we have yet to discover the man who muled himself in and out of Dawson without afterwards writing about it. In the majority of cases one is apt to wish that, rather than live to employ them in penning experiences about which we are too well informed, the writer had left his bones and fingers among the modest and retiring icebergs of the Far North.

The work in question, however, is so different from the majority of books on this subject, that a perusal of it by those interested is not only to be recommended, but even advocated. In the first place, the author did not go "in" over the ice (as ninety-nine per cent of the prospective miners did), but bucked up against the mighty Yukon from St. Michaels to Dawson, running the gauntlet, so to speak, of a dozen hungry camps, and finally paying toll to the hungriest of them all.

This experience is interesting enough of itself, but the journey contained others equal to it in every way. It is, moreover, most noteworthy that Mr. Leisher does not pad his book with thrilling descriptions of rapids and hairbreadth escapes from starvation and frost-bite. If he had them he very wisely keeps them to himself, and contents himself with telling things which the average writer would consider too unimportant for narration.

In the Klondyke, more than in any other camp, there were bubbles. The country itself was a bubble; the gold discovery was a bubble; the *morale* of the camp was a bubble; the trading companies were bubbles; the honesty of the officials was a bubble; the N. W. M. P. was a bubble. Mr. Leisher has pricked them all. He has good powers of observation, and used them to good advantage. By turns he is serious, humorous, pathetic and satirical; but every paragraph in his book is written with a purpose, and when he laid down his pen he must have felt fully satisfied that he had "shown up" the Klondyke pretty well. For this alone he is to be thanked.

It is to be regretted that the publishers (F. Tennyson Neely & Co., New York) did not expend more taste and care on the making of the book entrusted to them. There are so many dainty and attractive volumes on the market nowadays, that an author whose book is issued in such cheap and unprofessional style is apt to be the loser thereby.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

An English Woman's Love-Letters.

AFTER all, our English cousins possess a wonderful faculty for what is vulgarly, but not unaptly known, as "going off" over things. In the light of these later days, it is doubtful whether we shall permit ourselves longer to be called the more volatile of the two nations, though we shall still cling to the drop more of nervous fluid allowed us by Mr. Henry James.

The present "going off" seems to occur about a modest little book of so called love-letters, wherein a clever, youngish woman writes frequently to her very Beloved. "Theta" comes into print in the *Academy* to defend the lover's desertion, while "Kappa" follows with passages from the book which, he declares, a decent housemaid would not write to her young man.

The interest of all this agitation rests seemingly more upon authenticity than upon content. The preface is cunningly contrived to compel pity and possibility. But to any one wise in affectional matters—and who but believes himself so—soon come evidences of make-believe. The casket letters repeat themselves monotonously, the shadow of the recipient is but a shade, and as soon as the loveress begins to travel, the *preciuse*, before but dimly promised, stands forth quite full blown. Bits of wise and differential criticism about Italian art may happen in love-letters, it is true, but these are a trifle too Berensonian.

The plain beauty and pure pathos of the letters of the estrangement—alienation the publisher calls it—are obscured for the reader by a sort of mad amaze. One is fairly taken up in wondering what crazy circumstance of even the worst of worlds could keep a sane and living man from the side of the dying girl he once loved and meant to wed. While all the time she has never plead to be taken back, or loved, or anything manly or decent, but just to be told the why of it.

Sweet and feminine as are many of the letters, one has a kind of common feeling as of having been caught in something shabby. To tell the crude truth, if love-letters "come true" they ought to die a natural death on the heart of their recipient. If they are a sham, they ought to be labeled like the false butters in the market.

If, as seems admitted, these were written by no woman, but by three men, they still have caught something of *die ewige weibliche*. As for instance here:

"The matter with you is that you have goodness prevailing in you; a different thing from there being a whereabouts for goodness in you."

"Wish, wish; only wish for something for me to do!"

Of course it is possible that these letters are real. Nothing we can imagine is stranger than the real. We have all known or been things which we can't tell for fear of being committed to Bedlam. In this case it will be the cock-sure critics who will make the food for laughter. This will be of as small moment as heretofore. What will matter is that so soft a heart should die so hard a death.

"The show is specious and we laugh and weep
At what is only meant spectacular."

DOROTHEA MOORE.



"The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland."

THE "human document" is ever of transcendent interest, and this is, probably, why the world never tires of memoirs, reminiscences, retrospections, the memorabilia, in short, of those whose years are at their backs, if indeed years have not for them altogether ceased to be matter of note in passing. Humanity loves life; so I suppose that even any obscure person of our day, with the gift of verbal expression, who should devote it to a simple, truthful setting forth of his daily life and personal interests, would have any number of interested readers a century hence. There was Samuel Pepys, a homely enough vulgar gossip of his day, yet because he set down an unvarnished record of his life and its time, even to the offending of good taste, and the stultifying of good sense, he has become a sort of classic and attained to all the dignity that inheres in full-sheep or half-calf, by sheer dint of the human interest he shut into the pages of his preposterous diary.

But in *The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland* we have a human document of quickest sympathetic import, as well as of high historic and literary value. The book has long been a French classic, but not for many years has any edition of it been accessible to English readers. For a century and more Madame Roland has been a classic figure in the intellectual life of France, and even those outside that country whose knowledge of her and of the part she played in the Girondin movement is of the vaguest, feel, though they may not understand, her impressiveness as a personage. To read her *Memoirs*, then, is to come to a realization of the charm that has made her name a touchstone of French sympathy since that day when she was so senselessly slain by the foes of France in the name of France's good.

To begin with, there is that which quickens the pulse to a grateful sense of the fineness of human possibility in the thought that the *Memoirs*, with their ingenious playfulness, their tender concern for others, their wise and lofty reflections upon the trend of the times, were written during those five terrible months when Madame Roland, a political prisoner on a charge wholly frivolous, was waiting until her accusers, who were as well her judges, should be ready to cut her head off.

There is something sustaining in the knowledge that a human being constituted even as we are, could, with the certainty before her of that terrible end, write calmly, and without bitterness, from day to day, her recollections of a happy childhood, of a studious girlhood, and the reflections of maturer years. She was young—barely thirty-nine years old—when the knife fell that severed one of the wisest heads in France from her slender woman shoulders. Life was sweet to her; she tells us so, and her *Memoirs* show how her own nature and whole habit of thought and conduct could not but make it sweet; but from first to last is not one touch of fear, nor a breath of anxiety for herself, but constant, noble pity and anxiety for those who, she knew, were grieving for her.

She tells us of a poor nun, Sister Agathe, who, in Madame Roland's childish days of convent-pupil-life, was kind to her, loved her and did much to make her happy. In Sister Agathe's old age, when she needed its comfort and shelter, she was forced to leave the convent, and, at the time of Madame Roland's imprisonment, was living in some distressful fashion in Paris. But she sent a message of love and pity to her whom she tenderly called "daughter," a message which moved that noble woman to exclaim, in her *Memoirs*:

"Ye compassionate souls who feel for my situation, cease, sometimes to feel for me, in contemplating the blessings which Heaven has preserved to me. In the midst of their power my tormentors have not the felicity to be loved by a Sister Agathe!"

The *Memoirs* afford many an interesting glimpse of the life, social and political, of the French capital; for Madame Roland, though frankly "of the people," and humbly born, yet won for herself by the charm of her character, as well as by sheer intellectual force, an enviable place among the great and the worthy of her time. Not even the stress under which she wrote down these delightful memories has marred the frank, easy and sustained course of her wonderful narrative.

How great was that stress may be inferred from this significant note which she appends to the record made on a day that she apprehended might be her last :

"September 5. I cut the sheet to inclose what I have written in the little box ; for when I see a revolutionary army decreed, new tribunals formed for shedding innocent blood, famine threatened and the tyrants at bay, I augur that they must have new victims, and conclude that no one is secure of living another day."

The shadow of the guillotine was, indeed, on her very pages as she wrote. Her husband was an outlaw — he killed himself when he learned of her end ; her friends were being hunted like vermin through the land ; but still this wonderful woman wrote on, now playfully, now with deep and patriotic earnestness, again pausing to interpolate a fine tribute to the worth of some one she had known — but always bravely, making her record until a day came when she closed it with that noble cry of a loyal heart :

"I know not any longer how to guide my pen amidst the horrors that devour my country ; I can not live above its ruins ; I choose rather to bury myself under them. Nature, open thy bosom !"

A little later, on November 8, 1793, the end came. The custom of the guillotine allowed her, as a woman, the privilege of dying first, all the other victims on this occasion being men ; but behind her walked an old man distraught with fear of this awful death, and Madame Roland drew back at the steps of the platform, to give him precedence, that his fears might not be augmented by the sight of another's fate. Samson objected.

"Come, citizens," the brave woman said, with one of her charming smiles, "you can not deny a lady her last request," and she was permitted to add this gracious deed to the kindly acts of her lifetime.

ADELINE KNAPP.

SEEDTIME.

*The Painting by William Keith, in the New Church,
San Francisco.*

Brown, silent, patient, wonderful to see ;
Brooding a greater wonder, yet to be ;
Deep-furrowed by the bright plow's searching share,
The warm earth lieth quickened, and aware.
No hint is here of coming leaf or flower ;
A mighty marvel, slumberous in power
It rests beneath the sun, and waits God's hour
To teach our hearts the seedtime mystery !

ADELINE KNAPP.

A Peep into the Vatican Library.

IF one wants to worship antiquity, let him reverently bow down here. In Diocletian's era, before the sixth century, there must have been a pontifical library, for in Tertullian and Origen we find notices of books sent as presents, but we can only surmise its extent. We have, however, exact knowledge of its contents in the thirteenth century, for a contemporary catalogue, written in a clerkly hand, is still preserved.

The library through all these years has shared in the vicissitudes which the Eternal City has sustained at the hands of fate. When the sword of the barbarian pierced the gates, and fire and rapine desolated, the same misfortune was unhappily felt within the sacred precincts of the Vatican. It suffered even in comparatively modern times, as in the sack of Rome in 1527 by the Duke of Bourbon and by the French seizure in the year 1798. War destroyed and tore away; war likewise made restitution. Thus in 1622 Tilly brought the Elector Palatine's library as spoils from Heidelberg; and thus the book plunder of Gustavus Adolphus, inherited by his daughter Christina of Sweden, and later possessed by the Ottoboni family, finally came into the Vatican.

The massive palaces of the Cæsars long ago have crumbled and fallen; splendid specimens of sculpture have been mutilated; immense yet beautifully chiselled marbles have been rent asunder and thrown into the lime kiln; but while solid stone has vanished utterly, such fragile things as manuscripts have survived. How can we account for this, except that savage soldiery and untutored Goth unconsciously recognized their intrinsic value, and paid literature an homage they denied to art!

The treasures of the Vatican are divided (like Gaul) into three parts. The Department of Printed Books, although extensive, is of special interest rather to the student of the manuscript portions. While weak in science and pure literature, it is very strong in theology, in history, both sacred and profane, in chronicles, collections of documents, *Urkunden*, *fontes rerum*.

The Archives, wholly in manuscript, consisting of the correspondence of the Holy See with all parts of the world, constitute an inexhaustible mine of historical information. Governments like England, Germany and Austria keep their agents delving here, and one of these patient searchers has been continuously at work for twenty-seven years.

The Literary Manuscripts are famous the world over. Noted among these is the uncial fourth century Virgil, with artistic Roman miniatures—the only extant work of this kind—in one of which the Souls drinking the waters of Lethe are black (modern ghosts are white). Another treasure is the earliest copy of Cicero's *De Republica*, a fifth century palimpsest. Besides a fourth century Terence, there is an eighth century copy of the same author in a delightful Langobard script, with curious colored pictures of actors.

Among Biblical manuscripts should be mentioned the Byzantine St. Luke (fourth or fifth century), written in silver on violet parchment; the sixth century Acts in gold letters; an Alexandrian manuscript of (probably) the fourth century; and a ninth century gold-lettered Evangelistaria (those portions of the Gospels read in church services) containing curious coarse miniatures.

Important manuscripts of a later date include seven large parchment leaves of Dante, with Botticelli's grand designs, three being in color (four other leaves of this identical work are in the Royal Library at Berlin); the superb Breviary of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, with miniatures by Pinturicchio—collaborator with Perugino, who was teacher to Raphael; and side by side with this rests the Natural History of Decembrius Candidus, embellished with beautifully clear figures drawn and colored by Raphael himself. Wonderful that the master hand which painted the Sistine Madonna would condescend to limn the leaf and the humble worm!

The lover of exquisite bindings finds in the Vatican examples of the skill of all the earlier master bibliopegists. The cabinet of Pius IX, illumined in part by Schmitz' glorious stained glass portrait of the late Pope, contains modern covers (to memorial addresses and the like) of every description. Here the sparkle of jewels, the brilliant luster of enamels,

the glitter of golden clasps, the rich colors of plush and embroideries, present a sight altogether fascinating.

The ordinary visitor sees nothing of the books. He wanders along a twelve hundred-foot "straight away" gallery, between closed wooden wall cases containing manuscripts. He beholds the frescoes, stained glass, wonderful inlaid tables, costly porcelains, charming sculptures, and passes into the grand salon, similarly adorned, but more bizarre in its color scheme. He would scarcely imagine this to be a library, except for the suggestion conveyed by frescoes which represent the part THE BOOK has played in the history of humanity—"Peisistratos instituting the first public library of the Greeks," "Tarquin and the Sibylline books," etc. But if he gains admittance into the manuscripts study room on the same floor, or descends into the Archives and the apartments containing printed books, he sees, perhaps, a hundred scholars of many nationalities zealously absorbed as if they fully realized the brevity of their golden opportunity.

Although of such antiquity, in its management the Vatican library is wholly modern, and every courtesy is freely and cordially extended to properly accredited workers. The generous spirit of St. Thomas Aquinas, as there he sits, majestically embodied in pure marble by Aureli, reposeful yet commanding, seems to pervade the atmosphere and inspire one to patient but most earnest endeavor.

J. C. ROWELL

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Jack's Adventure.

JACK was a happy, jolly, laughing, little fairy who was very fond of playing all sorts of funny pranks on the other children in fairy-land, but as he never did anything really unkind, they all loved him and would follow him almost anywhere he wanted them to. He was as brave as a lion, and not one bit afraid of anything or anybody. One day he said he wouldn't even be afraid to go into the witch's garden, which was just on the western border of fairy-land. The rest of the little fairies dared him to go, and very soon they were all near the hedge which enclosed the witch's domain. Jack told them all to hide behind the trees, and not to speak nor let any one see them, because he could manage so much better alone; but they might watch and see that he went in, and then wait until he came out again.

He sat down on a mushroom and commenced to whistle; all the time he was trying to think how he could manage to get into the garden. All the rabbits and squirrels and chipmunks that came along stopped to play with him, and he asked each one how he could get over the hedge, but none could answer him. Now, this hedge was nothing but thistles and nettles so thickly grown that there was not even a peek-hole through which he could look and see what was on the other side; even a lizard couldn't wriggle through on the ground; and then it hurt so to touch it that he could not break his way through. At last one wise-looking old rabbit came along, and in answer to Jack's question, how he could get into the garden, sang:

Inside the hedge are dragons four;
The witch herself will open the door,
Her anger rising more and more.
Follow your *heart*, and you will see
How hunger and anger most readily
With all kind thoughts and deeds agree.

Then the old rabbit slipped under a bush and disappeared.

Jack said the rhymes over and over to himself, but he could not make anything out of them, except that if he did get inside the hedge there would be four dragons waiting to pounce upon him, and that the witch would come out of her castle door in a very angry mood. Just then the dragons set up a terrible howl because it was noon and dinner-time, and no one had come out to feed them. This awful noise frightened the fairies so that they all ran home; but not Jack. Perhaps they are hungry, he thought, so he picked up a

fairy apple from the ground and threw it as hard as he could. Now, a fairy apple is so small that a great dragon would think it only a little speck flying in the air; but Jack did not know that, or he never would have thrown it. However, as soon as it left his hands it commenced to grow, and it grew and grew and grew until when it reached the ground on the other side it was large enough for half a meal for one of the dragons. Two more he threw, when suddenly the hedge parted, and there stood the witch, her face all screwed up, she was so angry.

"Hello, old lady!" said Jack, "want an apple?"

To have Jack talk so fearlessly to her surprised her so that for a second she could not speak. Usually every one who came into her presence feared her. Finally she said: "You are a good little boy to throw apples to my dragons; don't you want to come into my garden and help me feed them?" Now, the witch did not think that he was a good boy at all, but she knew that she could not harm him nor change him into any awful monster while he was in fairy-land; she must first get him into her domain.

"I just guess I do," answered Jack, nodding his curly head and stepping toward her. Just then the rabbit ran by singing:

Fearless thoughts, and true,
Things great and small can do.

When Jack's foot was almost on the ground across the border, and the witch was ready to transform him into a griffin, and make him guard the hedge where he could look right into fairy-land, but could not get there, and the dragons were ready to pounce upon him, for they had only had half enough to eat, he stopped and said:

"I don't believe what every one says about you, old witch, that you hurt every one you see. You won't hurt me if I don't hurt you, will you?"

The very idea of their mistress, the old witch, not hurting every one she came in contact with was too absurd for the dragons, and they threw back their heads and shook all over with laughter. This almost frightened Jack, it was so grewsome to see fierce dragons laughing, and he stepped right up to the witch and took her hand. When the dragons saw that they rolled all over the ground, they laughed so hard. As they rolled about, bumping into each other, they looked so ridiculous that the witch forgot to be angry, and she laughed.

The very instant she laughed everything changed. The hedge of nettles and thistles became one of roses, the dragons all stood up straight and were soldiers on guard, and the witch herself was a beautiful queen.

Once long, long, long ago, so long that she had forgotten all about it, she had been a beautiful queen, and she and the king had ruled well and been very happy. When the king died she grieved and grieved and grieved, and forgot to do anything for her subjects until she grew so old and so ugly that she became a horrid old witch, and everything in the kingdom lost its beauty. So as soon as she was happy again and laughed, the spell was broken and everything horrid disappeared.

A. W. COLE.

Picture Memories.

THE big, red volume with *Aunt Fanny's Scrap Book* in gilt letters on the back, how well I remember it! I can see my sister, overcoming her lack of height by means of a stool, reach it down from the top of the low bookcase, stagger across the floor, and deposit it with a thump upon the table under the shaded lamp. Then the chairs were drawn close, heads met above the wide-spread pages, and two small persons wandered away into the land of fairy.

My sister, who had advanced as far as the second reader, third lesson, spelled out the text, but my knowledge of letters extending not beyond the alphabet, I scorned the narrative, and waited with suffocating impatience for the great full-page illustrations. The drawings were done in plain, heavy outline, with broad, flat masses of color. I still recall distinctly the blue stockings of "Jack, the Giant Killer," the wonderful green beanstalk,

the cloak of "Red Riding Hood," the "Sleeping Beauty's" yellow hair. These first impressions of the child's mind have outlasted all subsequent ones. Even Walter Crane's beautiful illustrations can not replace the old "Puss in Boots," nor remove from her pedestal in my memory the first and original "Cinderella," tearing down stairs, her red train streaming, her slipper dropped, the drowsy sentry by the open door, and outside in the peacock-blue moonlight the pumpkin and mice, all that remained of that wonderful coach and six. That book was lost many years ago. May no unhappy chance rediscover it. There is one illusion I wish to cherish to the end.

Close upon the heels of *Aunt Fanny's Scrap Book* came *Dante's Inferno*, made wonderful by Doré's art. To the child it was a step from the conventional legend of folklore to the mystery of one great imagination. That imagination has not yet wholly released me from its spell, but never again shall I feel the thrill of happy horror that possessed me when first I breathlessly turned its pages. There was a fearful but fascinating realism about the boiling lake, the frozen regions, the pits of fire. And the people who had been entombed to roast alive, with only their steam escaping above ground, reminded me pathetically of the camper's method of baking potatoes. Doré I loved, in spite of the dreadful dreams he gave me. I shivered over *The Ancient Mariner*, I browsed through *Don Quixote* in a delicious day dream. The cavaliers were the handsomest, the ladies the loveliest, the horses the most fiery and prancing that were ever shut between the pages of a book. And the landscapes! One in *Don Quixote* is forever associated with Tennyson's "Guinevere," where the Queen and Launcelot

"Rode under groves that looked a paradise of blossom."

I used to hunt for that wonderland of spring, and once I almost found it, among miles of flowering almond trees with a heaven of blue sky overhead.

Besides these pictures that took such possession of my imagination were some of a very different character, that without awakening the thrills, gave afternoons of solid comfort. Among the many, I remember one, *Flowers of Comparison, A Book of the Boudoir*. I loved it as I loved my dolls. It consoled me in hours of affliction. How many afternoons did I spend upon the parlor floor poring over that gallery of large-eyed, purse-mouthed beauties, with satiny ringlets falling over their lovely, sloping shoulders, and all the accessories of these ladies, muslins, pearl pendants, queer arbors, and wooden doves.

Cheek by jowl in the bookcase with *Flowers of Comparison* appeared *Oliver Twist*, illustrated by Cruikshank. It is only within the last few years that I have rid myself of the uncomfortable idea that Dickens' characters were real, and that Cruikshank drew them from life. As a child, these haunted me with greater persistence than the wildest hour of the *Inferno*.

Doré, I said, was my ideal, but one day I opened Howard Pyle's *Robin Hood*, and straightway the earth became a new place. Like most children, I formed mental pictures of people in fiction that were always lamentably shattered by the actual illustrations. Here, at last, was a man who could represent his subject. Here were the foresters whom Scott had made to live in the pages of *Ivanhoe* really apparent to the eye in black and white. How, I wondered, did it happen that Howard Pyle should know as well as I just how they looked. Gone were the enchanted castles, knights errant, and fairy princesses. Here were real men and women with familiar faces, friends I had known in years long past. The very trees were like the oaks behind the mill, the streams were the same wherein I had dabbled my feet. I traveled the trails about the ranch, momentarily expecting to see a green cap start out of the hazel bushes at the next turn. I stared the head miller out of countenance trying to see the resemblance to "Much," the miller's son. No pictures before or since have so entered into my life, and even now I can not set foot in a forest country without subtle hints of them rising between my vision and the actual landscape. Everything was so real in those days! Now the black-and-white critic skims over those sacred pages, points out "the way Pyle produces effects," and the kind of line he uses, until reality is blurred by technicality. Why will he make me see brush strokes and criticize technique? Happy is the child who, looking at a picture, sees only a wonderful story.

LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN.

The Challenge

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H. Gaylord Wilshire

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 20, 1901

Vol. II., No. 5

When Rockefeller Owns the Earth

A THEORY.—\$1,000 FOR ITS REFUTATION

H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE



ELEVEN years ago I was one of those who were instrumental in starting a paper, *The Nationalist*, in Los Angeles, upon the same lines that *THE CHALLENGE* is now following. I then predicted in its columns, time and again, the inevitability of all our great manufacturing and transporting businesses being forced to abandon competition and to substitute combination.

People refused to believe what they could not see. I was ahead of my time. *THE CHALLENGE*, whatever else may be said of it, is certainly not ahead of its time. The era of combination is here, and here so obviously that I am no longer forced to dwell upon the premise of my argument.

Let me restate my position once more. It is short, and the subject is so tremendously important that it justifies repetition. I say, that owing to certain economic conditions, capital is forced by a natural economic law to congeal in larger and larger masses. That this law is much the same as the law of gravitation. All masses of capital have a natural attraction for each other, varying directly as their mass. The larger the mass the greater and more overpowering attraction it has for other masses. Just as today, while the moon has a certain attraction for bodies, yet the earth having more weight has still greater attraction, and the sun has an immensely greater attraction than the earth. The sun is constantly adding to its mass by the falling of smaller bodies into it, and each addition of this kind makes its force of attraction for the remaining stars and planets just so much stronger. The earth must finally fall into the sun, and when it falls the sun will exert that much stronger attraction upon, say Mars, and so shorten the time when Mars, too, will follow the earth and tumble into the sun.

Now, Mr. Rockefeller is the sun of the Capitalistic System, and each time he adds a dollar to his pile he increases his power to add still more dollars. The richer he gets the richer he must get. If he has fifty million dollars income today, then in twenty years his capital has increased one thousand million dollars, and his income will be doubled. Now that thousand millions must have come from somewhere on this earth. Does

Rockefeller create new wealth? Very little. Most of that thousand millions will come from the transfer of ownership of the existing wealth from the present owners to himself. Did Mr. Rockefeller build new steel works? No, he bought out Mr. Carnegie. Did Mr. Rockefeller build new transcontinental railways? No; he bought out the Crookers, the Huntingtons, and a host of small fry stockholders.

Why should he build new machinery and new railroads when the old is at hand and for sale? Yes, for sale, for sale at a price.

What difference does price make to Rockefeller in the last analysis? The sellers take bonds, take gold, perhaps, which they expect to trade off for some other machinery with owners smaller than themselves. They will themselves play the Rockefeller act upon a small scale. Rockefeller in the meanwhile owning the railroads and the great industrial plants in this country, knows that he has in his power all the men he has bought out as certainly as any old cat knows she has the mouse with which she plays before sending it down the red lane.

He has the railroads, and they have the gold. Very well. Suppose they invest that gold in buying up, say orange orchards here in California. How long will it take Rockefeller to get those orchards, if he wanted them, simply by fixing freight on oranges upon the basis of "all the traffic will bear"?

Suppose, instead of buying orchards they kept their money in bank and lent it to some other fellow who did the investing in orange orchards. If Mr. Rockefeller should put the screws upon that other fellow, would not the lenders be just as much up against it when they took the land under foreclosure, the other fellow being broke, as they would have been if they had invested directly? The rate of interest varies with the rate of normal profits of business. If the avenues of profitable investment are closed, then the rate of interest vanishes.

When Rockefeller buys a railroad he buys for keeps. He is already too perplexed with the difficulty of investing his fifty millions a year to think of charitably helping out another perplexed capitalist by selling him some of his railroad stock.

Each time Rockefeller buys up an industry so much less the chance of another man being able to invest money at a profit. When Rockefeller finally buys up the whole earth, you and I may possibly have plenty of cash, but what good would it be to us? We cannot invest it because Rockefeller won't sell us anything. Why should he sell anything? What good would our money be to him? All he could do with it would be to buy back from us the very property he had just sold us. No, Rockefeller very sensibly, as a business man, will politely say to us that he has nothing in the way of railroads, oil refineries, land, etc., to exchange with us for our money, our gold. We may keep our money, for all he cares. He doesn't want the filthy stuff. Then what will we do with it? We can't invest it, for Rockefeller won't sell anything. And we can not make him sell, and we can't really find fault with him for not selling. However, there is one thing we might do with our money; in fact, it is the one thing we must do with it. We can't "save" it, but we must "spend" it; we must "spend" some of it, anyway, to buy our food and lodging. Rockefeller owns the earth; it is simply as if he were keeping a big boarding-house, and we, the inhabitants of the earth, had to pay him for our board and lodging. It will not be very long before all our money is gone. Rockefeller can charge what he pleases, and we have no other boarding-house to go to. He might simply size up our respective piles and demand the whole thing for one day's board and lodging.

What will we do when we have spent all our money, spent it paying for our meals at the Rockefeller Hotel de Earth? We will naturally seek a job. We might be millionaires one day and the next a pauper, if Rockefeller asked a million dollars for one day's board.

We seek a job. The only man to go to is Rockefeller. What if he doesn't happen to have a job for us? Where will we be then? And how can we really expect getting a job from him? What can he give us to do? We are not expecting charity; we simply wish to sell our labor to him, on the proposition that he will be able to use that labor to his advantage financially. Some of us might find employment as his household servants, but of course that would take in a very small number of us. What we hope in the way of employment is either running the railroads, oil refineries, etc., or in building more such railroads and refineries.

As to the last hope, it is immediately dashed to the ground by an instant's reflection convincing us that there are already more such machinery and railroads now in existence than are profitable to Rockefeller. All we can expect, then, is working the existing machinery. Now, the only reason that Rockefeller would hire us would be because he could sell at a profit what we produced with the machinery which he desires us to run. Then it is seen at once that he would have no reason to hire us. In the first place, even if he did make a profit he could do nothing with it, as he could not invest it without buying himself out. In the next place, if he did begin to perform this silly act, he would find that the only purchasers of what we produced would be we, the

workers, his laborers, and we could certainly not buy any more than we had money to buy with. Now the only money that we would have would be our wages, and our wages certainly would not be unnecessarily high when such a shrewd manager as Mr. Rockefeller has the hiring. He would not pay us any more than we asked, and we certainly would not dare to ask any more than enough to live upon if we had any doubts of losing the job altogether if we asked for more. Rockefeller would probably know better than we did ourselves the exact amount it would take to give us a living — and you may be sure that is all we would get.

The cost of living is the best we could expect in the way of wages. This means that all Rockefeller can sell to us is simply enough to keep us alive. It's all we have the money to buy anyway. It won't take Rockefeller long to ascertain that if he keeps us employed on full time we will produce with the earth's machinery a great deal more than we can eat, more than our wages will buy.

He then will say to us, "I only want you to run that machinery for two days in the week, as I find that in two days you produce as much as you can buy, and there is no use of your producing a lot of stuff that I can not sell. That would be a wicked waste."

We may innocently reply to him that we are quite satisfied to work two days and have a holiday for the rest of the week, but we will be rather disconcerted when he replies that he said nothing about a holiday, or at any rate a 'holiday with pay.' He will pay us for the two days that we work, and that is all. But we say, "Two days' wages won't give us a living. The day's wages now are just sufficient for one day's expenses, and we must have a full week's wages, or we will starve." Rockefeller will say that he is sorry to hear about our starving, but really, although he is very wealthy, still he knows we could hardly expect him to pauperize us by paying us wages when we did no work. That would simply be the most demoralizing kind of charity. No, he is sorry, but he can not see his way to hire us to do work when what we produced could not be sold, nor could he see his way either to pay us wages for seven days when we worked only two days.

That is where we starve if we don't read *THE CHALLENGE* and find out what to do.

* * * * *

All the foregoing will seem very fanciful to many of our readers. When the foregoing actually happens, as delineated, it won't be so fanciful. *THE CHALLENGE* has a very large subscription list; it has a still larger number of readers. We have in the foregoing predicted a very revolutionary state of affairs shortly to come upon us. If we are not right we want to know it. We invite replies.

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